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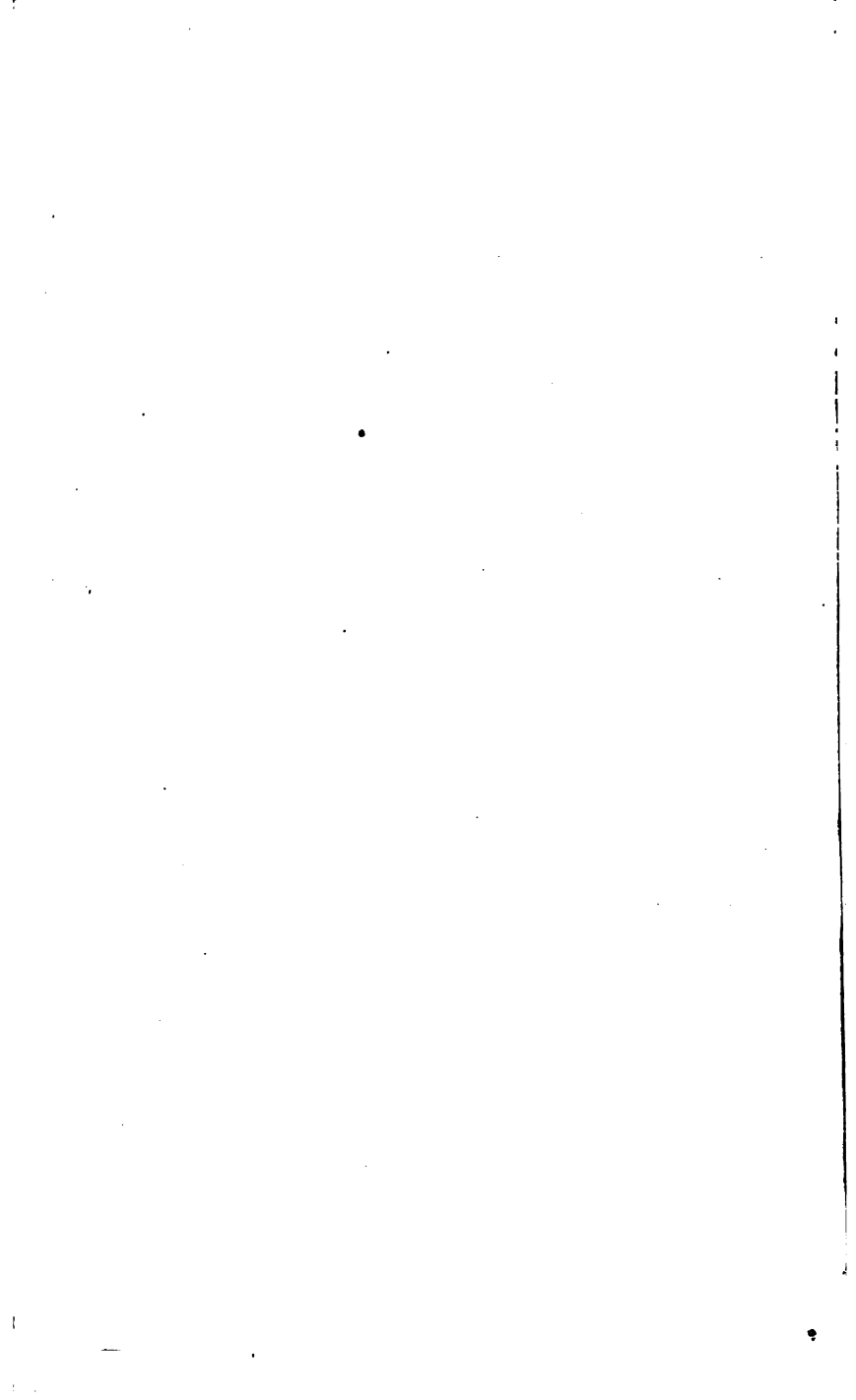


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SAMUEL YOUNG.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE HISTORY OF MY LIFE.

BEING A

BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE OF THE EVENTS
OF A LONG AND BUSY LIFE.

BY

SAMUEL YOUNG,

EDITOR OF THE

CONNOQUENESSING VALLEY NEWS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Nothing exterminate,
Nor sat down aught in malice."

PITTSBURGH, PA.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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A REMINISCENT REVIEW.

READER! Suppose we link arms and take a stroll away down into the Past; and as we journey catch a brief glimpse here and there of changes that have come over the face of the city—of the second city in the State—wonderful, magical Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh, “with all thy faults we love thee still.”

It was in the days of our earliest recollection that we wandered child like and boy-like over the streets of the town, and every corner became familiar to us and we seemed to know every man. From the head to the foot of Wood street was a busy place. Even at that early period the merchants and shippers were busy; the rush was general, and each and all were striving for the mastery in securing trade or custom. As you looked along the street the first object—noteworthy from its peculiar name—was the “Old Round Church.” Opposite to it was Henry McGeary’s dry goods store, and on the corner of Wood and Liberty was old man Frew, father of Mr. Wm. Frew, who afterwards became famous and rich in oil, as a member of the great firm of Warden & Frew; and as you went along, a large modern store building looms up before you, and on the sign you read in very plain letters “James McCully.” That name in that day, and for long years afterward, was famous and honored in business circles, for while Mr. McCully was among the plainest of men, he ranked among the wealthiest. He was the hardest worked man in his employ, and while riches were growing on his hands, he never gave a thought to his *personel*; and as he proved by his will, “he was a plain, blunt man that loved his friends.” He was social in his manner, and a good word always fell from his lips. He was one day making some improvements about his premises, and had taken up the pavement and covering to his vault, leaving the place exposed. Old John McCarthy had an old five dollar blind horse which he had left standing near the open space, and something causing the animal to move and it fell into the opening. Old John took in the situation at a glance, and as a sigh of regret escaped his lips, he remarked: “Well, Jamie McCully is good for eighty-five dollars onyway, an’ be the powers I’ll have it, too.” Whether he got it or not we don’t know, but it required a good rope and tackle to get the horse and dray out of the hole. Henry McGeary, a well-known and shrewd business man, poor fellow, ended his days in a Philadelphia Insane Asylum. We happened to be with him and Dr. John Douglas, when he was taken to that institution.

Hudson Bros. Co. 13 Sept. 1926

Wood street, at that period of its history, did not have what might be called a single first-class building. To look at it now from one end to the other, nothing but the most magnificent and costly structures meet the eye:—banks, insurance and mercantile structures, finished in the highest style of the architect's art, and displaying a taste at once elevating, refining, and giving evidence of that wonderful advance in building, the result of high taste, increased wealth, and a desire to excel in structural elegance.

Water street, while it presents some fine substantial buildings, is away behind in the march of improvement. None of its large warehouses exhibit any degree of beauty so far as their architecture goes, yet they answer the purpose of their erection and will be proof against the elements for years to come. This thoroughfare for many years was a scene of wonderful activity. The shores were lined with steamboats of all descriptions, the wharves crowded with freight, and drays going and coming with all classes of goods—tobacco, cotton, sugar and molasses, from the Sunny South, and dry goods, hardware and groceries from the East. The merchants and shippers doing business there, ranked among the best in the city, there being such men as Michael Allen, Poindexter, Hutchinson, Jacob Forsythe, John Irwin, the rope manufacturer, and a host of others.

Smithfield street was not of a high business character, yet it had its leading men in various lines of trade. To-day it presents some fine buildings, both public and private, and is thronged with crowds pouring out of Fifth avenue to seek the different outlets to their homes and places of business. Who, of fifty years ago, does not remember the old blacksmith shop in the hollow opposite Kauffman's great store, where old Abner Updegraff hammered away on his anvil from morn till night? Where the post office now stands and City Hall rears its massive front, was occupied by the foundry of Bollman, Garrison & Co.—a dingy, tumble-down structure. The large government building at Third and Fourth avenues, has blotted out many old landmarks; while here and there we see beautiful buildings taking the place of the old-fashioned structures of other days.

The greatest change that we note is where the canal entered the city. Then crowds of boats flitted about on the bosom of the water, immense warehouses lined the banks and all was bustle and activity. The canal and aqueduct have disappeared; the warehouses that occupied acres of ground, have given way to higher and more elegant buildings. The old Catholic church, the M. E. graveyard, the machine shop of Faber Bros. have passed into oblivion, and the great Pennsylvania Central Railroad has a magnificent depot and acres of yard room. The Grafts, the O'Connors, the Taafes, the Leeches, Kier and other great shippers, are no more on the ground, and the spot where they laid the foundation

of their fortunes, has wholly changed its character; and the changes are so many and have been so rapid, that it is impossible to keep track of them.

To give even an outline of the history of Pittsburgh, would require volumes, as few cities have a wider record, and one of which any people might be proud. What a grand old city it is! Mount up with us and take a hasty flight over and around it, and note the many wonders that constantly meet the eye. Night has come down, and as we hurry along what startling sights meet us? No matter where you look, along the dashing Allegheny, the sleepy Monongahela, or the broad and beautiful Ohio, thousands of floating lights salute the eye and tell you that these fires, lighting the great valleys from end to end, are the sources of that astonishing prosperity which has brought the city forward from a mere village numbering a few huts, or houses, a redoubt for protection from the Indian, but nothing to indicate a coming city of untold wealth, of unequaled enterprise, of greatness unexcelled in everything that constitutes a powerful and advancing metropolis. As we journey and pass over the floods of fire that roll from thousands of stacks, we are reminded of the visitor's description, as he looked from Mt. Washington, and declared that it looked to him like "hell with the lid off."

And all these changes and all this wealth; all these mighty mills and hundreds of great manufacturing establishments, with a population running into the hundreds of thousands, have come within the period of a single century.

Mark the beginning! Mark the magical results!

From 1794 to 1800 the fur trade was the most important.

The beginning of the glass trade was in 1797. A single works then; a countless array now.

Schooners, brigs and ships were built and went forth as evidence of the skill of the leading mechanics from 1802 to 1805.

The first bank established in 1804.

In the same year the first iron foundry was built by Joseph McClurg.

In 1804 a mighty revolution in the commerce of the Ohio was introduced. The first steamboat was launched and went forth, adding to the growing reputation of Pittsburgh and prophetically marking it as a great industrial centre.

In 1827 water was run into the newly completed canal and thus another era in navigation was introduced. Child, as we then were, how well can we remember the day, when with hundreds of other school children, we stood on Penn street and watched the flood as it slowly filled the excavation. The day was very dark and gloomy, but the excitement attendant on the wonderful event, made us forget all else but the canal, a wonder in its day.

But we must pause. Our reference to the past is simply intended as

a reminder of the scenes of those long past days, and we recall them that the reader may realize the hopeless condition of this region, compared with its present prosperity.

What a revolution time has wrought in the methods of transportation. The Conestoga wagons were the reliance of the business men of that day. The mode was slow and expensive. The completion of the Pennsylvania Canal brought a new and cheaper means. That had its day; but the business world had hardly got used to it, when the iron horse of commerce came forward, annihilating time and space and forced back the wagon, the canal and steamboat, and to-day stands forth as the best, quickest and cheapest means to meet the demands of the increasing traffic of the world.

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CHAPTER I.

The Beginning—Our Birthplace—The Jolly Wagoners—The Old "Eagle Hotel"—Beitler's Yankee Trick—Canal—The Stolen Team—As a Smoker—A Ventriloquist.

To write the history of one's life is a task of no ordinary magnitude. After the lapse of almost three score years and ten, there is much to recall and a thousand things forgotten, that memory will fail to revive. After the lapse of all these years hundreds of incidents crowd upon the mind, like flashes of light, and to grasp and hold them would require the power of a magician. As we look down through the track of years over which we have passed, and begin with the sunny hours of childhood, and reflect upon its joys and sorrows, its disappointments and cares, we can hardly find courage to paint the pictures of these realistic events. From the moment in early childhood, when memory comes to the rescue, until we range along the pathway of boyhood, manhood and old age, there are countless events that we would like to eliminate from our life, and others that we fain would paint in roseate hues.

To-day, as we sit down to our self-imposed task of autobiographer, we feel how unequal we are to the undertaking. How are we to recall the countless scenes of our childhood, the excitement and vivacity of boyhood, and the wearying, trying cares of manhood, with its great responsibilities? The scenes of each crowd one upon the other with the rapid changes of a panorama, and "confusion worse confounded" halts us at every step.

Yet there is a beginning, and as a natural sequence an end. To begin seems the greatest task of all; but after the warp is once formed, we can closely, surely and truthfully weave in the various colors, and ere long the fabric will be finished; but whether it will please the eye or invoke criticism, are questions for the reader to decide.

We go back nearly three-quarters of a century.

On the banks of the beautiful Allegheny, on the spot where Brown's rolling mill now stands, on the 29th day of December, 1821, the humble author of this truthful history first saw the light of day. Our family consisted of eight children, seven boys and one girl; five of the boys died in childhood, leaving John, Sarah A. and myself. John learned the trade of wagon and plow making with the Charleton Brothers on Seventh street, and afterwards located in Louisville, Ky., where he has held an excellent position in one of the railroad shops; and Sarah A., who married Mr. John Stewart, of Meadville, has long been a resident

of that beautiful city, having control of a large and valuable property, and for several years was the Matron of the City Hospital, which position she was compelled to resign on account of ill health. Father was of Scotch-Irish descent, while mother, whose maiden name was Sarah Ruode, was from good old German stock. After their marriage they removed from Franklin county, where they had been raised, and located in Pittsburgh.

The Brown mill mentioned above, was, we think, built by a Mr. Oliphant, who afterwards sold it to George Miltenberger, removing to Fayette county, where he built another mill.

Pittsburgh at that time was a comparatively small town, and had more the appearance of a country place than the great city it has become. The canal had not then been completed; no railroad was there to carry the traffic of the East and the West; gas, natural or artificial, had not appeared to illumine the streets and alleys of the small city. Then, the only mode of conveyance were the steamboats and "broadhorns" on the water; while the celebrated "Conestoga" wagons brought the merchantable goods from the East, and the old-fashioned drays delivered the Eastern and Western goods to the warehouses along on Wood, Water or Market streets, or the steamboats, and returned with packages to reload the wagons for their trip to Philadelphia or Baltimore.

What a time that was along Liberty street, when dozens of the "Conestogas" lined the thoroughfare or filled the wagon yards of old John Beitler, Sturgeon and Lightcap, who kept the hotels for the wagoners. How well can we remember that important period, with the many incidents attending the arrival and departure of the wagons.

"The Wagoning days," as they were called from 1800 up to the introduction of the canal as a means of transportation, were certainly very lively, and there was no class of men engaged in any special calling that enjoyed it more than the jolly, hard-working and constantly exposed drivers of the popular old Conestogas. These ships of the turnpike carried immense loads, for which heavy charges were made; and though the trips were long and laborious, and attended with considerable expense, yet there was an inviting profit in them that offered great inducements. It was sometimes the case in the East that loading was scarce, and to save time and loss, the wagoner would buy a load of his own, consisting of sugar, teas, coffee, spices, liquors, etc., in fact anything that would sell and bring a fair profit.

Six splendid horses, rigged out with heavy harness, adorned with a string of bells, the driver mounted, whip in hand, on his saddle horse, driving along Liberty street, was a sight often seen and the pride of the teamster was always manifested as he made the *grand entree*. Once in the wagon yard, he shouldered his bed, and leaving his team in good

hands, sought the large room in the hotel, where his bed was deposited and his cares for the time being forgotten. It became somebody's duty to take care of the team, others to unload the wagon, and the latter persons would secure a return load.

Sometimes certain goods, muslins, coffee, sugar, teas, etc., would receive damage, and whatever the amount the wagoner was responsible for the loss, which often run into pretty high figures.

There was always more or less excitement on the arrival of the wagons, there being several in company, and the bustle about the wagon yards was of an interesting character. At such times the various hotels would be crowded with business men looking for long delayed freight and badly needed to meet the demands of trade among customers.

The wagoners were a jolly set, who had no cares to bother them, or at least did not allow them to do so; and when the team was driven to its place, either in the yard or on the street, the owner absolutely dropped all responsibility. The draymen unloaded the goods, and seldom failed to have a return load for the East. The bills for the freight were given into the hands of a collector, who attended to the collection of the money, paid it over to the teamster and received fifty cents or one dollar for his trouble. Though we were only a boy, we were entrusted with the collection of hundreds of these bills, earning pretty big wages sometimes, and never had the misfortune of making a mistake. The only trying time we ever had, was one day when after having collected about a dozen bills and settling with the wagoners, to the full demand of each, we had \$75.00 too much. One of the wagoners, who was not quite as honest as he might have been, tried to force us to give him the surplus, but a gentleman came to our rescue, and prevented the rascal from taking the cash. Next morning we called upon every business man from whom we had received money the previous day and explained our position, but there was not one who could trace out any loss. So we kept the money.

Along about 1833 father was the owner of several six horse teams, which were constantly on the road between Philadelphia, Baltimore and Pittsburgh. One day one of his teamsters was ready to start East, and left his team standing in Sturgeon's wagon yard, on Irwin street, while he went to the house to get his expense money, and having it in his pocket returned to the yard. He found his wagon all right, but every one of the six horses were gone. Where he knew not. All enquiries failed to solve the mystery, and after spending much time and money in the search, it was given up. About one year after, a gentleman who lived in Wheeling, called upon father and told him if he would be in Wheeling on a certain day, he would see his team driven into the wagon yard, by the very man who had stolen it. Taking an officer and the proper papers with him, father went down, and sure

enough on the very day indicated, his well-known horses were driven into the yard and the driver went into the hotel with his bed on his shoulders (for all teamsters carried their beds with them in those days). Father and the officer were in concealment, but now came forth and calling the man aside showed him the papers for his arrest and ordered him to get ready for a trip to Pittsburgh. He knew this meant a long stay in prison, and after a warm discussion on all the points at issue, he agreed to pay the full value of the horses, all expenses incurred in searching for them, and something to cover the loss sustained by the taking away of the team. The amount was a large one, was paid and he was permitted to go. It was a strange incident; but the thieving rascal would not give any satisfactory account of how he got away with the team without discovery.

We were recognized as an adept at ventriloquism and could sing a song with the best of them; and when evening came it generally found us in the old Eagle Hotel (where the Seventh Avenue now stands), and a jolly time we had of it with the wagoners, and many a quarter was given us for the entertainment we afforded.

The Eagle was managed by the celebrated old John Beitler, who was more popular and better known than any other hotel man East or West of the mountains; and we suppose no man ever lived who more fully enjoyed a joke or liked better to get them off. It was his delight to play a "Yankee Trick," as he called it, and the hearty laugh which followed, showed how greatly he enjoyed the fun he himself had made. There was one boarder whom old John liked to get his jokes on, and as the person always submitted good naturedly to the infliction; both enjoyed it that much the more.

"Lookie here, Brown," old John said to his boarder, "I'll bet you a dollar that I can crack hazel nuts faster than you can eat them."

"Well, I'll bet you can't; so here's the dollar, now bring on the nuts."

Beitler got a tin pan with a pint of nuts, a hammer and a smoothing iron. The nuts he placed on a chair beside him, the iron between his knees, and with the hammer in his right hand and the nut in his left forefinger and thumb, was ready for action. Brown stood beside him, expecting Beitler to crack the nuts and hand them to him.

"Are you ready?" asked Beitler.

"Yes!"

Crack went the hammer and away flew the nut to the farthest corner of the room. Crack went the hammer again and away flew the nut in another direction. Brown was petrified, beaten. He gave it up and lost his dollar, which Beitler handed back to him. It was just such tricks and jokes that the old man enjoyed and was never happier than when getting them off.

Talking about our powers as a ventriloquist reminds us of our at-

tempt to lead an itinerant life. About this time an old French magician, with a most terrible name, came to the city to give exhibitions in his mysterious art. We attended. It was not long until the poor old fellow was bankrupt and a young man named George Davis and myself bought his apparatus with a view of going into the show business. After considerable practice both became adepts in the "science," and concluded to give an entertainment in the country. To this end we sent our apparatus to Glade Mills, Butler county, on a Saturday, Davis going with it and we to follow Sunday, so as to be ready for a performance on Monday evening. A big snow fell on Saturday night, and when we looked at it in the morning, we feared to undertake the trip on foot, but as our ambition was aroused, and we were bound to have a show, we started. It was a long, dreary and desolate trip, and when we reached our destination were pretty well played out. But kind treatment from Pap Craig and his family, a warm supper and a glass of hot whiskey punch put us in fine shape. The show came off in good style, and we stayed three days, making a very neat thing of the venture. Now and then we gave performances at different places, but fortunately we tired of it, and gave our share of the apparatus to Davis, who, in time, became an expert performer.

* * * * *

In learning to chew and smoke tobacco, we suppose the experience of all is about the same; but as there is a possible variation in our case, we give the incident as worthy of record.

We were not very old when we had our first lesson in the abominable practice. We were sent to a store to buy a pound of the weed for an aged smoker, who gave us a shilling to pay for it. The storekeeper, old Jimmy Mackey, who had his frame shop on the corner of Penn avenue and Hand street, Pittsburgh, now Ninth, where W. G. Johnston & Co. have their large stationery and printer's warehouse; Mr. Mackey was in a happy mood, which to some extent rendered his optics less observant than usual, and he failed to see a quarter pound weight that lay on the balance side of the scales, and he kindly dealt us a pound and a quarter. On our return we confiscated the extra amount, and manfully delivered the sixteen ounces required. No sooner done than we went forth, feeling as big as all out doors, and in a twinkling we had a good sized quid in our mouth. We started down street in a jolly mood, spitting freely and regarding ourself a full blown man. A moment after we stubbed our toe, which caused us to swallow about half the quid, and it didn't take ten seconds to make us the sickest child you ever saw. Somebody got us home and our good old mother poured about a quart of sweet milk down our throat, which soon brought us round, and it was but a short time after until another chew was taken, with better results, and we continued to use it for many years.

Soon after this event, we were going along Penn street, when we met an old friend, to whom we applied for a fresh chew. He assented and put his hand in his pocket to bring the coveted weed forth, when we threw away the old quid. Seeing this, the old gentleman returned his tobacco to his pocket, and looking at us in a kindly manner, said:

"Sammy, let me tell you something."

"What is it?" we asked.

"Why, remember, never throw away an old friend till you are sure of a new one."

We didn't get any chew.

Many years after, when passing along the street one day, we noticed a crowd of urchins gathered about the steps of a church. On enquiring as to the cause of the excitement we were told a boy was sick from chewing tobacco. Looking over the heads of the crowd, we noticed a very sick looking boy laying on a step, and another holding his head, while a third remarked:

"Oh, Jimmy, don't cry; we all had to go through this."

We think that note of sympathy cured the boy.

CHAPTER II.

Our Boyhood's Days—A Narrow Escape from Death—Our First Composition—April Fool—Learn to Puddle—Writing for Magazines—As a Playwright.

Our boyhood's days were full of changes and all to us were very pleasant. Our parents were poor, honest and industrious, and I suppose that "Pap," as we called him, was one of the best known among the hard working men of Pittsburgh. "Ned Young" was his familiar cognomen, and his duties as shipper of freight east and west, and the owner of several wagons constantly on the road, gave him greater prominence. He had for a partner, Mr. Samuel Shannon, and through the hands of these two men, for a long period, passed nearly all the freight that reached Pittsburgh from the east and the west. Of course, boy as we were, we became a factor in the business, and did a great deal to help matters along. From our earliest childhood we can say we have been a worker, and the habit has remained through all our years.

There were few days left us for play. The first work we ever did at the age of about six years, was in Reese R. Jones' tobacco factory, where we turned the spinning wheel for a workman named Rogers, from whom we received the enormous sum of fifty cents per week. We shall never forget our first half dollar. It looked very large and made us feel proud when we thought that by our own labor we had earned it.

Then came our school days; and they were very pleasant, as we really loved to go, and the common school proved to be the only avenue to our

education, and in those days it was really simple; but what we got proved profitable, and to this was added a great love for reading, and when we were fifteen years of age, we had accumulated a handsome library and nearly every book of which we had carefully read. We were constantly the recipient of money from one source or another, which we carefully hoarded, and when Saturday night came we betook ourself to the book auction of our old friend, Mr. Pat. McKenna, and bought such books as pleased our fancy. Our teachers at the various schools were Dumars, McDowell, White and Widney, and one other whose name has escaped our memory.

Our boyhood was full of adventures—some of them thrilling and dangerous enough—but we escaped with whole limbs and a clear head. One incident which befel us when about ten years of age, will never be forgotten, as it was a narrow escape from a most fearful death. We had been sent on an errand by our good mother, and to be in a hurry about it, too; but boy-like, we tarried by the way. We dropped into the wagon shop of W. & J. Charleton, on the corner of Seventh and Smithfield streets, to see a brother learning the trade there, but he was away, alleging as a reason for his absence that the loft of the building was in a dangerous condition, from the large quantity of spokes and fellos stored in the upper room and likely to give way at any time. It was winter and a roaring fire was in the stove and the place was covered with shavings. We were standing alongside a heavy work bench watching the workmen. Just then the shop door opened and a Mr. Hartuppee came in and enquired for Mr. Charleton. That gentlemen happened to be in the loft piling away the spokes, and being called came forward to the trap door, and just as he put his foot on the ladder to descend, a terrible cracking sound was heard, and a moment after the entire building collapsed with awful force.

As the sound of the crash reached our ears, we dropped to the floor and the mass of stuff came down, its force was broken by the bench, and while we were pinioned very uncomfortably, yet we were not in the least injured. We were terribly scared though, and concluded that our time had come. We could see the fire catching the shavings and hear some one cry in agony, as the fire reached him. We could use one hand, and with that we drew our cap over our face to keep out the dust and prevent suffocation. We resigned ourself to the fate awaiting us, for we had no hope to escape. A moment after we heard the voices of excited men, who were at work removing the timbers and trying to relieve those who were suffering. Willing hands made light and quick work, and it was not long until daylight, welcome, doubly welcome light, appeared, and though it would take considerable time to remove the timbers, yet we felt that we were safe. We were held by these timbers, and before we could be relieved, the immense pile of broken stuff would

have to be removed. A man asked us if we could hold on till this would be done? "Yes," was our smiling answer, and in thirty minutes more we were free. We were taken into James Montooth's grocery, adjoining, and half a tumbler of whiskey was given us and we were soon all right. Mr. Hartupée had one of his cheeks badly lacerated by a spoke which struck him, and Wm. Charleton was burned considerable. These were all the injuries—none serious.

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We can well remember the visit of Charles Dickens to the Smoky City, and we seen him and his party as they hurried to the Monongahela wharf to take the steamer to continue their western trip. We had been a devoted reader of his works, and oh, how we envied the great reputation he had won, and thought if we only had the ability to put our thoughts in shape like him, what a triumph it would be. But up to that time such a thing as writing for the press never entered our head, simply because we did not feel that we possessed the ability to make a reputation in that line, as our education was not high enough to accomplish the end.

We can well remember the first manuscript we ever prepared. We were on a visit to McKeesport, and while in company with our brother walking on the shore of the river opposite the mouth of the Youghiogheny, he pointed out a spot where in the years gone by, a terrible massacre had been perpetrated by the Indians. On our return to the house, we took a sheet of paper and wrote down the facts as related to us and laid it away and did not see it again for years.

About this time we went into the book bindery of Mr. Luke Loomis, and afterwards into that of Cook & Schoyer, where we worked for some months; and then, at father's suggestion, started at driving dray and worked at it for a number of years until the wagon business ceased and goods were shipped by the Pennsylvania Canal. Our drays were then engaged to do the hauling for the Union Line of H. & P. Graff, and continued there for a long time.

It was during this period that the following incident happened, and we give it to show that "honesty is the best policy."

It was along in the thirties.

We were a boy then, about fifteen. Our place at the time was in the Union Line warehouse, near where the Union Depot now stands. At that time the canal and the Conestoga wagon were the only means of conveyance for goods from the East to the West. It was a busy and a prosperous time, and such a thing as a railroad usurping the privileges of either of the above means of transportation was not thought of. The Monongahela wharf was then lined with steamboats, arriving and departing, receiving and unloading freight, making a busy scene along the wharf. All goods to and from the East were delivered by the

drays then in vogue, and it required many of them to do the work of handling the vast quantities of goods destined for different points.

These were the happiest days we ever spent, and we often look back to them with sincere regret that they have forever departed. Liberty street, Wood street and Water street were busy thoroughfares; drays in long lines passing to and fro, with their loads of goods destined for different points, while the pavements in front of the various warehouses were crowded with freight. These were days long to be remembered, and prosperity was visible on every hand. We well remember the names of the many merchants and shippers of that day, but alas! few of them remain, while new buildings have taken the place of those that were prominent then. The great fire of '45 made a wonderful change, and for the better. Splendid warehouses and stores have taken the place of those swept away by the fire, and nothing is left to mark the ravages of that fearful day, which brought ruin to so many and created a reign of terror for the time among all classes. But that was a short-lived time of regret; and with energy and push the burnt district assumed a new and brighter aspect.

But we are getting away from the object of our story.

It was the first of April. We had received an order to go down to the Monongahela wharf and carry a message to the captain of a steamboat in regard to some freight that was being shipped from the warehouse.

We started down Liberty street to Wood, and thence hurried forward toward the river. As we approached Sixth street, we looked across to Fahnestock's pavement, where we noticed a man pushing something around with the end of his cane. Suddenly thinking of the first of April, he left it and passed on. Another party close behind noticed the package, and as he looked at it, gave it a kick and sent it over the curb. He went on. When we got to it, we noticed that it was a parcel tied up in brown paper with a common tow string. For a moment we hesitated what to do. We thought of the first of April and the possibility that some of the boys in the drug store might have put up a job to fool some one. However, the impulse was on us and no matter whether it was a trick or otherwise, we picked up the package and slipped it into the inside pocket of our coat and hurried on.

Getting through our errand at the wharf, we concluded to examine our prize. Taking a seat on a cotton bale, free from observation, we untied the package, opened it, and behold, to our astonishment, it was full of good bank notes. For a moment we were overwhelmed; but as soon as we could catch our breath, we counted the pile, and found that we were the possessor of \$3,500 in honest cash.

We carefully tied up the package, replaced it in our pocket and returned to the warehouse to report the result of our errand. We had

just got through when a well-known wool dealer from Washington county came in, and after shaking hands with the gentlemen present, made the remark that he had met with a streak of bad luck. He stated that he had gone to Force's bank on the corner of Virgin alley and Wood street to get a \$3,500 draft cashed, and had, as he thought, put it safely in the hind pocket of his coat, and started up street, but when he came to draw his money out it was gone, and he supposed forever. He described the package just such as we had found, and of course, we concluded he was the rightful owner.

It was suggested to him that he ought to advertise it, as some honest person might have picked it up and he might get it. But he thought that impossible, as the amount would be too great a temptation to anyone to give it up. We asked him what reward he would give if it could be restored. "Well," he said, "he would be willing to give \$50 anyway, and perhaps more." We asked him if he had \$50 about him, he laughed and said he had.

"Then let me have it," at the same time pulling out the package and handing it to him. For a moment he was overwhelmed with astonishment, then opening the package he counted out \$50 and handed the amount over. He was the most delighted man we had ever seen, and he gave us some pretty high compliments for our honesty. We felt satisfied with our day's work, and felt assured that the gentleman would be more careful in the future in putting away his money.

That was the way we were "April Fooled."

We had a very warm friend in Mr. Samuel Church, of the firm of Church, Carothers & Co., owners of the Pipetown rolling mill, and he induced us to accept a position as puddler's helper, and we took hold with Mr. David Gutteridge, with whom we worked until his death. This business we liked very much. A long time prior, however, we had made the acquaintance of Mr. Isaac Harris, who for many years was a well-known merchant, but misfortune having overtaken him, he found himself greatly reduced financially and to make a living began the publication of a City Directory, and in connection with this he published a small newspaper. He kindly invited us to write an item for it now and then, and we soon got in the way of writing rapidly and freely on many subjects. Mr. Arthur A. Anderson was publishing the *American Eagle* and asked us to take charge of the editorial department; this we did rather reluctantly, but we soon got the hang of things, and in a short time were able to write a tolerable fair editorial, and dish up locals right smart. This was our start in journalism. Then the poetic craze struck us and we dashed off rhyme at a fearful rate, though there was not much poetry in it.

Ned Buntline began the publication of a magazine, and after some experience, we were able to write a number of acceptable tales. Bunt-

line soon ceased publishing his magazine, which Dr. Patterson followed with another, having but a short life; and Matthew McIntosh, the "Poet Laureate of Saw Mill Run," imitated his predecessors, and there for a time literary matters rested. Our training through the medium of these publications sharpened our wits, and before leaving Pittsburgh we were a contributor to both Philadelphia and New York papers.

The "Old Drury Theatre," under the management of F. C. Weymes, was in the full tide of its prosperity, and we were a regular attendant. One day we were waited on by a Mr. Pickering, who requested us to write him a local farce for his benefit. That was a serious undertaking, for while we had seen many plays performed, and read volumes of them, it never occurred to us that we could write one ourself. Mr. Pickering insisted and we finally concluded to try "our maiden hand." At that time there was a bright little Doctor living on Seventh street, named Brodie, who was the inventor of a "great pill" and we frequently wrote rhyming effusions in praise of their merits. In trying to get a title and subject for the farce, it struck us that "Dr. Brodie's Pills, or the Way to Cure Him," would certainly take; and next morning we handed Mr. Pickering the manuscript bearing that legend. On the morning following, the street corners were boldly ornamented with immense bills proclaiming the facts. It was not long after their appearance until we were waited on by the redoubtable Doctor in a very angry mood, wishing to know by what authority we had used his name in such a way and manner. We told him it had been done as an advertisement, and while it would give him prominence, it would save him many a dollar, and wound up by asking him to go with us and witness the performance. He did so; and he was the most tickled man we ever seen, and next morning, as an evidence of his appreciation of the play, he bought us a valuable gold watch seal at McFadden's jewelry store. This play was followed by another written for Mrs. Core's benefit, entitled "The Mistaken Lovers." These were the only plays we ever wrote that were performed, though we composed a long drama founded on Spanish life.

CHAPTER III.

Pictures of the Past—Boyhood's Duties—Herr's Island—The Robbers Foiled.

How rapidly events follow one upon the other in the life of an individual? They come unawares: we know not how, we cannot tell why, yet before we are aware of the fact, they are upon us and we are compelled to act with them and suit ourself to the change as it takes us. We now look back over our career, and though the facts are patent to us, yet we can hardly realize at this day, that we have occupied many and such varied positions.

We were like all other boys, subject to continual changes, each one new and each requiring study to adapt ourself to its demands. The thoughtless boy roams at will, and makes the most of whatever falls to his lot. He has no cares to worry him. He is provided for; every want is met, nor food nor clothes cause him a thought. But the days and months roll on and as they go he gradually finds responsibilities crowding upon him, and as he enters his "teens" he suddenly finds a wondrous change in his condition. He realizes new duties; the mind, that was free as a bird on its wing, is now slightly clouded and he feels, that if not already, there is a time coming when he will be called upon to assume many of the actual duties of life. Before we had attained the age of twenty-two we had passed through many a trying ordeal. From the age of six or seven years we can say that we have been a worker. There was really no lost time with us. We worked in a tobacco factory at fifty cents a week, labored in a book bindery at a couple of dollars, or drove a dray for whatever "the old gentleman choose to give us." We tried puddling at \$2 to \$3 a day, and with all those performed duties, we stole the time to write for the papers and magazines and write three novels, which we had published. Hence, it will be seen that we have been no loiterer on life's highway. We have passed through many strange scenes and struggled with many changes, and now at sixty-eight, can grasp the pen as eagerly and handle it as readily as in our younger years. Since 1844 our labor has been exclusively newspaper work, and in that long period we have noted much that is strange, and a vast deal that has tried us to the utmost. Take these years all through and they have been comparatively pleasant, though there were times that tried our faith and almost brought us to the region of despair, but we failed to yield. There was a fountain of never-failing hope that sustained us, and we clung to the motto: "Never give up."

We wish, right here, to speak of a very familiar spot.

Every citizen of the twin cities knows something about Herr's Island. We can remember it from our earliest boyhood, and, perhaps, have reason to do so. Then it was a beautiful spot, with plenty of fine fruit-trees and a well kept garden. Old man Herr was "monarch of all he surveyed," and he surveyed to some purpose when the boys began to steal his fruit, and many a lively chase resulted from the thieving propensities of the youngsters. The Island was then very large and kept in splendid condition, and the old gentleman didn't feel like allowing his carefully reared fruit, melons, etc., to be carried away without "by your leave." One Sunday a number of us lads concluded that an attack on the Island would be just the thing, and accordingly in the absence of a skiff, all hands doffed their clothes, and started to swim to the hither shore. When about the middle of the river, we suddenly

cramped, and in an instant went below the surface. Our companions came to the rescue, and their devotion saved us from drowning, and returning to the Pittsburgh shore a wiser and very tired boy, but not with any extra amount of fruit to weigh us down.

Herr's Island of to-day and the spot sixty odd years ago are very different looking places. Then it was a spot, where, hermit-like, its owner made a comfortable living. His surroundings were attractive and he seemed to enjoy his solitary life. His residence was rather of an old-fashioned kind, but its four walls contained all of comfort that its economical owner desired. His dress was the regular old-fashioned German style; and his movements, though slow, yet always sure in what he was doing. The large stream that flows between the Allegheny shore and the Island, was then but a narrow rivulet, spanned by a small bridge—the old man's mode of leaving or reaching his Crusoe-like home. Mr. Herr was then quite an old man, and the laughable incident marking his closing days, was when he leased the Island for 99 years and discovered that he had not made a very good bargain, declared that "when that lease expired they shouldn't have it so cheap next time." He didn't live to renew.

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In the year 1840 we had, in connection with two other parties, bought some land in Venango county, about two miles south of Raymilton on French Creek. It fell to our lot to take a trip to that locality to make the second payment on the purchases. As we could only reach the place by riding or driving, we chose a nice pony as a means of conveyance and started from Pittsburgh over the old Franklin road. It was a long, weary ride, and the weather being very hot, did not add anything to our comfort. We sped along at a pretty lively gait, and toward evening found ourself about a mile from Sandy Creek hill. Here we overtook an old farmer trudging along, whom we saluted, and struck up a conversation on general subjects. He informed us presently that a few nights before a lumberman had been robbed of a large sum of money at a wayside inn which we had just passed.

This information filled us with alarm, when we considered the fact that we had considerable money in our possession and wholly without means to defend ourself in case of attack. As we began the descent of the hill, which was a very long one, and in that day a rather gloomy looking spot, the sun had gone down and the deepening twilight warned us that night was not far off. Our companion had now left us and a feeling of dread overcome us, not knowing what might happen.

We had not gone much further, when we noticed two men on foot ascending the hill, and from their actions we judged that they had "been looking upon the wine when it was red." We had a tight rein

on our pony, and a good whip in our right hand. When within a few feet of the men, one of them looked up and said:

"Hello, boy, is that horse for sale?"

"No, sir; not for sale."

"All right anyhow; I'm going to have him," and as he spoke, he grabbed the bridle, compelling a sudden halt.

The other fellow kept on, seemingly intent to get behind us for some purpose.

"Let go that bridle," and we spoke rather peremptorily, still tightening our grip on the rein.

The fellow swore he was going to have the horse and ordered us to dismount. Finding matters in this dangerous shape, and fearing something from the fellow behind, we gave our pony a sharp cut in the flank, which caused him to rear and plunge, jerking free from the grasp of the would-be robber and dashing down the road at a furious pace. We had hardly started, when a pretty big stone passed near our head and both men yelling to us to stop or they would kill us. We failed to obey and kept our animal up to a gallop, and didn't draw rein until we thought ourselves free from danger.

By this time we had reached the bottom of the hill, when we encountered another man, whom we asked to tell us where Mr. Billy D. lived, for we were so excited and bewildered, that we had completely lost our head and failed to remember the road, though we knew it well enough. He directed us to follow the road to the left until we came to a large oak on the right with a horse shoe nailed on it, then turn to the left on a new cut road, and in a few moments we would be at our destination and save considerable travel.

We followed this advice, but found after going a half mile, that we had been wrongly directed, and it flashed upon us that we had been caught in a trap. We turned our pony and proceeded to retrace our steps to the main road, and found by this time that we had simply left the right road and had all this night ride for nothing. By this time our nerves were very shaky, not knowing the moment we might be confronted by another gang and our money and perhaps our life taken. No sooner had we reached the main road than we gave rein to our pony and in a short time reached our destination safe, but terribly shaken up with our adventure.

Had the scamps whom we met on the hill been armed, it is more than probable that we would not be here to write this article. At that period there was considerable crime perpetrated along the road, and the "Old Stone House," not far from Sandy Creek, is credited with being the scene of many deeds that would not bear the light. Nearly fifty years have passed since then, and everything is changed. The crowds of lumbermen that followed this road on their return from the

city, had at their heels a gang of human wolves who, at every favorable chance, made the hardy men their victims.

CHAPTER IV.

Married—The Pipetown Mill—The Fire of 1845—Writing Three Books—The Important Receipt—A Big Scare.

We have recounted briefly many of the incidents of our life, yet we did not fully realize our great and increasing responsibilities until 1844. That was the year of years to us. In that year, December 3d, we were married to Miss Mary W. Armstrong. We had known each other for a long time, went to the same church and attended the same parties together. Our affection for each other was very strong, though few, if any, of our acquaintances ever thought that we would link our destinies for life. On the evening of the day above mentioned, while chatting pleasantly on general topics, we suggested the propriety of joining our fortunes, having never said a word to anyone of our intention. After some slight demur about haste, &c., the proposition was acceded to, and without further preparation, we started off to the residence of our friend and Pastor, Rev. Samuel Church, of Allegheny.

We found that genial gentleman at home, and announced our purpose of being made one. The preacher seemed highly pleased at our conclusion, and assembling his family, the ceremony proceeded and in a few minutes the knot was securely tied. After enjoining secrecy for at least one week we took our departure and returned to our homes, and no one was any the wiser for quite a while. We were then residing on Seventh street with our parents, and even they were kept in profound ignorance of our changed relation. By some means, however, the cat got out and the boys gave us a lively serenade. We enjoyed it as much as they did, and from that time forward life began to assume heavier cares and made us feel that there was something new in it for us to do. We assumed a new and important role.

It was an important change to us, as it is to every man who has to make his way through the world by his own efforts, with something powerful to urge him on.

The next few months were important ones to us. It was during this period that we resigned our draymanship and went into the Pipetown mill. At the same time we were editing the AMERICAN EAGLE, and added to this, was the task of writing Tom Hanson, a Tale of Old Fort Duquesne, and for a base to our story we had taken the brief manuscript written some years before at McKeesport.

Matters moved along nicely until noon on the 10th of April, 1845. At the hour of 12 M. we had seated ourself at the dinner table, when "clang" went the bell on the old Neptune engine house. Being a

member of that company, we did not wait a second call, but flew like the wind, and with others reached the engine house and the machine was soon under way to the fire. Running down Ferry street, we discovered that Diehl's ice house, adjoining the Third Presbyterian Church, was wrapped in flames, and the big church had also caught. The wind was blowing a regular old-fashioned gale, scattering the fire in all directions. It was but a few moments until the stores on Market street were aflame, and thence to Smithfield, and on, far on to Pipetown. In a short time it seemed as if the whole city must go, as already fully one-half of it was on fire, with no means of checking its rapid progress. House after house and block after block went down before the storm of fire and wind, and before darkness had set in twelve hundred houses had been completely destroyed.

It was a sad day for Pittsburgh. All its best business houses in ruins, hundreds of dwellings wiped out, presented a sad and sickening sight. But there was energy left. Money and aid came in freely from all quarters, and the smoke had not disappeared from the terrible holocaust till preparations for rebuilding were made, and in a short time a new and more beautiful city sprang from the ruins.

The burning of the Pipetown mill threw us out of employment and we began to cast about for some means of earning a livelihood. It struck us that we might do something by publishing a book and thus realize some money. Accordingly we went to work, writing at night and soliciting subscriptions through the day for a new book, bearing the taking title, "The Smoky City, a Tale of Crime." By the time the manuscript was completed we had received about 1,000 names, enough to pay all expenses and leave us something of profit for our labor. "Tom Hanson" followed with like success and we closed our career as the writer of books with a volume of "Tales and Sketches."

In this chapter we give a *resume* of events that may convey to our readers an idea of the strange happenings in which we took part to a greater or less extent, and demonstrate to all the possibility of finding romance and fact in the life of every man to make it worthy of record or conveying some useful lesson. In writing this history we cannot give exact dates in every instance, but we can fully recall the facts. The purpose is to show, no matter how poor the condition may be that surround the life of any man, he can, by effort, place himself in an honorable position and win the esteem of all with whom he may be brought into contact.

It will be seen by our readers that we were not born with a silver spoon in our mouth. Ours has been a life of almost ceaseless toil, with the hands or with the brain. It will be seen, also, that we never permitted an opportunity to pass by which we could better our condition. Whatever of prosperity, or honor or favorable circumstances were

ours to enjoy, we attribute all to the pen. It is the great lever that helped us on, and enabled us to achieve whatever positions we enjoyed. It is very pleasant to us, as we look over our boyhood, manhood and now old age, to realize the fact that attention to the duties of life has enabled us to overcome many an obstacle and given us a foothold among our fellow-men. Our education was very limited, but we grasped every chance to acquire knowledge and enable us to attain positions of honor and trust. We do not wish to boast of what we have achieved, but we confess to a feeling of pride, that as a drayman, a puddler, &c., in fact as one whose duties were trying, that we have discharged trusts that reflect credit and cause us to rejoice in whatever of success has been ours to enjoy.

Pittsburgh, the city of our birth, has many charms for us, and as we look back over half a century, we mark the mighty changes that have come upon it. In our childhood the town was comparatively small. Along Liberty, Penn and Seventh streets there were many vacant lots. From where the Union Station stands down to the Ross property on Grant street, nearly all was vacant. The face of the hill on Seventh street had only the hotel of Fidelie Bauer as a landmark, and the big tunnel as an evidence of the march of improvement to give the canal an outlet to the Monongahela. Most of the property belonged to and does yet, to the Denny estate. It is now all covered with buildings, and beyond that to Pennsylvania avenue (now Fifth avenue), was a blank, save a glass house and shot factory. Fifth avenue, from Liberty street to the Court House, did not show one neat building, but rows of tumble-down houses that had outlived their usefulness. On this street, nearly opposite where the Exchange Bank now stands, lived and kept store, Mr. Barney Coyle, father of the popular attorney, John Coyle, Esq. At the foot of Penn street still remained the old magazine, a relic of French sway in this region; and not far from that was the now celebrated Block House of Col. Boquet. Bridges then were few and far between. The old Sixth street and the Monongahela bridges were the only ones in that day, while Jones' Ferry, at the Point, was the only other mode of crossing the river. Now, bridges are so plenty on both rivers that you can almost hear them calling, one to the other to "lay over" and make room. The changes in and about the city in the last half century are countless; and only those who beheld the scenes of the past can fully realize how vast the difference between now and then.

The scenes in and around the old Court House and Market House on Market street, are very fresh in our memory and are more vividly recalled by a trial in the old temple of justice, with Hon. Benjamin Patton on the bench. We will give the facts briefly in the case, as they convey an important lesson.

About the year of 1825 father had bought a team of fine horses from

Zachariah Brown, of Turtle Creek, for which he gave three notes at four, eight and twelve months, for \$1,200. A short time after the transaction father met Mr. Brown and told him if he had the notes with him he would pay them in full, as he had the money on hand to do so. Mr. Brown did not have the notes with him, having left them at home, when father suggested that he could give a receipt against the notes, and some time when he came to the city he could bring them along and the deal closed by a surrender of the notes and the receipt against them. The receipt was given, the money paid over and nothing more was done in the matter. Some years afterwards Zachariah Brown died, and his brother, Allen Brown, was appointed to settle up the estate. In looking over the papers of the deceased, Allen found the three notes and informed father of the fact and demanded payment with interest. Father told him of the transaction relating to the notes, when Brown, of course, insisted on being shown the receipt, which would at once settle the matter. A long and diligent search was made, but the important paper could not be found, and after a reasonable time suit was brought for the recovery of the money, with interest, now amounting to a pretty round sum. The case was tried and father lost it. His attorney applied for a new trial, which, after considerable argument, was granted.

Father came home that evening greatly depressed and as the case was to be tried in a couple of days hence, he urged me to another hunt among his old papers and see if it could not be found. There was about a flour barrel full of old papers before us, and early in the morning we started on our "voyage of discovery." We labored on, hoping against hope, until six o'clock in the evening, when, joyful to relate, the last paper we picked up was the long-sought-for receipt. We fairly hugged ourself with delight, and folding it placed it in our pocket. Soon after father came home, looking and feeling badly.

"Well, Sammy, what luck?" was his inquiry.

"Why, pap, wouldn't it be awful if we couldn't find it?"

Father hung his head in deep thought; and we felt that we ought not to trifle with his feelings for a moment, and drawing forth the paper, gave it to him, and he fairly shouted with joy; and without waiting for his supper hurried away to his lawyer and gave him the receipt. Mr. Lowry, the attorney, was just as much pleased as father, and laughingly said:

"Edward, this settles their hash. In the morning we'll go to Court and offer this to Judge Patton, who will order the case discontinued and the costs on Mr. Brown."

That was done, and than the important case ended, leaving the lesson strongly impressed that nothing is more important than a receipt for money paid.

As we have elsewhere stated; we were a great reader, and burned many a tallow dip in satisfying our ambition in this particular. Our reading was not confined to books strictly historical and religious, but at times our mind sought for such light and exciting literature as the Scottish Chiefs, the Children of the Abbey, Three Spaniards, etc. It was about midnight that we were deeply interested in the Three Spaniards. The night was warm and calm. We had raised the window in our room to allow the fresh air to circulate and had placed the candle to one side to avoid the draught. A shed extended from below the window a few inches and connected with a bank some ten feet away, thus allowing anything in the shape of an animal to approach and enter the room. We were absorbed in a frightful scene. The door of the great castle stood open, and looking in we saw the interior brilliantly illuminated. As we gazed on the magnificent sight, we saw a huge slab in the floor slowly rise on its edge and following came up a masked head with eyes of fire. Just as we fully drank in this awful sight, a terrible yell assailed our ears, something sprang into our lap, knocked over the light and left us in Cimmerian darkness. The shock was so great that it caused us to fall backward, where we lay for some time unconscious. Presently recovering, we got up, struck a light and found that the entire household were in a state of alarm, and looking around for an army of burglars. We were unable to explain the cause of our condition, and the family imagining that we had fallen while asleep, retired. Closing the window and taking the candle started to find, if possible, the cause of our overthrow. After a brief search in an adjoining room, we discovered the cause of our fright. It was simply a big cat that had fled for refuge from a still bigger cat, and heedless of its course, had given us all this trouble and frightened a peaceful family.

CHAPTER V.

Just as we Are—The Ordeal of Life—Lively Fights—A Fourth of July Dinner—"Another One of Dem Leadel Hicks."

"All things must have an end," and so we suppose must this book—the history of a long and busy life. To begin it was somewhat startling to us, from the fact that in all our years we had never written a line with a biography in view. Not a note had we to remind us of past events; and it was a matter of grave doubt whether we could recall one out of twenty of the incidents that had marked our way on life's long and tiresome pilgrimage; yet when the start had been made, memory began to refresh itself in the most lavish manner; incident followed incident, and our recollection of past events became so clear and vivid that as we wrote it seemed but yesterday they had transpired.

There are a thousand things that we might have mentioned and a thousand names of old friends that could have been recorded on our pages, but to add these to what is already written would swell the volume beyond the proportions desired and much would be given that many readers at this late date would not appreciate.

The readers of this volume will not fail to note the fact that ours has been a checkered and strange, yet far from an unpleasant life. Though if we had to live it over again, with the experience we have had, things would be very different—at least that is what we think now. It is possible we would try to obtain a better education than we have had, thus fitting us to grace perhaps higher positions in life and rendering that life more enjoyable. Circumstances, however, might prevent the consummation of this desire and we might find ourself farther away from the tree of knowledge than we are.

Our chances for learning were very limited, but we never failed to cling to whatever chance threw in our way. What we failed to grasp from the teacher's instruction, we made up to some extent by close reading and study at moments when other youth were passing the time in perhaps questionable ways. We read many good works, and in doing so were careful to observe the style of the authors, thus getting a pretty clear idea of the methods of composition.

Considering the position we held in life, the reader will coincide with us in saying that to assume the *role* of an author was a big assumption; and lacking both experience and education, the chances were against us ever making a mark in the great world of literature. Our ambition had always been to rise above the level in which we started in life. Toil, and of the most exacting kind, was our twin brother. We had worked for years as a drayman on the dirty streets of Pittsburgh; we had taken severe lessons in puddling iron in a rolling mill and served a time in various book binderies. And while thus laboring from year to year, there was a yearning that would not down, urging us to break the bonds that bound us to these exacting conditions and rise above them by stepping into a position that would give us a higher purpose in life.

From the moment that we learned to read we became a lover of books. We read anything and everything that came in our way. This application was the best school, and from it we derived a fund of knowledge otherwise unattainable in our condition. The writings of great authors found in us a devoted student. From their pages we grasped our language in all its beauty; and though we never expected to imitate in the remotest degree the elegant diction of these varied writers, yet we caught sufficient inspiration to enrich our mind and treasure up thoughts that would help us in taking positions hereafter.

As an humble author of novels, stories, &c., we never gained a name

in the temple of fame; but as we look back and review what we did write, though unknown to the world, yet we have a feeling of just pride over what was achieved in our humble way. To us it was a peculiar triumph, from the fact that we had none to encourage us but ourselves, and whatever headway we made was owing to our untiring application.

One thought comes to us with peculiar force, and that is in the fact that being left almost wholly to our own guidance, to the selection of our own company, to the time of our coming and going—in a word, left to act according to our own will, none dictating to us in any way whatever, that we have escaped the temptations that wait on boyhood and likely to draw it into forbidden acts, that would bring a stain on riper years. We have been in all kinds of company, in all kinds of places, good and bad, and through it all our better nature asserted itself, and freed us from many of the habits destructive of the honor and happiness which is the crown and joy of life. We have drank of the cup that intoxicates, but it never conquered our manhood. And whilst we have mingled with the roughest among men and heard the vilest language roll from their lips, yet we can proudly say that we never were guilty of uttering an oath. In fact, we were always afraid to swear.

In our youthful days Pittsburgh witnessed many exciting scenes even as it does to-day, though not so many of them. Some of them we witnessed and in some took an active part. There were some lively fights that proved very interesting, exciting and oftentimes dangerous. True, few resulted in fatalities, but there were black eyes, bloody noses, and bruised heads. These fights were caused by jealousies, and often by too much "John Barleycorn" on the brain. Many ugly fights happened along the canal; but the most severe struggles were frequent along the Monongahela wharf. The mate of a steamboat would "get on his ear" at some drayman, perhaps strike him, when like a flash a hundred draymen would rush to the rescue of their injured brother and the boatmen would hasten out to defend the oftentimes too hasty officers. Before a struggle of this kind ended, there would be many injured.

One of the worst fights we ever witnessed on the public street and in which we were an active participant, took place at the corner of Liberty and Seventh streets. There was an Irish drayman whom we had offended in some way, and he swore eternal vengeance against us. We were warned of his threat and kept a pretty sharp lookout to prevent an attack in an unguarded moment. One day, in company with a Union Line man, we were returning from the Monongahela wharf. At the corner of the streets named, Jimmy Cherry kept a drinking house. It was the usual place for draymen to stop and water their horses. The

other place was Mother Gabby's, two squares above at the head of Wayne street. Our companion, Andy McFadden, as we reached Cherry's, suggested that as the day was raw and chilly, we would go in and have a glass of "Tom and Jerry." Andy had stepped over the threshold and we were following, when suddenly we received a blow behind the ear with a leaded whip and dropped like a log senseless to the pavement. How long we lay there we do not know, but when we recovered and were lifted up, it seemed as if there were an army of men fighting in the middle of the street.

Our friend, McFadden, was in the hottest of the fight, raining his blows right and left, while many others were similarly engaged. We soon discovered who had knocked us down, and when we caught sight of him, he was a sorry picture to behold. His face was badly battered and covered with blood and looked as if he were doing the last act in life's drama. Our anger was great, and seeing that we could not reach him to make a close fight, we grasped a hickory standard from a dray and made for him, and just as we drew back to strike him, an Irishman named John Carter, clasped us in his arms and prevented the blow; but just as Carter caught us, one of our friends noticed it, and struck him a most terrific blow, which felled him like an ox. This was our opportunity, and swinging the club with all our power struck our enemy a savage blow which settled him for that time at least. The battle was now about ended and the wounded retired for repairs. Both McFadden and myself were in bad condition and had to have our bruises dressed. This was the only big fight we were ever in, and certainly our experience taught us never to try it again—and we never did. Such happenings were frequent and a marked feature of those days.

* * * * *

A laughable incident happened about 1828, and hearing it much talked about afterwards never forgot it. It was the Fourth of July and a grand dinner was to be served on a small island a short distance below the Suspension Bridge (where the original bridge used to be). The people gathered on St. Clair street, Pittsburgh, and after forming in line, marched across the bridge to Allegheny, thence down to the island. Everything was in good shape and after music and a speech, the crowd sat down to the feast. Among the crowd was old man Diller, the Liberty street tobacconist. On the table were a number of nicely roasted shoates. As Diller was not served at once, he reached over and drew onto his plate one of the shoates, which he demolished in short order, and while he was catching his breath after the exercise, a gentleman, who was helping to serve the table, asked:

"Well, Mr. Diller, what shall I help you to?"

"Oh, vell," said Diller, scratching his head and looking anxiously over the table, "I guess I'll take anoder of dem leedel hocks."

The laugh was on Diller, but he got the "hock" and made away with it, too, greatly to his own satisfaction.

CHAPTER VI.

Interesting Events—A Thrilling Escape—A Ghostly Soldier—An Ice Trap—The Penalty—Liberty Street and its Habitués.

We present in this chapter a series of events interesting, instructive, and some curious happenings in the long ago. In most of these we were a part and an active one, too; and as they come back to us, the curtains of our boyhood are pushed aside and we are, indeed, a boy again.

About the year 1829 our family was living in a house adjoining the "Old Garrison," on Garrison alley. At the same time a family named Lapsley was living about two miles beyond where Sharpsburg now stands. It was the habit of the women folk of either family to interchange visits, and many a social hour was spent in this way. Mother had arranged a visit to the Lapsleys and I was to go along, riding behind her on horseback. We had at that time a most magnificent dog named "Beaver," and when he noted the preparations for the trip, he was full of excitement. It was not the intention, however, to let him go, and an effort was made to shut him up, but the intelligent brute took in the situation, and started down street. In a short time mother and I were mounted and started on our journey. The only place of crossing then was the original bridge on St. Clair street. When we reached it, the dog was found to be following us. Mother asked the toll keeper to prevent the animal following by closing the gate, which was done, but the dog was not to be detained, and leaping over the barriers followed in our track. Mother saw that it would be useless to try and prevent him and told him to "come on." This he did with every evidence of joy.

The day was fair and the trip very pleasant. After we had passed beyond the limits of what is Sharpsburg now, the dog showed some uneasiness, and began to jump at the horse's head, catch the bridle and acted as if he wanted us to turn back. We had not gone much further when suddenly a big burly man sprang out from behind a tree and seizing the horse by the bridle ordered us to dismount. Mother was terribly frightened, and all she could say was—"Catch him, Beaver!" Quick as thought the dog sprang upon the man and bore him to the ground, when putting whip to the horse, we were soon out of danger. Reaching Lapsley's she told the story of her adventure and escape, when some of the men started back to see what had happened the man and dog. They had not gone far when they met the dog panting and his head all covered with blood. On examining him carefully there was no mark or injury. Going on the men reached the place of encounter, and

while there was evidence of a terrible struggle, the man had disappeared and was never seen or heard of afterward. It was a narrow escape, perhaps from death, and certainly the loss of the horse would have been a marked feature in the dramatic scene.

Our old friend, Paddy Murphy, engaged as a rag picker at a paper store on the corner of Garrison alley and Liberty street, used to take great delight in getting us to sing and whistle the "Boyne Water" for him, and the music did not offend him as it does many of his class.

On the corner of Garrison alley and Penn street was an old frame building in which we went to school to a Mr. White. This building abutted on the old Garrison and the latter was the resort of the children at recess. One day a dozen or so of us youngsters had gone up to the second story to play. We happened to be standing near a large door about twelve feet above the ground, when one of the boys speaking to us, said :

"Oh, Sam, look at the old soldier!" We looked in the direction he pointed and there, sure enough, our imagination reproduced the form of a soldier in full uniform. The sight so badly frightened us that we leaped from the door to the ground, resulting in a fracture of our left arm. The whole picture was simply imaginary, yet so strong that it was real to us. We are not a believer in ghosts, but several incidents in our life have demonstrated how strong the imagination becomes at times.

About five doors above Garrison alley lived the family of William Barclay Foster. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, and born in Berkeley county, Virginia, September 7th, 1779, the son of a revolutionary officer, James Foster, of the Virginia line. He came to Pittsburgh in 1796 and went into business with Major Ebenezer Denny, on the corner of Third and Market streets. The house is still standing. He gave all his fortune to the Government in 1814 to help save New Orleans. He was Commissary of Purchase for the United States Army. William B. Foster, Jr., was Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and at his death was succeeded by Thomas A. Scott. The boys of the family were Stephen C., the great and delightful song writer, Dunning and Morrison, the other two. With all of these we were particularly intimate and many pleasant hours we spent together. Dunning became a steamboat Captain, and was very popular, but is long since dead. The only survivor is Morrison, now a resident of Glenfield and a prosperous citizen. He has made us many calls since our residence in Zelienople, and the scenes of other days are recalled when we meet. We met Stephen C. in Philadelphia a short time before his death and had a long conversation with him. He was a plain, pleasant gentleman, and the news of his death was a shock to our feelings that we did not get over for some time.

Everybody at an early day knew Malcolm Leech at the corner of Liberty street and Virgin alley. The gutter at this point used to overflow and make a disagreeable crossing. It was the habit of us boys to put the broken ice in such shape that the unsuspecting pedestrian would step right into a hole and come out drenched. We enjoyed the sport as much as a circus, and used to wait around that place to see the people fall in. One night the writer sat down on a salt barrel and waited for a victim. It was a very nice looking man. Quick as a flash he stepped in and was completely soaked. The result was so good that it made us roar with laughter, forgetting that the angry man might seek to be revenged. No sooner was he out of the filthy pool than he made a spring in our direction, grasped us by the neck and the latter end of our pants and carrying us forward, roughly dropped us into the nasty water. He never said a word, but turned on his heel and left us. Wet and cold we went home, where we got warmed up by the old process, and ever after we voted the pool a fraud.

After the completion of the canal one of our amusements in the winter was skating from Pittsburgh to Sharpsburg on the ice in the canal bed—and good fun it was, until one day, just as we reached the lock, the steel runner broke away from the wood on our skate and compelled us to take “shankes mare” for home.

One day while the gauger was gauging some whiskey on Liberty street, and the bungs were on top of the barrels, we got hold of a straw and laying down on the barrel began to suck in the whiskey. How much we swallowed we never knew, but when we raised up our brain was so overcome with the terrible fumes, that we fell backward on the pavement as if dead, and it was a big job for Doctor Reynolds to save our life from its terrible effects. We did not again indulge in the luxury in that way.

What pleasant hours we used to spend roaming over the South Side hills in search of nuts, pawpaws and persimmons. The North Side had its attraction too, and we enjoyed the recreation these boyish wanderings afforded. Then all were green fields and green hills; now block after block of buildings, iron and glass works, and manufactories of every kind have made a wondrous change. A city with its thousands of inhabitants stretches along the waters of the Monongahela for miles, marking the march of improvement in the last fifty years. To us these changes seem like a dream and looking at them can hardly realize that they exist. Pittsburgh and Allegheny that were then comparative villages, are now large and prosperous cities, teeming with population, wealth and far-reaching enterprise.

In our youth Liberty street was the city's great thoroughfare as it is to-day. It was what might be called the business centre, as here in the days of the Conestoga wagons, as afterwards when the canal brought its

freight from the East; and now it remains the vast *entre-pot* of the many railroads entering the city from all points of the compass. Its men and its houses have all changed, but its great business remains, and we suppose ever will. Once it was lined with wagons and drays; then the big warehouses for the reception of freight from the canal boats, and next the wonderful trains with their loads of merchandize destined for all parts of this wonderful country. How well can we remember when the merchants from Mexico—new and old—reached the city with their dray loads of wealth. Dray after dray would be loaded at the wharf with kegs of silver and gold, and forming in line, drive to one of the warehouses on the canal, where packages would be transferred to the boats and in a few hours owners and all would be on their way East to make their purchases and return to their homes.

As we glance in memory along this popular street, how many familiar faces come up before us. They were men of business, men of wealth, and far-reaching integrity, who having fulfilled their mission here, have gone from the scenes of their earthly labors to a higher reward. They were all as familiar to us as household words; yet the names of many have gone beyond our memory and only a few remain that we can recall.

There were the Baileys, the Wallaces, the Gormleys, Patterson, Broadhurst, Diller, Youngs, Greer, Kier, Hunkers, Broadmeadow, Fabers, Speers, Galloway, Watsons, Marshall, Dalzells, Hays, McIlwains, Beitler, Lightcap, and an army of others. Yes; there was "Tobe" Myers, familiar to all, Jacob Painter, who became one of Pittsburgh's richest citizens, and on the corner of Liberty and Hand streets, was the well-known firm of Bell, Fehl & McKean, a resort for the wagoners to get their supplies at that time. Mr. James Kerr, who kept the store adjoining, owned this block.

CHAPTER VI.

Lambdin's Museum — David Jewell Hanged — Theatrical—Ventriloquist Tricks—The Great Goose Fly.

Life is full of change. Every day, yes, every hour has its changes. The greatest change that is man's certain destiny is after life, death. And other changes give way to this last, as death is king and conqueror. Life is but a preparation for that great and final leap. That change is the most certain of all to come, but its coming is shrouded in deepest mystery, and its arrival is like the lightning's flash, or again slow and lingering, mingled with pain that words cannot paint.

When we look back over our life and mark its wondrous changes, we are surprised that we are here. The many dangers through which we have passed, the suffering from disease that brought us down to the

very verge of time, leave us astonished that we live and move and have a being. Even a brief recapitulation of the changes through which we have passed would fill many pages. There were times in our boyhood when we went in for fun, and fun we had and enjoyed it only as a boy can, who aspires to that end, with nothing behind to injure or annoy.

Well do we remember Lambdin's Museum at the corner of Market and Fourth streets. Here night after night a dozen or so of youngsters, who sought to be Forrests or Booths, used to gather and perform upon the stage. The only pay Lambdin ever gave his performers of this class was a hot lunch, and Englishman-like, a big pitcher of hot punch. There was not enough of this latter to "make drunk come," but it put all in a good humor. Our position in this galaxy of genius was that of a singer of Irish songs, and we were able to "bring down the house" on occasions. There was also a theatre on the old hay scale lot, on Third street, adjoining the Bank of Pittsburgh, where "Norval" was the reigning play and got off in pretty good style. The lower part of this building was used as an annex of Sawyer's soap factory, which often sent forth a sweet-smelling savor to the nasal organs of audience and players. The boys were afraid of the police, who, it was said, would arrest the company for not taking out a license to exhibit. One night "Norval" held the boards, and we think Fred Volz, afterwards Mayor of the city, was in the title *role*. He had reached that very important part of the play where he announces the fact that "On the Grampian Hills my father feeds his flock, a frugal swain," when the alarm was given that the "police were coming." Quickly Norval raised a trap door and slipped out of sight. Unfortunately right beneath him was a tank of soap not yet hardened, and letting go his hold, dropped into the saponaceous aggregation. One yell from him awakened the echoes, and as no officer appeared, a candle was taken to the scene below to enable the besoaped actor to see his way out of the awful mess into which he had fallen. A short detention for repairs and the play went on. There was more comedy than tragedy in the acting after that.

There was one place of pleasant memory which we will never forget. That was the Marshall Literary Society, located on Market near Third street. Some of the brightest young men of the city were members of it, and the exercises were of the highest character. We can only recall the names of three of the members, active ones, too; two of whom to-day are the brightest as well as the richest business men of Pittsburgh—Joshua Rhodes and Philip Reymer—and Frank Anderson, who went to California and returned, and was for many years in the employ of Reymer & Bros. Of Anderson, we can say he had the most wonderful memory of any man we ever knew. That society was like a school and from it we derived many important advantages.

Like every other boy, we had an army of playmates. Like ourselves, they had their peculiarities. One among them we will not forget, for his poor life went out under a cloud. That boy was David Jewell. During a fight between two fire companies, Dave unfortunately stabbed a fireman to death, for which he was tried, convicted and hanged. In company with Hon. Alexander Russell, then Secretary of State, who was on a visit to Pittsburgh, we called on Jewell in his cell. After he discovered who Mr. Russell was and thinking that through his intercession his life might be saved, he put in such a plea as we never heard, and while the tears gushed from his eyes he sank upon his knees and clasping Mr. Russell by the limbs, continued to plead. But he was told that his case was hopeless and he sank to the floor and lay there perfectly helpless. We left him with a sad heart, for we had known him from childhood, and the picture of utter and hopeless despair he presented was terrible to behold. He was not a bad man, naturally, but under excitement had plunged the knife to his victim's heart and paid the penalty of his dreadful act.

We have stated elsewhere that we were something of a ventriloquist, and by it had many an evening of fun. One evening going down Seventh street we overtook a neighbor, Mr. Syl. Sandol, who was on his way to Mr. Poland's shoe shop, on Irwin street, to get his measure taken for a pair of boots. As we walked along Syl suggested that we try to frighten Poland, who was very superstitious, by working off a little ventriloquism on him. As we entered the shop we sat down on a box near the door. Syl took a chair in front of Poland. Poland had a strap around his knee and foot to hold the shoe he was working at. Syl placed his foot on Poland's lap and the measuring began. Just then we rapped on the door.

"Who's that?" asked Poland.

"It's me," replied a voice.

"An' phat duz ye's want?" getting mad.

"I want to lick old Poland," was the reply.

"An' ye can't do it!" and Poland, forgetting the position he was in, attempted to rise, when the strap tripped him and down he went on top of Sandol. Getting up he rushed to the door, but the imaginary visitor had gone, and Poland went back as mad as a hornet and threatening what he would do if he caught the scamp. He had hardly got seated again when he heard some one calling him from up stairs. Again he started, but the voice ceased and he sat down very wrathful and concluded the house was haunted. Before leaving we assured him that it was ourselves that had played the trick, but he would not believe it until we made the voice answer us again.

"Be japers it is you! Git out of me house. Sure ye have the devil wid ye!" and he forcibly ejected us from the room. Strange to say

that for years after he refused to meet us, and if he saw us advancing on the same side of the street he would cross over in order to avoid us. We got off a similar trick on Bob McKean, a well-known Liberty street merchant, and had him hunting up and down stairs for what he thought was a pack of thieves, but, failing to find them, came to the conclusion that his premises were actually haunted.

Right here we must go back to 1846 and record an event which has no parallel in the history of knowledge. As we happened to be an eyewitness to the whole transaction, and perhaps the only one of 40,000 present on the exciting occasion, willing to acknowledge that they were sold in the most outrageous manner.

On a certain evening in the good old city of Pittsburgh, a party of leading gentlemen were seated at a social game of euchre. Among them were such well-known personages as Hon. Wilson McCandless, Col. Samuel W. Black and others of that character. In the course of the evening many subjects came up for discussion, but the most important of them all was the question of gullibility of the general public. One gentleman remarked that he would wager a basket of wine that he could humbug the entire population of the two cities of Pittsburgh and Allegheny at a small expense. The offer was readily accepted. This was on Friday night. Saturday came and went, and when the Sabbath opened up bright and beautiful, and thousands of good people were wending their way to church, they were much astounded to behold posted on every dead wall a large handbill bearing on its face the following startling announcement:

"Prof. Thoberg, of Birmingham, having completed his invention of a pair of wings, will make his first flight on Monday evening, August 31, at 4 o'clock, P. M., from the top of the Hand street bridge, flying over the top of the St. Clair street bridge to the Point. Returning, go under the St. Clair street bridge to the place of starting. In order to avoid a rush none but members of the press will be admitted on the top of the bridge."

The excitement following this was astounding. People read the posters, re-read them and warm discussions naturally followed as to the possibility of Prof. Thoberg carrying out his wonderful scheme of aerial travel. Monday came and the two cities put on their holiday attire, and awaited in breathless suspense the great event. We were one among the many thousands that assembled on the shores of the Allegheny and patiently awaited the denouement.

"Is it possible that such a thing can be done?" was the inquiry of one and another of his neighbor. Instances of wonderful things having been done were cited to prove the possibility of such a result. Of course there were many doubters, but the believers were largely in the majority and their theory the strongest.

The cities of Pittsburgh and Allegheny had never witnessed such a gathering. The bridges and shores were crowded, while hundreds of all kinds of boats covered the river. All was expectancy in the highest degree. As the hour for the flight drew near, the anxiety became more and more intense, and expressions were heard on all sides regarding a possible postponement of the great attempt. We were on the ground at an early hour, and watched the gathering hosts. It was a regular gala day. People came in their best, and business was actually suspended in two-thirds of the city. We never doubted the possibility of the affair being consummated, and in this frame of mind waited patiently to see Mr. Thoberg take the leap and complete his grand flight according to the program.

That there may be no mistake as to the time of the astonishing event, we will say that it was on Monday, August 31, 1846, and that day and that event form one of the best remembered incidents in the history of either city. We have seen many crowds, large and small, gathered to witness different scenes, but never in our memory did we see anything compared with this. Anxiety was the predominating feature, and while such was the fact, good order prevailed among the waiting crowd. A few minutes after 4, P. M., a large man with a heavy dark cloak ascended to the top of the Hand street bridge. He walked along very leisurely, and as soon as the people noticed him a great cry went up from every lip.

"That's him! There's Thoberg! Now for the grand sight of a human on wings!"

Reaching the middle of the bridge he stepped upon a seat, stood for a moment viewing the mighty throng of humanity beneath him. Then, with an effort he cast aside the cloak and in an instant threw two large white geese from under his arms and they flew down to the river. The birds settled calmly on the water and a few moments after were captured by some boys.

The great secret was out. The deception was one no longer; and after a shout of disappointment, the great crowd melted away and in thirty minutes the humbugged citizens of the twin cities were not to be seen. The game was fully played; everybody had been deceived and somebody had won a basket of wine.

Never in the history of deception had anything been better played; never a people more completely fooled. And we are satisfied that not ten of all who were present would ever acknowledge that they had been present. For our part we freely admit that we were among the humbugged and rather enjoy the fact.

CHAPTER VII.

A Vitalized Pocket-Book—Utilizing Counterfeit Money—Odds and Ends in Our Career—The Walls of Jericho.

A great deal of fun can be had out of a very small thing, sometimes; and where several tricksters put their heads together they can raise a huge laugh on a small amount of capital. One day we were wandering along the shore of the Allegheny near the Point, when, happening to look under the end of a log that lay beneath an old stable, we noticed a lot of nicely-cut paper scattered around. A close examination showed it to be counterfeit money, bank notes and city scrip. Knowing it to be valueless, we nevertheless gathered up quite a lot of it. Our liberality developed itself very fully that day, and we circulated the bogus cash with a liberal hand. Reaching the Eagle Hotel we soon made known the abundance of our wealth, when one of the wagoners, Sam Sterling, suggested that we have some fun at somebody's expense of feeling. He had just bought a new pocket-book and a plan struck him how to utilize the old one. He sent for about thirty feet of strong twine. Taking his old pocket-book he filled it with the bogus money; then taking a piece of red tape he tied it around the book, making it present a very inviting appearance. Next he tied one end of the twine to the tape and, raising a brick in the pavement, fastened the other end of the twine thereto, and replacing the brick wrapped the twine nicely together, laid it on the brick and the pocket-book on top of that. The work was complete. Everybody that could get to the windows or stood near to the door to watch the result. In a few moments along came a very nice young man, dressed in the height of fashion, with straps on the bottom of his pants, as was the style in those days, and which would prevent him from stooping forward. When within ten or twelve feet of the pocket-book he caught sight of it, and quickening his step, came on briskly, and reaching down sideways grasped the prize, shoving it quickly into his pocket and went on as if nothing had happened; but when he had gone the length of the string out came the pocket-book and fell to the ground, when a roar and a shout went up that astounded the neighborhood. Laugh followed laugh, and there was more fun for ten minutes than twenty clowns could have made in a circus. The young man never looked around, for he must have felt that he was the victim of a great big joke. It was just too funny for anything and certainly paid Sterling for his trouble.

It was just such tricks as the above that lent piquancy to the wagoner, and many of them they got off at somebody's expense. Sometimes a crowd of this class would get together numbering as high as fifty, and to listen to their songs and stories and see their practical jokes, far

exceeded any ordinary entertainment and displayed the wit and acuteness of this peculiar class.

This man Sterling was a genius in his way, and the life of the crowd with which he mingled. As a story teller he was unsurpassed, but when he got to singing he never failed to "bring down the house." Sam's favorite song was "Brian O'Linn," and though but a repetition of a dozen verses, yet each one made "the laugh come." The following stanzas convey an idea of the whole :

" Brian O'Linn and his wife and wife's mother,
They all went into the same bed together ;
The night was cold and the blanket was thin—
' Lay into my mutton,' says Brian O'Linn.

" Brian O'Linn and his wife and wife's mother,
They all went over the same bridge together ;
The bridge it broke and they all fell in—
' We're going to dry lodgings,' says Brian O'Linn.

" Brian O'Linn had an old gray mare,
Her sides were thin and her back was bare ;
Her bones were jiggling all in her skin—
' She's a happy old gelding,' says Brian O'Linn."

It was sometimes our luck to trick as well as astonish them. At that time our ventriloquial power was something really extraordinary, and often in its performance astonished ourself. It was a feat of ours to bring every man to his feet by carrying on the scene of an incipient fight in the adjoining room and rouse the men to see the great struggle going on. Many of these men were of a superstitious nature, and when they discovered that we were able to do this extraordinary thing they would absolutely shun us.

We had been an apt scholar in learning to perform ventriloquism. The only person whom we had ever seen perform it was in old Lambdin's Museum, by a performer named Richardson. That night when we went home, the family all being in bed, we lay down before the fire and taking our cap in hand, began with :

"Hello, Billy!"

•We made the effort to respond and was completely astounded at the prompt reply. Continuing the trial, we found ourself capable of producing different voices, imitating animals, birds, &c., in the most perfect manner, and were soon proficient in the art.

We were never much of a sportsman; and so far as shooting goes, we fear a barn door at ten feet would be in no great danger of being hit by our shot. The lives of all animals and birds were sacred to us, from the fact that aim as we would we never hit any of them, but this fact did not deter us now and then from trying our hand at bringing some of them down—but we never did. A party of four boys, ourself included, arranged for a day's hunt. Early on a cold January morning

we started for the woods, armed to the teeth, with threatenings on any of the bunny tribe that dared to cross our path. Well, to shorten a long story, we started, hunted all day, failed to see a single critter that ought to be shot, and as the "shades of night were falling fast," concluded to take our course homeward. Reaching the city we were in the fullest sense, tired, hungry and disgusted with our bad luck. Directing our course to the eating room of Mother Kauffman in the Pittsburgh Diamond, we were soon in verbal correspondence with that old and favorite lady, and shortly a most appetizing supper was spread out before us in the most inviting manner. With desperate appetite we started in and it required but a short time to demolish the elegant repast. The supper for each consisted of a bowl of coffee, light cakes, a dish of stewed chicken, with many *etceteras*. "One would think that enough, but Bill Powell, who looked as hungry as Oliver Twist, and wanted "more," dared us to an eating contest, and the boy who gave out first would be mulcted for the entire expense. We agreed to this proposition, and a duplicate of the first supper was spread before us. At it we went, and the second supper ended. A third came on the board and it did not take as long to put it where it would "do the most good," while Bill seemed to have had, as 'Squire Smith used to say, "plenty sufficiency." In a word he gave up and like a man footed the entire bill.

While eating and resting, after we got through, we felt very comfortable; but mercy on us! when we arose to our feet, we thought we would be torn into fragments with the terrible pains that tackled our inner man. Our sufferings were simply awful, and we did not know what to do to find relief. We started for the street and found a dry goods box on the curbstone. We stretched ourself on top of it, and placing a forefinger in our throat, started the surplus food on its way upward. It was not long until our stomach was wholly relieved of its pain-creating burden, and we left for home a wiser boy. It took several weeks to restore us to our normal condition, and we then and there made a solemn vow never to attempt suicide by the eating route.

In those days whiskey was almost as cheap as water. One thing about whiskey, then, was that if it was cheap, it was also pure, and a case of *delirium tremens* was rarely heard of. Nearly every grocery store kept whiskey in stock, and the customer never failed to get an eye opener when he came to purchase goods. At the corner of Seventh and Grant streets was the grocery of Mr. Kennedy McKee, and there in a back room, day after day and night after night assembled some of the choice spirits of that vicinity, and after loading up with the pure juice, would open arguments on various important subjects. In this crowd was always to be found the popular Billy Paul and Bob Montgomery, and the subject matter of their discourse always partook of a

scriptural character, and the important point at issue was, whether the walls of Jericho fell out or fell in. The great question remains undecided even to this day. One of the constant *habitués* was old Paddy McCoy, of Webster street, who got away with his half gallon of whiskey daily, yet it failed to kill him, and at the ripe age of 80 years he lost his life by being thrown from a horse, proving that a horse is stronger than whiskey. We had the honor of being a sort of clerk in this house for one month, but the experiment didn't suit us, and we retired from a mercantile calling. Had we remained it is possible we might have become an imitator of the above named parties.

CHAPTER IX.

Reminiscences—Old-Time Scenes Recalled—The Union Line Men—Irish Whisky Loose—Philip Winebiddle—Rev. Graham—A Joke on Harry Shirls—How Fortunes Are Realized.

One of the most important events in the history of Pittsburgh was the great flood of 1832. It was one of those terrible happenings that impressed on the mind is never forgotten. At that time we were residing on Irwin street, between Penn and the river, and remember that the water was up to the ceiling in the lower room of our house. It was our good fortune to get everything out of the house before the water reached it. Others were not so fortunate. It was one of the most exciting days we ever witnessed, and from morning until night we took positions from where we could see the rush of the mad waters sweeping everything to destruction. Houses, barns, mills, in fact everything that would float found rapid transportation on the bosom of the waters. Such a flood now would be ten times more destructive, as more property would be on its track and be doomed to utter annihilation.

Who does not remember the "Old Round Church" building on Wood, Liberty and Sixth streets? It is no longer the same as in the day when Mr. James Marshall was a merchant in it, and "Glorious Old Tom Marshall" was one of his clerks. Like many another old-time spot, all its features are changed into something new.

What jolly days were those we spent in the Union Line warehouse, under the firm of Henry & Peter Graff, two of the cleverest gentlemen that ever lived, and who reminded us more of the Cheerybyle Brothers of Charles Dickens' creation than any other two men that we ever knew. They were gentlemen in every sense of the word, honorable in all their dealings, charitable to the needy, and with kind words for all who came in contact with them. They had three clerks who largely partook of their kindly nature and habits. These were Samuel, William and Charles Rea, a trio hard to excel as men of business, and esteemed by all with whom they had dealings, combined the owners

and employes gave a splendid reputation to the line and it stood high in the estimation of the shippers of that day. The warehouseman was Mr. Sam Coale and the cooper, Mr. John Hoffer. A joke is told on these latter two, which, whether true or false, will bear repeating. A barrel of Irish whisky was standing in the warehouse for shipment, and a strong desire was manifested to have a taste of the "potheen." That night the barrel was rolled to a convenient place and Hoffer stood ready to drive up a hoop, bore a spile hole and draw off a quart or so of the liquid. A wooden bucket was standing against the barrel into which the liquor was to be drawn. All ready! Hoffer stooped down and with his adze hit a hoop an upward blow. Fearful to relate, the barrel burst and the valued contents were spilled upon the ground, save, perhaps, a quart that was caught by the bucket. Horror of horrors! What was to be done? A whole barrel of Irish whisky gone to the "demnition bow wows" and hardly enough left to wet the whistles of the terrified group. Many dollars would be required to make good the loss—and who was to pay for it? A brilliant idea caught the brain of Hoffer. All hands would take a drink; new hoops would be brought, the barrel set up and fixed, and filled with honest canal water, bunged, hoops carefully covered with mud, shipped in the morning, that would settle the bill. The program was carried out and no tidings ever came back from the canal water; and it was sagely concluded that some miserable steamboat captain would have to make good the loss. This was, perhaps, the true sequel.

Who does not remember old Philip Winebiddle? He was one of the characters of that day, who once seen, would not soon be forgotten. Time and again have we seen him ride up to old Pap Beitler's, hitch his faithful pony and go straight into the barroom, his tall, gaunt figure swaying to and fro—his usual irregular gait—and speaking only when spoken to. Although blessed with an abundance of this world's goods, he never displayed any style, but looked just as he was, a "man from the country," with all the actions of an old farmer about him. When Winebiddle left for home, nearly always feeling pretty good from several drinks, he found it rather difficult to mount his pony, but once on he was safe, and no matter how tight he might be, he was never known to fall off. If he swayed to one side the accommodating pony would sway the other way, thus keeping him on a balance and preventing an accident. No money could buy that animal and "only death did them part."

There was another character whom we can well remember, but he did not have the peculiarities of old man Winebiddle, that was Rev. Graham, who was a neighbor of the former, both living in the vicinity of East Liberty. He was a frequent visitor to the city, and it was never long after he dismounted until he was at the bar and took a

"little for the stomach's sake." When remonstrated with for such an example, he being a regularly ordained minister, would cheerfully reply:

"Do as I tell you, not as I do."

Such men as these two were exceptional; and while peculiar in their habits, neither offended to any great extent, and they were rather excused as they interfered with none, and were simply marked, because the one possessed of considerable wealth, gave no sign of his fortunate condition; while the other as a teacher of men in morals and religion, failed to carry out the purpose of his mission among his followers.

Mistakes in counting money are often made, even by the most scientific experts. We have mentioned elsewhere the fact that we got \$75.00 too much in a day's collection, and what was strangest of all, though this extra money must have come from more than one individual, yet none of them could discover a shortage in their cash when closing up the business of the day. At another time a cashier gave us \$50.00 too much, and when we returned to the bank to have the mistake corrected, he refused to hear us, saying that they did not correct mistakes after a person had left the bank. We noticed the fact, however, that early next morning the gentleman was at the wagon yard making inquiries for us of father, and telling him what had happened. We were called to answer, and coming forward refused to hand over the spoil on the ground that we had gone to the bank to return it, but was refused, etc. The cashier tried to apologize, but we were obdurate, intending in our own time to give it to him. After letting him sweat on the matter until 12, M., we went to the bank and gave him the money. He was so well pleased that he gave us \$5.00.

Another time we were in Jacob Forsythe's office collecting a bill and young Jake was waiting on us. As he was counting out the money, (several hundred dollars,) we asked him if he ever paid out too much. He said no; and all he gave out in that way the person receiving it might keep. We watched him as he went over it again, and felt sure that two bills were sticking together and he was giving us too much money. We went carefully over it after he was done, and found \$10.00 too much. He was satisfied and told us to keep it, but we gave it to him, and he made us take enough to pay our way into the theatre for two or three nights. So it is easily seen that the best accountant and most expert handlers of money are liable to make mistakes.

There are many incidents in this life that create astonishment, and we wonder why they have happened and go to work to solve the mighty problem. There are times when we can hit the nail square on the head and get right down to the bottom of the mystery. Among the many events that excite our surprise and cause us to try a solution of the enigma, is in regard to say, a certain man: How did he become

wealthy? From what source did he draw the golden pile? Did some unseen spirit wing its way to his poverty-stricken home and pour a golden shower into his lap? Ah! no; the genii of the Arabian Nights no longer visits the anxious heart and gladdens it with the gift of palaces and castles filled with untold wealth.

In these latter days the solution of the mystery of wealth is not so hard to unfold. The millionaires of to-day, many of them were the sons of hard-faced poverty a few decades ago. Now, they rank among the great manufacturers, the princely merchants, the ceaseless, persistent producers of the age. They do not delve deeply in the sand of California and bring forth its golden ore, nor in the far-away diamond mines and grasp the glittering gems of modern commerce. Many have started "on the ground floor" and their after rapid accumulation soon ranked them in the role of wealthy men, or more, made them the great and envied millionaires of this wonderful age.

We have in our mind's eye the picture of a man, who, like the happenings in a dream, suddenly sprang from what we might call the lower depths of poverty to the delightful heights of wealth. As we are posted in the matter, and as it makes an event in our life, we give it briefly to "help adorn a moral and point a tale."

While engaged in the Union Line it often happened that the draying firm was compelled to go outside and hire drays in order to get the goods going East or West shipped promptly. Among the many whom we thus employed was Mr. R— W—. Some months previous, with his family, he had reached Pittsburgh from Ireland and at once began a search for work to earn the wherewithal to "keep the wolf from the door." Being a very willing worker, and by his kindly disposition among our men, became a great favorite, and it was soon suggested that something substantial should be done to give him a lift toward prosperity. To do this a liberal subscription was taken up, and before "Bob" knew what was going on he was the proud possessor of a horse and dray—actually his own—and we do not think a happier man existed than he. To make matters still better, the rule was invariably followed to give him the first chance at any extra hauling that had to be done; and thus from spring till fall he had almost steady employment. During the winter months he was on the streets picking up what he could find, thus getting enough to meet all his current demands.

After a month's busy hauling it fell to us to find and pay the outside draymen. The first we called on was our helper, Bob. His home was then in Bayardstown, a short distance from where Penn street crossed the canal. The house was a two-story frame, plain, and on the corner. We were somewhat surprised to discover that he was actually keeping store in a small way, and when we entered the place his wife was

behind the counter waiting on a customer. We could hardly realize the situation, but here was the astounding fact, the man who but a short time ago had settled down in Pittsburgh without a dollar, and hardly knowing from day to day where the means would come from to buy sustenance for his family, was not only the owner of a horse and dray and able to earn good wages, but was actually engaged in the "mercantile business," and evidently getting along all right in that important calling.

"Where is Mr. W.?"

"He's eatin' his supper in the room, there; if you want to see him just step in."

We did so. Here we found our man seated at a very plain, pine table. Before him was a dish of potatoes boiled with the skins on, a little pile of salt and a tumbler of water—nothing more, nothing less—and as he looked up from his frugal meal there was not the shadow of a blush upon his honest face, but he smiled broadly as he pointed to a chair and went on with his meal, and remarked:

"I'm jist takin' somethin' to stay my stomach after a hard day's work, and will soon be all right."

In a few moments he had skinned and eaten his last potato, and, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, turned his chair around and was ready to hear us. We asked for his bill of hauling for the month just closed, which he gave us, and as it was entirely satisfactory we paid him the money due him and rose to depart.

"I'm greatly obliged to ye, Mr. Young; you and your company have done me many favors, which I will never forget and may God bless and keep you all."

"That's all right, Bob; and if we did not think you worthy we would not treat you as we have done. Good night."

And so we parted. "And now to end this short eventful history." It seemed to us but a very short time till our friend, Bob, was no longer one of us. He had changed his calling and his name was to be found in large letters over the door of a three-story business house on Liberty street, and he was doing a big trade, both wholesale and retail, and with his family occupied a very handsome brick residence on Penn street, a short distance below Wayne.

- This history, reader, is no flight of fancy, but solid, undeniable fact. No sudden, impulsive act of fortune had placed him in this position. There was no speculation in it, either; but the foundation stone on which was built the superstructure of his wealth, was laid in the concrete of hard work, economy and close attention to the details of whatever he engaged in. In the good old city of Pittsburgh there were hundreds of fortunes achieved by just such means; and the descendants

of these men are to-day the most prosperous and respected. We give it as a fact and leave it as a lesson.

CHAPTER X.

Almost in the Toils.

With this chapter we end the history of our career in the city of our birth. We shall close with a rather exciting incident, showing how close a man may approach the danger line yet escape all harm. We have often thought of the incidents herein related, and as often rejoiced that the exercise of a little cool judgment saved us from getting innocently into a world of trouble.

When we were about fifteen years old, as stated, we worked in the book bindery of Mr. Luke Loomis, then one of the old and prominent citizens of Pittsburgh. We had a "chum" named Robert Crilley, a young shoemaker, and most genial fellow. It was our habit to meet evenings and spend an hour or two in promenading and talking over the incidents of the day, as well as build our air-castles for the years to come. We drew some handsome pictures of the future, and realized in fancy all the joy that the possession of wealth would bring. But these pictures soon vanished, and the coming years found things vastly different from what our young minds had framed.

But to the story of a very narrow escape. One pleasant evening we walked down Smithfield street to Third, then down the latter to Wood. When about half way we came opposite to a two-story brick and as we approached it noticed a number of bottles in a window, one of which was labeled, "peppermint cordial." In those days that was considered a very mild drink and one which many a boy was used to indulging in. Besides, a drink then was not so expensive as now, being only about three cents a "nip."

"Say, Bob, let's go in and get a drink of cordial. I've got a fip left."

"All right Sam; in we go."

And go in we did. To get there we had to pass into a hall, and on the right as we entered was a door, which we opened and entered the barroom. There were probably half a dozen men in the room beside the barkeeper, who was patiently waiting for a customer. Stepping up to the bar our wants were made known, and the obliging attendant poured out our portion in two glasses. At this moment one of the men rose up, went out, closed the shutters, re-entered the hall, locked the door and came into the room. Noting all this, it left a not very pleasant thought on our minds, and before drinking re-surveyed the people and their surroundings, and concluded that some mysterious thing was going on. The barkeeper urged us to drink our cordial, which we did, though we confess our hand was slightly shaky with apprehension after what we had seen.

At this juncture a door leading into a back room was thrown open and five or six rather lively girls came in and seated themselves. One of the men in the crowd seemed to know us, and he called out:

"Hello, Sam, sing us an Irish song."

Now, if there was anything at that time of life that we could do better than another, it was to sing an Irish song. But just now it seemed impossible, as the kind of crowd that we had fallen into and the strange actions we had noticed, had rendered us so nervous and excited, that we could not think of anything to sing. Just then one of the girls caught hold of us and drawing us toward her, seated us without ceremony on her lap. This seemed the crowning act of our discomfort. To sing, much less to raise our voice in protest, was out of the question, and while thus confused, and several were trying their powers of persuasion, to induce us to give them "Paddy on the Canawl," a tremendous rap came on the door and a demand for admission was made in no unmistakable language. In an instant everybody in the room was on their feet and every face seemed to blanch with fear. A moment after the crowd had passed from the front to the rear room, and as the last one went out the door was closed and Bob and ourself were "monarchs of all we surveyed." There wasn't much to survey, but we took it in mighty quick; and as the pounding on the door increased in vigor, we began to feel that we were in a mighty bad box.

"What are we going to do, Sam?" asked Bob.

That was a very vital question at that moment, and if the exigency of the situation had not demanded an instant response, we would have taken some considerable time to make a reply. But when it flashed on our agitated mind that we had dropped into a questionable resort, and that a trouble was brewing and perhaps a big mystery was about to be solved, and that if we failed to evolve the right answer, we might be in a scrape that ten Philadelphia lawyers could not get us out of, we answered without reserve:

"Why, get out of this place if we can."

"But how?" said Bob in a trembling voice.

"Why, follow the crowd. They got out and we must too."

So saying we opened the door into the next room, but it was as dark as midnight, save that we could see two large windows before us by the lights reflected from adjacent houses. The windows reached to the floor, but were fastened. The back door was locked and we were prisoners.

A desperate resolve came to our rescue. Stepping back from one of the windows we rushed forward carrying the sash with us, and finding ourself laying on the pavement in a small alley. Bob was right after us, and it did not take an instant to scale the board fence and find ourselves at liberty. Hurrying forward we were soon on Fourth street and felt as happy as uncaged birds.

We concluded at once to visit the scene of the late exploit, and passing up Fourth to Smithfield, and down Third, we were soon inside of an old blacksmith shop just opposite the house from which we had escaped. By this time the police (for it was they who had been rapping for admission), had entered the building and were coming out with the occupants bound to the lock-up.

On inquiry next morning we learned that this house was a regular thieves' rendezvous and an immense quantity of stolen goods were taken from it. The proof against all the parties arrested were overwhelming, and every one of them suffered the penalty of the law for their crimes.

Bob and ourself never forgot the lesson we had learned, nor the narrow escape we had made.

CHAPTER XI.

Removal to Franklin—A New Position—Buying the Mill—Snap Judgment We Quit Smoking.

It was now the spring of 1847. The burning of the Pipetown mill left us out of a job and we were looking about for a chance to find something to do. Fortunately we did not have to wait long. One day we met our old friend, Mr. Henry Coulter, a Liberty street merchant, and the owner of a rolling mill at Franklin, Venango county. He offered us a situation there in the puddling department, which we gladly and promptly accepted, and in a short time were on our way to the "nursery of great men" with all our household goods, at the mouth of French Creek.

Franklin is the oldest town in the county, and at the time of our location there was a very small and dull place, lacking both life and business. The great oil development of 1858 soon brought it to the front, and it is now a rich and enterprising city. The town was incorporated April 14, 1828, and is most beautifully located at the mouth of the celebrated stream, rendered historic by the many events that transpired along its shores. The five years we passed in that good old town, among its whole-souled people, were very pleasant, and it was with feelings of regret that we left it.

An old Pittsburgh friend of ours, Mr. James Black, was manager of the works, and as soon as we got things in shape, he kindly gave us charge of the stock department of the mill, which suited us nicely, better than that of puddling, and enabled us to make better wages.

It was not long after our location at Franklin that we became connected with the CONNEAUTVILLE COURIER as associate editor, George W. Brown, editor. Our association with Mr. Brown was very pleasant, and our visits to that town enabled us to make many warm and appre-

ciative friends. While connected with the *COURIER* we wrote a lengthy novel for its columns, entitled, "Bradford; or, The Princess of the Unknown Profession, a Tale of City Life," with a series of sketches of early life in Crawford county.

We spent five years in Franklin at the iron works. During the latter part of 1851 it was suggested to a number of the workmen that it would be a good idea for them to purchase the works, and whatever of profit would follow could be enjoyed by them. The plant was really a good one, as all the iron manufactured at the mill had a ready home sale; and the labor and cost of running being very small, would naturally make a good showing in the profits. The machinery was run by water power, thus saving largely, and when the workmen became owners they would naturally labor at all points to the best advantage. The payments were to be made from the wages of the men—a certain percentage each month going in a general fund, which at certain intervals was to be paid over to the owner of the property until the debt of \$37,000 should be wiped out, when a clean deed would be made and the property transferred to the purchasers.

Under this arrangement the men went to work with cheerful hearts and toiled as they had never toiled before. Every man put in the last dollar he could spare to liquidate the debt, and at the rate it was being paid would require but a short time to cancel the claim.

We think about one-half the debt had been paid and all were feeling confident that the works would be run and owned by the men who had so faithfully labored to that end. But in an instant a crushing blow fell upon their hopes. In making the purchase no one for a moment thought that there was any judgments or other debts against the concern that would work injury to the purchasers; but suddenly it was announced that a certain rich man held a heavy mortgage on the property and had entered judgment against it. The result was disastrous. All that had been paid was forever lost, and the men who had stinted themselves in order to wipe out the debt were left without a dollar. It was a most pitiable condition of things, but there was no help for it and the loss was complete and overwhelming. The mill was closed down for a short time, when Mr. Plumer, the holder of the mortgage, concluded to have the stock worked up, thus giving the men a chance to realize a few dollars on which to live or take them to some other place where they could get work. The offer was accepted, and in a short time everything was cleaned up, the workmen paid and let go. So ended the business of the Franklin rolling mill and so ended our career in that town.

It was while acting in the capacity of "stocktaker," that a rather funny incident transpired, and as it shows how strong the appetite may be for indulgence in a certain direction, it demonstrated the strong con-

fidence that may exist between two individuals. Mr. Black had been the friend of our earliest childhood, and being a near neighbor had familiarized himself with us by nursing us for many an hour in our babyhood. A strong and unbroken sympathy existed between us up to the hour of his death; and we never had a friend whose zeal was oftener shown than on the part of this gentleman. When we came together at the Franklin Iron Works, this feeling grew stronger, and no father could show more devotion to a son than he exhibited for us.

But to our story. It was the custom between us that, as both were inveterate smokers, we should buy a supply of segars alternately, and thus we seldom got out of the "weed." One Monday morning we went to the mill about 3 o'clock and found that our supply of segars was exhausted. Anxious for a smoke, we looked around the metal house to find a pipe or even a "stump," and our search was rewarded by finding what an Irishman would call a "cutty pipe." It was about half full of tobacco, but how long it had been there we knew not; but that idea did not trouble us, and gathering more crumbs from our pocket filled and lighted it. "Puff, puff!" it went in good shape for a while, but presently a film gathered in our eyes, a sickening sensation was felt at the stomach and a moment after the contents of our "bread basket" found a place on the ground. We were sick, deadly sick, and no mistake. After awhile the nasty feeling passed off and we were all right again. Then it was we felt that tobacco was an injury to us, and on the spur of the moment we wrote and signed a pledge against its use. All was well so far. About 7 o'clock Mr. Black put in an appearance and at once demanded a segar. We had none—did not have time on Saturday night to get a supply and had to do without myself. We could give him a smoke, however; and getting the old pipe, filled it to the brim, and handing it to him, he lighted it and we walked away, knowing that trouble would soon show itself. In about twenty minutes he came toward us, holding the pipe at arm's length and his face as pale as death.

"Why, Samuel, I'm awful sick!"

"Yes; I see you are, Mr. Black, and I think it was the pipe that did it, it made me awful sick, too."

"Oh, you rascal!" and he flung the pipe at us. We laughed and walked away. After a while we showed him how foolish it was for two men to allow an old pipe to beat them, and the only safety lay in quitting the use of the weed. He signed our pledge, resolved never to smoke again. That day he was very lonely and complained greatly of the want of a smoke. We held him to go ahead; but no, he wouldn't. He was done forever with the rascally stuff. About an hour after, while we were watching the heaters charging a furnace, we glanced down in the direction of one of the puddling furnaces, and saw a pipe

projecting from behind a big upright timber. In a moment a hand went up, the pipe was withdrawn from the mouth and Mr. Black, as was his custom, stretched himself forward to spit. We said nothing but smiled. Soon after he came to us with a very demure look, and remarked:

"My, Samuel, but it is hard to quit smoking."

"Yes it is, Mr. Black; but it is strange that the one you got behind the post did you so little good."

We laughed ironically. He blushed, smiled a sickly smile and gave it up. He didn't quit; but we held off for several months. It was the subject for many a joke for years after.

* * * * *

During the winter of 1851, while living in Franklin, we had a most unexpected and at the same time one of the most welcome calls we ever enjoyed. After a hard day's work at the mill, followed by the enjoyment of our supper, we were taking a quiet *siesta*, the smoke from our segar forming small clouds about our head. A sudden heavy rap at the front door somewhat startled us, and on opening it a large, fine looking gentleman doffed his white beaver hat, and after announcing the name of "Johnson," entered and took a seat. There was nothing about this person that would cause us to think that we had ever seen him before; and yet his familiar manner satisfied us that he was an old acquaintance. After some desultory conversation, he asked:

"And you don't remember me?"

"No, sir; I cannot say that I ever saw you before, yet there is something in your voice and manner that impresses me that we have met in other years."

"True, we have met before. You and I were playmates for years in our earliest childhood and boyhood, and the happiest and pleasantest days of my life were those we spent together. Don't you remember 'Cuddy' Johnson? Have you forgotten the corner of Penn street and Garrison alley, where my father, Captain Johnson, had charge of the Recruiting Station, and how the old gentleman used to have us turn somersaults for his amusement, and rewarded us with some small money for our dexterity?"

"Yes. Henry, I remember it well. And you are, indeed, my old friend, 'Cuddy,' as we used to call you. Truly, those were happy days; and I look back at them with a sigh of sincere regret. But we have lost sight of each other for many years, and now that we have met again, it affords me the highest satisfaction, and I hope in the days to come we may often meet."

"That will be easily done," said he, "as I am practicing law in Meadville and you are engaged here, we can often meet and renew old times."

The evening was spent delightfully, and in the long years that have passed since then we have enjoyed many a social hour. Before parting on the above evening, our old friend, who was a great patriot, and loved anything connected with the war of the Revolution, presented us with a piece of the silk flag that waved over the bloody field of Yorktown. One look at the precious relic so enthused us that we threw off the following lines and presented them to Mr. Johnson, who possibly retains a copy even to this day :

Dear, sacred relic of a bygone time.
 When noble hearts were striving to be free ;
 When every act, heroic and sublime,
 Was aimed alone for boundless liberty,
 Thou sacred part of that most glorious whole—
 The star-gem'd banner of our native land,
 Thou, by thy presence, doth inspire the weak ;
 And deepest reverence ever canst command.

We gaze on thee and memory quickly flies
 Back to the scenes of carnage and of blood—
 Then, as we look, before us will arise
 The angry strife where our brave fathers stood :
 Where for their freedom from a monarch's thrall
 They bravely fought, resolved to win or die—
 And rather perish—nobly perish all—
 Than e'er submit to hateful tyranny.

Yes, silken relic, thou I must revere.
 For thou didst wave o'er Yorktown's bloody fight,
 That fearful struggle—mighty and severe,
 When freedom's sons did vindicate their right.
 Thy glossy folds amid the gathering gloom,
 Where cannon roared and blood-stained steel did clash,
 Inspired the patriot and foretold the doom
 Of British soldiers, vain, impetuous, rash.

Thou I will save, nor shall a ruthless hand
 Dare mar the lustre which on thee remains ;
 My fondest care thou ever shalt command,
 To keep thee pure from Time's all-blasting stains.
 I would not change thee for the glittering gold,
 Nor dazzling gems of bright and varied hues,
 Those are, compared, too valueless and cold,
 And fail to 'rouse the patriotic muse.

CHAPTER XII.

Clarion—As Editor of the "Banner"—Larimer's Defeat—The Great Know Nothing Movement—Its Results.

For sometime prior to this last event we had been writing for the *Clarion BANNER*, edited by Mr. A. J. Gibson, at Clarion, Pa., who had frequently urged us to locate in that place and go into partnership with him. Now, that we were again out of a job, we visited Clarion to see what arrangement we could make. We found Mr. Gibson a good-natured kind of fellow, who owned the whole earth, and was willing to

take another acre if it could be hitched on. He owned the office, he said, no question about that; and if we wanted to take our chance on a Whig newspaper, in a strong Democratic county, the door was open and we could step in and make ourself right at home.

We found out several things pretty soon, which for a time rather bothered us. "Jack" couldn't write a line to save his life and hence his great anxiety to have some one that could. Second, he was a great story teller and people had lost confidence in him; and third, he didn't own a cent's worth of the office and was only working in the interest of the party, taking his pay out of whatever receipts came in. Well, we took hold with him and matters moved along in great shape for awhile, when presently we were waited on by Col. Thos. McCullough, who informed us that the plant was owned by a number of leading Whigs, who were tired of the weak manner in which the paper was run, and said if we would take hold of it and manage it as it should be, that their interests would be turned over to us, except a portion held by another party, which would have to be purchased. As we did not have the means to buy, we found a young printer named Daniel Bowers, who was anxious for just such a chance, and whose brother would loan him the money to make the deal. That was all satisfactory, and in a few days Gibson bade us good-bye and Bowers took hold. It did not take us long to discover that Dan and ourself could not get along together. He acted as though the office was a mine of untold wealth, and all he had to do was to sit down and watch the dollars rolling in at the front door. He would not work, and all labor and responsibility were shifted onto our shoulders while he played the gentleman. We soon concluded an arrangement by which we got rid of our partner and the office was ours.

Then began a series of duties and labors such as we never had dreamed of. The paper had run down to a very small circulation when it came into our hands and to increase it the fates seemed against us. The county was Democratic by a majority of 1,500, and to wage a war against this terrible political odds was a big undertaking. We earnestly appealed to our political friends for aid in the way of subscription, and a number of them went to work and added largely to our list. Among these willing workers were Col. J. Patton Lynn, Col. Thos. McCullough, Jacob Black, Samuel M. Fox, David Reynolds, Field Deitrich and many others. Then we visited our native city and solicited advertising and were largely successful in our efforts.

At this time the canvass for Governor was opening up, and we cast about for a candidate whom we could support. At one time in our career in Pittsburgh we had lost considerable and were left in a bad situation financially. At this juncture our warm friend, Gen. Wm. Larimer, Jr., then in the banking business, came to our rescue and

helped us out, and we paid him back dollar for dollar. It struck us to run his name to the mast-head of the *BANNER* and do battle for him in return for the kindness shown us in other days. Our paper came out with a flaming editorial, and during the next two weeks over thirty papers endorsed our article and put the General on the high road to victory.

This move won the hearty thanks of our candidate, and when we met him sometime after in Pittsburgh, he did us some big favors and put us on the high road to success. When the convention met in Harrisburg and votes counted before the delegates convened, it was seen that the General had a clear majority. Then the wire working and log rolling began to defeat him, and it is said that the treachery of one of his pledged delegates brought his defeat, and Hon. James Pollock was the nominee.

The General took his defeat good-naturedly and went into the campaign to elect the candidate, which was easily done. Of course, we felt sore over the defeat of our favorite, but it could not now be helped, and we labored with all our power to elect the nominee.

We should have mentioned before that the opposing paper to the *BANNER* was the *Clarion Democrat*, edited by Col. W. T. Alexander, one of the bitterest opponents in politics we ever met, yet socially one of the cleverest and most obliging gentlemen. Between us, from the start it was "War to the knife and knife to the hilt," and long and severe were the contests between us. Hard names were the ammunition used on both sides, and the wordy war assumed a degree of bitterness that caused us hours of regret in the years that followed. On our part it was an up-hill fight all the way through, and though at a disadvantage we never let up.

There is one chapter in this eventful history that must not be forgotten. It is one of the most exciting of all that we have written and which gives in plain language the events of that interesting period in the political history of Clarion county which made a change possible and upset the calculations of the most astute and far-seeing worshippers at the Jeffersonian shrine of Democracy.

The great State of Pennsylvania had been for years in the hands of the Democrats, and having all the offices had the power to maintain their grasp. Enthroned at Harrisburg and backed by wealth, position and unlimited power, it seemed impossible that their hold could be broken. The canal was a mighty lever in their hands, as it gave them countless positions for office-seekers, and with an army of such to control the destinies of the State, the chance for a change seemed rather uninviting.

But a change was coming. It was not to be the result of open work. No; it formulated its coming power in the secret chambers of a myste-

rious organization, which had its meeting places in every city, town, village and township in the State. The leaders were men of nerve and iron will, and seeing in their scheme a mighty change—a revolution of unprecedented power—the great result was attained amid the most profound secrecy; and its full and terrible force was unknown and unfelt until the ballot-box revealed it in a manner that not only astounded the State and Nation, but the world stood aghast at such a gigantic triumph. The hidden and mysterious power was known as the “Know Nothing Organization.”

While there was a deep mystery connected with the unseen working of the order, there was something surprisingly seductive about it. If not so, why was it that millions of men, who had never foregone their fealty to the great Democratic party, were estranged by it and drawn away from their allegiance?

But now for the record of Clarion county in the great Know Nothing revolution, and the part we had in it as an editor and a politician: In the spring of 1854 the public schools of Clarion were in full operation. James Sweeny, Esq., a member of the Catholic Church, a good citizen but strongly prejudiced in favor of the teachings of his church, was a member of the Clarion School Board. It was customary with one of the teachers to introduce lessons each day from the Scriptures. This practice was strongly deprecated on the part of Mr. Sweeny and he sought to have the lady teacher discharged. We took up the cudgel in her defense and published a severe editorial on the subject. This called forth a bitter rejoinder from B. J. Reid, Esq., a member of the R. C. Church, and from day to day the excitement waxed very hot. At this time we had not heard of the existence of the Know Nothing party, but it seems we were largely helping in its establishment and success, by the course of the *BANNER* on the question of the Bible being read in the public schools. People were being aroused on the subject, and the excitement became exceedingly warm. Protestants from both the old parties took sides with us, and it looked as if some great change in public sentiment was rapidly gaining ground. The foundations had been laid for some great work; and about this time parties came into the county, and suddenly strong secret organizations were formed. This was the nucleus for the change that was to follow. In all parts of the county it was apparent that secret meetings of some kind or another were being held; and men who had heretofore been quiet in politics, were actively and zealously engaged in some mysterious work.

At last the secret was broached to us and we became an active worker in the mysterious plot. Day and night we were on the go. We helped to organize, initiate and extend the ramifications of the secret brotherhood. The lodge rooms were crowded, and it was a matter of astonishment to see the men who became active in the work of this secret order.

They had cast aside all ties that bound them to the Democracy, and were more zealous and active than they had ever been while working for the old party.

This caused us to wonder. We could not solve the problem. Was it simply a desire for a change? Did these people imagine that in the formation of a new party they might come in for a share of the "loaves and fishes?" Or was there a peculiar attraction in the mystery connected with the organization that won them? Whatever the cause, the change was the same. The great Democratic party was left powerless by the desertion of its friends, "and none so poor as to do it reverence."

The great battle had been fought in secret. Its results were now to be given to the light. It was the night before the election. We will never forget it. We had attended a meeting at Callensburg and remained till midnight. At that bewitching hour we mounted our faithful bald-faced sorrel horse and started for home. We had often been out late before, but never feared an assault. The road was lonely, but the stars shone out in all their beauty and we could see our way easily. We had just reached that portion of the road where stands the "Eight Square School House." Looking up the lane leading to it, we saw quite a large crowd of men coming toward us. They had evidently been holding a Democratic pow-wow, preparing tickets, making speeches, &c. The crowd caught sight of us as soon as we did them, and one of the men running forward recognized us. At once a wild yell went up and the whole mass came for us with a rush—

"As beer biz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke."

And, seeing danger in the movement, gave our horse a cut which started him forward at a rapid gait, and none too soon, for just then a shower of stone came whizzing around us and the crowd followed on a run, but our horse being the fastest, we managed to make our escape without being hurt. That crowd would have made it lively for us had it got hands on our person. When within a mile of Clarion we saw another crowd of the same kind, but we avoided them without being seen.

Next was election day. The result was just as anticipated by the organization, but not by the opposition; and we suppose they were the most disappointed and astonished politicians the world has ever seen. Anticipating the result, a few knowing ones were in Loomis' barroom on election night, and by a little bluffing managed to get a large amount of money bet, which, of course, they won. The victory was complete; but in two years all was changed and old Clarion county Democracy was again solidly within the fold.

CHAPTER XIII.

A Trip to Clarion—The Young Irishman Helped—Reidsburg Entertainment—Our Lost Speech.

There are events in the life of every man that casts a glow of romance around him and makes us believe that life is really worth living. During all our years in Clarion there was no mode of ingress or egress save by stage or hired conveyance, unless rich enough to own a vehicle yourself. The old stage coach was the popular way, and though it required many hours to reach Pittsburgh, yet the trip was conceded to be a very pleasant one. To reach that point it was often necessary to drive to Freeport and then take the canal boat and finish the trip. Again, the stage would go through, there being no difference, if any, in the time required. There were always several passengers and each one tried how far he could succeed in keeping his companions in good humor.

We remember once when going to the city we had for a traveling companion a very nice looking old lady. The rain was pouring down and we longed for it to cease, as we dared not smoke in the presence of a woman. It was too wet to sit with the driver, and thus in silence we submitted to the decree of fate. Finally, we could contain our thoughts no longer, and blurted out—

“I wish it would quit raining so I could get up with the driver and take a smoke.”

“Why, la, bless your soul, you needn’t stop on my account—smoke all you want to, as I smoke myself, and will only be too glad to join you if you have a spare segar.”

We had; and in a moment the lady had one, and both were soon puffing away for dear life and enjoying it as only old smokers can. It was a picture to see us, and during the remainder of the trip we were as happy as mortals could be.

Having got through with our business in Pittsburgh, we made arrangements to return home, and getting on board of one of D. Leech’s fast line Union canal boats were soon on our way to the pine clad hills of Clarion. When we turned out from our berth next morning our good boat was just entering the lock at Freeport and we knew we must soon disembark. Ascending to the deck we found that a glorious day was before us for our trip.

While standing on the deck gazing on the scenes around us, we were approached by a nicely-dressed young Irishman. He asked us if we knew where Callensburg, Clarion county, was and how he could get there. We gave him the desired information. He was very pale, as though recovering from a long spell of sickness.

“Well, sir, I’m entirely out of money and have my wife and baby, and

we want to reach Callensburg, where I have friends, and don't know how to do it," and his eyes filled with tears.

"I think I can get you within a few miles of that town, and something may turn up to help you finish the trip."

"Oh, sir; a thousand thanks! and God will reward you for your goodness."

Just then we noticed Captain Piper, the owner of the stage line, approaching, and we hastened to meet him. We explained the situation of the young man and wife and asked him if he could not take them as far as Rimersburg and they might strike a chance to get through next day. He promptly said "Yes," and I told the young man to get his baggage ready as the stage would start as soon as the passengers got breakfast.

There were two gentlemen, lawyers from Philadelphia, the Irishman and his wife and myself as passengers. All having had breakfast, including the Irishman and his wife, we got aboard and away we went to famous old Clarion. Arriving at Brady's Bend, the stage stopped to change horses and allow the passengers to eat dinner. When seated at the table we missed the young man and wife and hastily going out found them seated in the stage. We asked them to come in as dinner was waiting, but the answer was that they had no money to pay for it, and could do without. We gave the young man a dollar and told them to go in and satisfy their hunger. He called down blessings on our head as he followed us, and now that all were seated the dinner began, and it was such an one as only James Morrison could serve. A bottle of wine was ordered by the Philadelphians, which they shared with all. The repast over, all got aboard, and the lumbering, old-fashioned coach went over the ground at a lively rate.

Just as darkness set in we reached Rimersburg, and halted at the hotel of our good-natured friend, Capt. Tom Newell. An elegant supper was soon smoking on the table and all of our party did ample justice to it. This over, we prepared for a continuance of our trip. We called Capt. Newell aside and requested that either that night or in the early morning he would send the Irish family to Callensburg and we would be responsible for the bill. This he agreed to do and soon after we left for Clarion. The blessings poured on our head by that poor Irishman overpowered us, and we told him that what we did was performed without the desire of reward or thanks. So we parted.

Next morning soon after breakfast, we had a call from our new Philadelphia friends, who expressed their gratification at the way we had treated the Irishman, and said had we not done it they certainly would, as it was a clearly deserving case. Both gentlemen then subscribed for the paper, and also gave us their professional cards.

Time rolled on and the foregoing subject was entirely forgotten.

Then we received several letters from a strange hand all coming from Callensburg, requesting us to send papers to different persons, each containing a \$2.00 bill. We did not give the matter a thought, except that we were puzzled to know who this liberal patron was, but we did not find out. One day a decently dressed man came into the office, and enquired for the editor. We told him we were the person and requested him to be seated for a moment and we would attend to his wants. He sat down and watched what was going on in the office.

Seating ourself at the writing table we asked what we could do for him? Putting a hand in his pocket he pulled out a roll of paper which he unfolded, and as he did so, said:

"Here is some money that I owe you, and only too glad to be able to pay it."

"What is your name?"

"James Gould."

"I havn't such a name on my books," and we looked at him somewhat surprised.

"No, sir; I don't think you have, but at the same time I owe you this money," and he handed over several bank bills, a total of five or six dollars.

"Well, my friend, you will have to explain how you are in my debt, as I think there is some mistake in the matter."

"None at all. A year or two ago, when you met me at Freeport, you did me a very great favor. The amount it cost you is there, and I want you to have it—and more if I had it to give."

"Why, my friend, I couldn't possibly take that money. What I did was in the spirit of kindness. It helped and relieved you; and so far as I was concerned, there the matter ended and I gave it no more thought."

"That was very kind and I fully appreciated it, and you are entitled to the money, as I am to you a stranger and have no claim whatever upon you. Please take it."

"I cannot do it; but I will tell you what to do with it. Lay it carefully aside in your wallet and when you happen to meet a man in distress, as you were, give it to him, and that will square all accounts between us."

"I'll do it!" he said regretfully, and replaced the money in his pocket. He thanked us sincerely as he was leaving and tears ran down his cheeks. So we parted and never met again.

Along about the year 1862 the war excitement became very warm, and the people at home who were loyal to the old flag, never wavered in its defense, and did everything they could to help the cause. The ladies especially manifested their deep interest in the cause, and particularly those who had husbands or brothers at the front. Every

means was put forth to add to the comfort of the "boys," and make them feel that they were not forgotten. Everywhere it was in order to get up suppers or exhibitions of one kind or another to raise funds to buy comforts for the soldiers, and by these means our defenders were supplied with many a luxury that added largely to their happiness. One of the largest gatherings of the kind was got up by the ladies of Reidsburg, Clarion county, and the students of Reidsburg Academy lent their aid in a popular performance, which netted a very handsome sum. As a speech was a part of the evening's entertainment, we were honored as orator of the evening. Accordingly we prepared an elaborate address and with our wife and daughter went to the big gathering. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and seats hard to find. Getting our folks seated, Rev. Thomas motioned us to go forward to the platform, and as we did so, we drew the address from our pocket and placed it on a melodeon that stood at the head of the steps and took a seat. Expecting to be called on at once, was the reason for laying down our manuscript where we did. While talking to Mr. Thomas we were startled at hearing the melodeon, and on looking up discovered that our address had disappeared. This fact we mentioned to Mr. Thomas, who ordered a search for it, but it could not be found. We were left in a "corner," so to speak, and our friend asked us if we would speak without it. We told him that its loss was a somewhat serious matter, but if the lady would play another tune we might get our thoughts together and save our credit by something suited to the occasion. As soon as the music had ceased we stepped forward and bowing to the audience, took for our inspiration,

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her banner to the air,
She tore the azure robes of night
And left the stars of glory there."

There was enough inspiration in this for an hour's speech, and we concluded that under all circumstances an off-hand speech was the best. Mr. Thomas congratulated us warmly on our address, and said he did not think that after years in the pulpit he could have done so well. That speech was, in our view, the best effort of our life, though we would not wish to be caught in the same way again. The manuscript was never found.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Hard Times in Clarion County—Red Hot Politics—Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

There were hard times in Clarion county, and, as the Irishman might say, "we enjoyed them." In 1846, when nearly all the iron furnaces

went out of blast, and the owners bankrupted, business was in bad shape. The furnaces had given work to the farmers in hauling ore, charcoal, metal, &c., and neglecting to till the soil, left the country without any supplies to fall back on. The result of this smash was felt up to and beyond the time we went to Clarion in 1852. "Hard times" was a marked feature of that period. Clarion, Shippenville, Rimersburg and Curlesville, that had grown up under the operation of the furnaces lost their push and snap and became the dullest of dull towns.

Our experience was rather trying; but as we had come to stay, concluded to face the music and make the best of our position. In a word, it was the hardest row we had ever been called upon to hoe; but our philosophy was equal to the emergency, and we stemmed the tide till prosperity came. Our larder was never empty, for our farmer patrons, sent us in everything in the way of eatables on subscriptions and we never went hungry to bed. But the want of money was badly felt, and there were times when we could not raise a cent, nor did we know where one was to come from. In the spring of 1854 our finances got very low, and for four weeks we went about with the enormous sum of ten cents in our pocket. The demands on us for cash became so frequent that it rendered us desperate and we determined to retrieve our fallen fortunes. One bright morning in May we packed our grip and took the stage road for Redbank on foot. It was an uncertain venture, but we resolved to risk it. Reaching Williamsburg, two miles south of Clarion, we stopped at the store of our agent, Mr. William Lewis, who informed us that he had gathered up four dollars for us, which he handed over. That "four" looked like a million, and with a thankful heart we continued our journey. About a mile beyond the town we met Mr. Jacob Benn, hotel keeper at Reidsburg, who had two dollars for us. Gracious! Wasn't wealth pouring in on us? And we began to feel that our prosperity was coming back in good shape. To shorten matters, when we had reached Redbank, after seeing parties at Curlesville and Rimersburg, we had just twenty dollars spot cash in our pocket.

There was a big rise in the Allegheny, too high to run lumber, and hundreds of rafts and steamboats were tied up waiting for the water to fall. Among the large number of men who had charge of the rafts were many patrons of the paper from Jefferson and other counties, and from these we collected considerable cash, making the sum total of our pile a very respectable one.

Reaching Pittsburgh we started in to collect, to obtain new advertising and subscribers, and our venture proved a profitable one, and we returned home with a light heart, plenty of stock and cash enough for present needs. From that time onward our condition brightened.

"And hard times came again no more."

We wish to remark in reference to our experience in Clarion and among its people, we had passed some delightful years, though there were times when we were crowded for means in our business, and compelled to make many turns in order to have ends meet. In other respects we had been fortunate and honored with positions of trust and profit. We were in the Revenue department for a year, but gave it up, as there was not enough in it to justify holding on. Then, through the influence of General Cameron, without solicitation on our part, or even a knowledge that the honor was coming, we were appointed Revenue Inspector, having four counties in our district, which position we held for a long time, as there was enough pay in it to make it worth holding, and sufficiently interesting to add piquancy to the performance of its important duties. Having resigned this position after a time, Hon. Harrison Allen, Auditor General of the State, appointed us Bank Inspector, which we filled for a single term.

For nearly seventeen years we had been a very hard worker for our party, and spent more money in its support than we ever received from it. Day after day and night after night we labored for its candidate, and whether on the stump or wielding the pen in defence of party principles, we were neither saving of ourself or our means. The party was weak in the county, and the opposition having all the offices, we were content to satisfy ourself with the "crumbs that fell from the rich man's table." We always had enough and to spare, and though we never grew rich, yet we felt just as happy as if worth a million.

At the beginning of the war politics in the county reached a white heat, and some strange things were done by the opposition, that is, a few of them, which they had cause afterwards to deeply regret. The name "Copperhead" had been given to the party, and a few of the leaders, to show their contempt for the Republicans and their own independence, had breastpins made out of old coppers and boldly wore them upon their lapels or shirt fronts. The folly of this act was soon seen and they quickly discarded the objectionable emblem.

About this time Col. Alexander sold his paper to R. B. Brown, of Huntingdon, who took possession, and the fight between that paper and the BANNER became simply terrible, but notwithstanding we were so largely hemmed in by a big majority against us, we took up the cudgel anew and fought for the Union, the party and its great principles with renewed vigor. Mr. Brown was a very bitter partizan and just as unscrupulous as he was virulent. His position against the war and its principles contended for, were opposed by him with remarkable hatred, but his very bitterness against the Union cause often led him to overstep the mark, and as a result was frequently "hauled over the coals" for his wild diatribes and sensational assertions.

When President Lincoln had issued his Proclamation of Emancipa-

tion, Mr. Brown, following in the footsteps of the great leaders of his party, took exceptions to the document, declaring it unconstitutional and an outrage on the rights of the South. We, of course, strongly defended the Proclamation, and it was not long until Mr. Brown brought his batteries to bear upon our devoted head.

He formulated a series of fifteen propositions, each of which denied the right of the President to issue the document, and demanding that we, as the defender of the President and the Proclamation, should prove, if we could, his right to assume such a position before the world. This looked like a "squelcher" for us, and we took some time to think the matter over before we attempted an answer. But having thoroughly investigated every proposition and their bearing on the Proclamation, were not long in preparing an answer of about three columns, and defied Mr. Brown to deny any proposition that we had taken. This Mr. Brown could not do, and so said in his paper, giving us a complete victory. His inability to reply cost him a large number of subscribers, men who at once boldly identified themselves with the Republican party. This was really to us a double victory.

CHAPTER XV.

Our First Trouble—The Opening Fight to Defeat Gilfillan for Congress.

Along about the year 1866 our first trouble as a newspaper man within the ranks of the party began. And it was a real trouble, and one that lasted for several years and the cause of our leaving the beloved town of Clarion.

At this time we had become comfortably fixed in this world's goods, having a good home of our own, paid for by hard work, beside we had built a nice printing office and it looked to us and everybody else as if we were a permanent fixture; but from what soon after happened, it seemed as if we would have to pull up stakes and seek pastures new. But this thought did not worry us, from the fact that we felt that the cause which had produced this condition of things placed us in the right, and no matter what happened, we were fully justified in our course. As all the circumstances connected with this matter are part of the political history of Clarion county, and as the full details have never been given, we sit down to write up the facts just as they happened and just as they caused other things to happen. It will take many pages to give the history in full, but as it is closely interwoven with our life, and our conduct as editor of a newspaper representing a great party, we give the inner and outer facts without any attempt at concealment or glossing over events that might be hidden away by our silence.

Mr. C. W. Gilfillan, of Franklin, a very rich man and son-in-law of

Robert Lamberton, a well-known merchant, and representing a vast amount of hard cash and property; wanted to be elected to Congress, thinking his spare cash would contribute largely to that result. He was not afraid to use his funds in order to attain the end and aim of his high ambition, and in his moments of careful thought concluded that some other aid and influence would be necessary to tip the beam in his favor. We do not know what he did with others in the way of promises, but he came to us with an abundance of golden day dreams, all of which should be fulfilled if the political gods would only give him the nomination. In that day and district a nomination was equal to an election, and if he could only get enough votes to put him through before the people, he would slide down to Washington "just as easy as rolling off a log." Well, we were a newspaper man, and if he could secure our aid, it would be one of the grand stepping stones to his elevation.

At that time there were quite a number of aspirants for the position, any or all of whom would willingly serve the dear people as their representative. There was Myers, of Clarion, Johnson and Pettis, of Meadville, and Rev. McAdam, of Mercer, with a few side shows willing to open up if others failed in the race. Mr. Gilfillan was mighty anxious to get the office, and what was more, had more cold cash than all the others combined, which put him far ahead of all competition. We will say right here that Mr. Gilfillan socially is a real clever fellow, but when it comes down to politics he can get on as much mud as any man we know of—and the mud sticks right there.

Well, on the opening of the campaign we met Mr. Gilfillan by appointment, talked over the prospects and he and outself entered into a certain compact wherein we agreed to help him as best we could in fixing up his fences, rolling his logs together and to do such other acts and things as his interests demanded in the contest. In consideration of our services he agreed to confer certain favors, political and otherwise upon us, without fail or demur. To all of these agreements both of us subscribed verbally and then the battle begun. We excited ourselves in his behalf and he freely expended his greenbacks. So, when the convention had been held, the voting over, and the same counted, it was found that Mr. Gilfillan was the lucky man. And an awfully tickled man he was. Every part of the program had worked in good shape and he went in with a whoop!

He was so tickled that he almost hugged us, but he didn't, and excused himself by saying that he would see us later. But it was very late when he did see us, and too late for his political happiness. The canvass went on, the election passed over. Mr. Gilfillan was actually elected to Congress, but the light of his shining countenance utterly failed to shine on us. Was it a dream or was Mr. Gilfillan a myth, a

creature of the brain? It looked that way to us; and we concluded that all that we had done or agreed to do, was a phantom of the mind.

The reader will naturally conclude that we were mad. Mr. Gilfillan took his seat in Congress, he manifested wonderful ability in the discharge of his important duties, but in all that he did he never did any legislating that looked as if he contemplated framing a bill in our favor. No, he kindly let us alone with our own thoughts, and a careful consideration of his character as a man of many promises, who never fulfilled any of them. But we patiently abided our time. Suddenly, and without any premonition of the coming storm, the BANNER opened up its battery of gatling guns and the fur began to fly from the form of our distinguished representative. And it did fly. The weather got very hot in his vicinity and we continued piling on the fuel until the furnace got so hot that he couldn't stand it. He didn't come and ask us to throw on less coal or extinguish the fire altogether, but he got about four of the best men in Clarion county to serve as a committee to wait upon us and learn the cause of our warfare and see if we would not cease firing on the works of our able representative. We cheerfully responded to the call of the committee, and after promptly answering all their questions, utterly refused to silence our guns.

This was an unexpected blow. It was thought that the influence of the distinguished gentlemen who called upon us would settle the question forever, and that we would only be too glad to come down to their terms. But we were not built that way; and without "halting between two opinions," we promptly gave a history of our grievance and our purpose to continue the fight till our ammunition had all been used. It was a source of deep gratification to know before these gentleman left town that they coincided in our views, and as will presently be seen, took a bold stand with us against Mr. Gilfillan in his second canvass.

The knowledge of this fact made this one of the red letter days in our varied life. Under a promise we had carefully fulfilled, the party of the second part, standing high in society, holding an honorable position before the people and possessed of large wealth, had gone squarely back on his word, leaving us nothing to do but present his treachery to the world and vindicate our cause before the same public. This we did boldly and freely, feeling and knowing that we were moulding sentiment in a direction that would count heavily against at least one man and put us on record as being in the right.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Discovery—On the Road—In New York—Find the Right Man.

The occupation of a detective is one in which great personal risks are assumed, and the only safety to an officer is to be constantly on his

guard. There is not a criminal in the world who, to prevent arrest and consequent punishment, would not take a human life. Liberty is the greatest boon that man can enjoy, and to preserve it will do anything. Our brief experience in the dangerous business taught us the lesson that while success brought its reward, and crowned the detective with a high reputation for acuteness and promptitude in securing the punishment of the violators of the law, he had taken his life in his hand, and nothing, perhaps, saved him from destruction but his thorough knowledge of the criminal's habits, and knowing this, would carefully adopt his plans to secure his arrest.

I had not long occupied the position of a detective and consequently had not long enjoyed that exciting experience so coveted by my peculiar class. A few ordinary cases had fallen to my lot, but none of them possessed the requisite interest, nor added to my reputation as a secret officer. I had been aware that the region in which I had been chosen to operate was full of counterfeit money and several persons were fully suspected of being engaged in "shoving" the spurious currency.

From an old detective I had procured some important information, with the names of many parties engaged in making and selling counterfeit money, as well as the ciphers and signs used by them.

One morning in June, while I was making some purchases at a store, a neighbor of mine offered in payment for some goods a counterfeit five dollar greenback. I noticed the peculiar tone of the coloring as well as the coarse style of the paper and lettering, and taking up the bill examined it closely, and satisfied myself that the bill was bogus. My neighbor had taken it the day before in payment of a debt and he gave me the name of the party. I retained the bill and as soon as I could get my horse and buggy ready, started for the residence of the individual. I had some fifteen miles to travel, which, with a fast nag, was soon overcome. The gentleman at once acknowledged having passed the bill, but with no criminal intention, as he had taken it also in payment, though in receiving it he had some doubt as to its genuineness. The name of another person was given, and to him I applied. He had taken it from a man in payment for a horse—and a man, too, whose honesty had long been doubted and whose manner of earning a livelihood was wrapped in mystery. I also learned that "old Phil Maize," the latter party, was also not in the neighborhood, but by some was supposed to have gone to New York City. What his business was there, of course, no one knew; but from facts which I had gleaned in my investigations, I was satisfied of the nature of his visit.

I immediately made my arrangements to follow him; and in a few days was in the city and had taken lodgings in a neighborhood where I suspected his business would induce him to frequent. One morning, while standing on Broadway, near Barnum's, I observed a man of per-

haps fifty years of age advancing toward me. As he drew near I perceived that he was dressed in very ordinary garb, and what impressed one the most was the fact that he was blind of the left eye. This was the peculiarity of old Phil Maize, and I accordingly formed my plan to make his acquaintance. I observed a couple of letters in his hand which I supposed were intended for some persons at home, and I was very anxious to ascertain their names. Accordingly as he came alongside I saluted him:

"Good morning, sir. Can you tell me where a man named Quilden lives in this neighborhood?"

He started at the question and looked me full in the face for a moment before he answered. Be it known that Quilden was suspected as a manufacturer of counterfeit United States currency, and I supposed that his office would be the resort of Phil.

"I hardly know how to answer that question, sir," Phil replied, a degree of nervousness in his voice.

"I guess you can tell me, if you know. I have some peculiar business relations with him and have come here from a remote corner of Wisconsin to see him."

Phil looked very hard at me, as though he feared I was playing foul. But his suspicions soon vanishing, he said:

"Come with me, and perhaps I can tell you."

I followed him mechanically for about half a square when he turned into an alley and approaching an open cellar door, bade me follow him. This was certainly more than I bargained for, and I had my serious doubts as to his purpose. Entering the subterranean apartment I found myself in a neatly furnished restaurant, where were perhaps a dozen of individuals. Some were at the bar drinking, others engaged in conversation, while two were busy at a game of dominoes. Phil invited me to the bar to have a drink, and I noticed that he was on very familiar terms with the barkeeper. He enquired my name, which I gave as Wilson Maxwell, and I was introduced to the aforesaid barkeeper, who very graciously extended his digits and in a minute we were as social as though our acquaintance had been for years. I noticed the barkeeper gave my hand a peculiar pressure, which I finally returned, fearful that I should commit some blunder and lead to explanations which might annihilate my plans.

Anxious to converse with Phil alone, I invited him to join me in a quiet glass in one of the boxes fitted up for parties, to which he readily assented. Here, over our brandy, we chatted on various topics for some twenty minutes, when I perceived that he was very desirous of bringing me right down to business, I at once proceeded to interest him in a matter to which I suppose he was no stranger.

"Our acquaintance has been brief," said I, "but it seems from your

appearance that I can trust you. As I told you, I hail from Wisconsin. I have visited this city on the urgent recommendation of a man you know very well, I think—Silas Dodge”—

“Silas Dodge?”

“Yes, sir, Silas Dodge. He claims to be your very particular friend, and not expecting to meet you here, I brought no letter from him. But I mention his name as authority.”

“All right. Dodge is indeed a warm old friend, and I am glad to find that you know him. But go on with what you have to say and then I will ask you some questions.” And Phil Maize at once had the fullest confidence in me. I saw that I could very soon obtain what I most desired to know—to ascertain for whom those two letters were intended, as I believed their contents would seal his fate.

“I am engaged in a peculiar business,” I said, and as I spoke, I peered through the curtains of the box as if afraid of being overheard and looked at my companion with something of suspicion. “That business, sir, I do not wish to divulge to anyone who would betray me.”

“You need have no fear of me, my friend. I am not one of those who seek to betray confidence. I think you may speak freely as your mention of Silas Dodge and Quilden satisfy me of your purpose here. Go on,” and the old man gave me a peculiar wink with his single eye.

“Well, as you seem to understand me, a brief explanation is only required. I have heard through Dodge of Quilden, and have come here for the purpose of purchasing a quantity of counterfeit money. There is a good chance in our section for shoving it, and I may as well make a pile as anyone else.”

“You are right, and Quilden is the very man to deal with. But I will tell you that you cannot see him for three or four days as he is away from the city. He only disposes of the money, and, like myself, you will have to await his return.”

“I am very sorry, indeed, as I did not wish to be detained; but I suppose I must make the most of it.”

I was really glad, as it would afford me an opportunity for quiet investigation, and learning more of the habits of the man whom I wished to arrest.

“Let us have another drink—hello, Jim, bring on some more brandy. By-the by, I was going to the post office to mail these letters and had well nigh forgotten them. You will accompany me after we indulge?”

“Certainly,” said I, and Phil laid the letters down on the table. One of them was turned to one side so that I could read the address: John F. Selvidge, Esq., Bennetsville, Pa. “Have you parties for whom you act here?” I asked, looking carelessly at the letters.

“Well, no. I sometimes write to parties at home with whom I do business. These letters are in reference to matters outside of what we

are talking about. Selvidge is a man who has helped me in times when I needed it, and I was making inquiries of him in regard to some land he has in this market. This one is to a man who tried to swindle me in a horse trade and who wrote me a very saucy letter."

"Ah! a horse trade; good, you have a variety of trades. Who is your honest horseman?" And I laughed jocularly.

"Baldwin—Tom Baldwin!" replied Phil, and he turned the letters carelessly toward me.

I glanced at the names and at once recognized them as old acquaintances. I did not dare then to make a memorandum, but I remembered them well. In feeling the envelopes they did not appear to have very much inside and I concluded that they simply contained specimens—not of "the coin of the realm," but of the fractional currency of Uncle Sam.

I had now procured all the information that I needed, I determined to follow it up and arrest the offender. But I did not wish to do it in the city. I knew Phil would soon return home and I must get there before him. The only difficulty in the way was how to leave him without awaking his suspicions. I accompanied Phil to the post office and saw him deposit his letters and then returned with him to Broadway, when after a short chat I left him, promising to meet him at the restaurant after dinner. As soon as he left me I hurried to the nearest telegraph office where I procured a sheet with the proper heading. Returning to my boarding house I wrote the following dispatch:

LINKSVILLE, WIS., June 25, 1865.

WILSON MAXWELL.

Do not fail to return immediately. Dodge has been badly hurt and wants to see you before it is too late.

ED. HUBBARD.

Immediately after dinner I returned to the restaurant, where I found Phil Maize awaiting my coming. After shaking hands I invited him into the box and putting on a very serious face, I drew the dispatch from my pocket.

"By George, Maize," said I, "there's trouble ahead."

"What do you mean," he asked in alarm.

"Listen," I replied, and I read the dispatch.

Maize was all astonishment.

"You see Dodge has been pulled, and they want me to assist in getting him off. I am not suspected in this matter, and, of course, can do more for him than any of the gang."

"That's so," said Phil, deliberately, "and when will you start?"

"I must go at once. It will not do to delay. Of course, I cannot wait for Quilden—and perhaps it will be better not, for fear of accidents. As soon as the trouble is over I can return."

"Well, I am sorry to see you go so soon after our short acquaintance,

but I hope we'll meet again and under different circumstances," said Phil. "I trust we will—I am sure of it. And now, old friend, goodbye, and may you have a safe journey home and plenty of fools to make you rich." And we laughed together.

In a few minutes I had left my "chum" and was on my way to Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XVII.

Quick Return—The Strange Woman—The Secret Out—The Bargain.

I lost no time after my return home, but hastened to Bennettsville, where I called on Selvidge and Baldwin. On inquiry I learned that they had received the letters I had seen in the hands of Maize, and on examining them they were found to contain four twenty-five postal currency notes and a single line—

"How do you like them?"

PHIL MAIZE."

The notes were counterfeit, pretty well executed and likely to deceive the unwary. Taking possession of the currency and envelopes, I placed my name on them, with the date, and returned home. Thus far I had woven the web pretty strong—and no more evidence perhaps would be required. But I wanted more. It came in due time.

In about ten days my old chum Phil visited the town of Bennettsville. He called on Selvidge and Baldwin separately, and offered to sell them spurious greenbacks and postal currency at the rate of ten dollars for five dollars. But neither of the gentlemen were disposed to go into the business, and old Phil sought for customers elsewhere. I knew that he would be at least a week from home and I need not hurry myself to call on him until that time had elapsed.

As soon as I learned that he had retraced his steps, I prepared for my journey and also for a desperate adventure. I did not exactly know the locality in which he resided, but after reaching a certain point, I could easily ascertain. Fully prepared for the journey, I started forward, sanguine as to the result, though for the life of me I could not tell how I was to bring it about. That would be left to circumstances or to chance as the case required.

I had not proceeded more than five miles on my journey when I observed a woman a short distance in advance of me and carrying a carpet sack. I saw that she was weary and footsore and concluded to invite her to a seat as far as she could go on my route.

"Madame," said I, as I reined my horse up near her, "if you desire you can get in and I will take you as far as you go on this road toward Bennettsville."

"Thank you," she replied, preparing to get in, "I am going direct to Bennettsville myself."

"Then I shall have the pleasure of your company."

I found her quite chatty and the time passed very agreeably away. When we reached Georgetown I called on an old friend, from whom I procured a false mustache and pair of whiskers and then renewed my journey.

I discovered that the woman had a well filled carpet sack and as she had informed me, had been up in the oil country. She had been selling pictures and knick-knacks of various kinds and had realized quite a large amount of money. I told her I had also been in that wonderful region, engaged in speculation and had made a very large amount of money—that it was hard work there, and I had concluded to try and make money in another way.

"Yes," she replied with emphasis, "there are a number of ways of making money—some more rapid and profitable than others."

"Ah, indeed, I agree with you—and I am now seeking that Philosopher's stone."

"Some people are very fastidious," she continued. "For my part I believe that it is fair to make money, if some people do suffer; it only carries out the old adage—that it's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"I quite agree with you. Now, madame, I am what some folks would call a fast man—but it is no matter. I am sure of getting rich either by legitimate trade or any way that suits me best; it is my luck and the misfortune of those who do not think with me."

"I think, sir, I understand you. If by investing one dollar you can realize two, you are not very particular about the means employed."

"Not I, indeed. And I feel that with the ten thousand dollars which I have in my pocket if I can double or quadruple it, I am going to do it." I caught her eye as I spoke and I saw a peculiar light in it that satisfied me I had touched a chord that would lead to grand results. I checked the rapid gait of my horse, so as to get time to learn what I wanted before getting into Bennettsville.

"Well, sir, I take you to be a gentleman in whom I may repose the utmost confidence."

"You certainly can, madame," and I bowed very deferentially.

"Then I will reveal a secret to you and leave it to your own honor whether I shall be exposed or not." And her glittering eyes, as they were fixed on my face, seemed to read my inmost thoughts.

"You may trust me with anything. What you say will be safe in my keeping." But I failed to mention for how long a period.

"Then, sir," and as she spoke she began to unlock the carpet sack which lay at her feet, "I will show you how to grow rapidly rich."

She drew from the sack a roll of greenbacks, containing perhaps two or three thousand dollars, which on closely examining I found to correspond in style with the one which I yet retained in my pocket. I

found the sack was full of this and other kinds of counterfeit, of which she had been disposing in her journey. I was very much interested in the woman—felt that she was performing a great action, that she had a perfect right to humbug the people if they were simple enough to be caught, and thus I won her confidence. I finally proposed to buy some from her, and thus we chatted until we reached Bennettsville. During all this time I had not asked her name, but resolved at the interview at the house of a relative I would find it out. I arranged to meet her that night at eight o'clock and consummate the purchase.

Accordingly I went and found her seated alone in a room, and after some desultory conversation we came to the purpose of our meeting.

"Madame," said I, assuming an air of mystery, "this, as you are aware, is a dangerous business, and those who engage in it must use all due caution to avoid exposure and consequent arrest. In the fullest confidence I would ask you, before we consummate the sale, whether or not you have any accomplices in this matter—if so, I must know them, as a matter of simple precaution."

"Well, sir, I have no accomplice save one—and from him there is no danger of exposure—that person is my husband."

"Your husband! indeed? then I am safe. But pray what may his name and residence be? I am thus particular, so that if in the future I require anything more in this line I will know where to call."

"You are right, sir, to be on your guard; but to answer your questions, should you prove unworthy of my confidence, would be a dangerous explanation."

"You need have no fear. I can keep a secret, especially when I am as deep in the mud as you may be in the mire, to use a homely phrase."

"Well, then, as you appear reliable and will not blab, I may tell you; but if you play false, take care of yourself, for not only will you find a gang at your heels for vengeance—but a woman's hate will follow you until she, too, finds her revenge."

"I am satisfied, madame, to assume the risk. You need not fear."

The woman as she spoke presented the wildness of a fiend—her face, which before seemed lighted up with smiles, was now dark with hate. I knew I had a dangerous character to deal with, but I was resolved to act with discretion. After many professions of sincerity, I finally succeeded in obtaining the name of her husband and his place of residence. Thereafter may well judge of my surprise when his name was mentioned. It was none other than that of PHIL MAIZE. My surprise was very great, but I manifested no signs of astonishment, yet I knew that I was bound to exercise more than usual caution. I felt another danger. If I closed the purchase with Mrs. Maize it would operate seriously against my chances of arresting the husband. And here I was compelled to change my tactics. I knew how easily it was

to arouse suspicion and if once placed under the ban, how difficult it would be to regain lost confidence.

"Madame, as you have seen, perhaps, I am somewhat peculiar in my method of doing business. Engaging in an enterprise like this is one of great hazard, and you may think me over cautious; but when you consider the risks to be incurred, it then becomes a matter of self protection; and to that end every means must be tried to avert danger. In view of this fact, would it not be well for me to deal directly with your husband? Woman, excuse the word, it is said, are given to talking and it has been said that they cannot keep a secret. Now, I never believed the assertion; and for one, am willing to give full credit to your sex for caution; but you will at least admit that in this matter I must take unusual care to avert harm from myself."

"But my husband is far from this," she replied.

"Then we will go to him."

"Nay, sir, I would rather not go. He is very passionate and suspicious and it might be the cause of difficulty. I think you had better make your purchase here and you will incur as little risk as though you were to deal directly with him."

I saw that the woman was correct and I told her that as she would remain until morning I would see her then, and if she still refused to accompany me, I would purchase from her. I bade her good evening and returned to my hotel. I soon formed my plans for future action.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The House of the Counterfeiter—A Dangerous Venture—The Bird is Drawn into its Cage.

I arranged with the hostler to have my horse fed and ready for starting at five o'clock in the morning. I paid the landlord my bill and requested that I should be aroused by four o'clock and that a cup of coffee might be ready for me. This having been arranged I retired to my bed, but alas, not to sleep. My mind was too much engrossed with the business I was on and the danger I was incurring. Still I had no fear of the result, as I thought myself possessed of all the requisite caution to conduct the undertaking without personal risk. I had carefully matured my plan of action and if the woman did not suspect my purpose I was certain of success. Suppose she should imagine for a moment that I was trying to deceive her, or that I was acting as a detective, how soon would she hasten away even in the darkness of night and some forty miles before her, to warn her husband of my coming—and perhaps lay a trap for my life? It was a serious thought and to one engaged in his first serious adventure it was trying in the ex-

treme. But I was determined that nothing should prevent me accomplishing my purpose.

I knew very well that whatever was to be done must be done with rapidity, and to further my purpose deceit was essential to my success as well as my safety. I told the landlord on leaving in the morning to send word to Mrs. Maize that the gentleman who brought her last evening was seriously indisposed and it was probable he would not leave his room until evening. This done I was safe from pursuit, as I knew that my horse would soon leave the town far behind and I would have a free field for operations. About four o'clock, P. M., I reached the pretty town of Cedarville, nestling at the foot of tremendous mountains which were covered with pine and hemlock. It was a wild region, yet teeming with grandeur. Behind you rose almost to the clouds those mighty hills, while east a wide stretch of level country opened up, dotted here and there with farm houses and fields of waving grain. But while I saw all this beauty, I could not fully enjoy the varied landscape. There were other thoughts occupying my attention.

I drove my horse up to the hotel and gave him in charge of the hostler to be properly cared for. With the host I had a personal acquaintance and I knew I could confide strictly in him. I inquired the road to the home of Phil Maize. He gave me the direction carefully. The distance was about a mile from the village and situated in a dense pine forest. I also found that Phil had two or three confederates with him, and if they suspected my mission they would not be long in adopting the highwayman's motto: "Dead men tell no tales." I procured a room and had a lamp arranged, so that I could occupy it without any trouble on my return. It was also arranged so that if Phil Maize came to the hotel after I entered and was shown to my room that my horse should be harnessed and brought to the door—but no reasons were to be given for it. To all these arrangements the landlord gave his prompt assent.

Supper being announced I ate heartily, and seeing that my revolvers were in proper trim, procured a bottle of whisky and started on my dangerous mission. The moon in full glory, was just tipping the eastern horizon with her light as I sallied forth. I soon found the road but a narrow "cow path" through the dense forest, and I went forward rapidly but with proper caution. After some ten minutes' walking I could distinguish a glimmering light at no great distance, and I began to prepare myself for the anticipated meeting. I paused, and in a short time had so arranged my false whiskers and mustache that no person who had ever seen me before would recognize me. My voice alone might betray me, but I could control it and so change it as to deceive my best friend.

I confess, as I bustled up to the door and was about to rap, something

like fear or irresolution seized me, and for an instant I paused ere I raised my hand to announce my presence. I took in the scene at a glance. The cabin was only one story high and built of logs, having a window in front and at one end; the chimney was composed of mud and sticks, the whole presenting anything but an inviting appearance. I rapped loudly. I heard the harsh growl of a dog, and then a rough voice invited me to—

“Come in.”

I obeyed and entered the realm of smoke and squalor. A huge fire was burning on the wide hearth and the red flames were sweeping up the chimney with a wild roar. On either side of the fire place sat a rough-looking fellow, either of whom might have been easily mistaken for pirates. In the center lay a monstrous Newfoundland dog, his great eyes looking hatred at the intruder. At a small pine table, against the wall opposite, sat a man whose features were familiar. It was my old chum, Phil Maize. He seemed older than when we parted in New York. He was now dressed in his rough backwoods costume, and there was something sinister in his single eye that I had not observed before. That cold, gray orb surveyed me closely as I shut the door behind me, and with his finger he pointed to a rough stool opposite the fire. I obeyed him by seating myself and glancing around the room, waited until he had finished his frugal meal. All eyes were intently fixed on me, but I calmly bore the scrutiny without being the least disconcerted.

What a pretty position I was in should any of these parties suspect me! Death, instant death would be my inevitable doom. But I was all unconcern; and the frequent glances that passed between the three men had no effect upon my nerves.

Phil Maize was soon through with his supper, and rising up brought his seat in his hand near to where I was and sat down. He took a careful survey of my person from head to foot, and then, I suppose, to take a mental view of me also, as it was some time after he came near me before he spoke. I saw, however, that he did not recognize “Mr. Wilson Maxwell, from a remote corner in Wisconsin,” and I was perfectly safe.

“Well, sir, you appear to have got something out of your latitude, haven’t you?” he began, and he cleaned his lips with the cuff of his shirt sleeve.

“Praps I have,” I replied, “but men will wander sometimes, you know. You remember the saying, that ‘birds of a feather flock together.’”

“Egad, I do that,” laughed Phil. Very true, indeed, Mr. Stranger. One would think that us fellows who live here were birds of a feather,

wouldn't you?" And without allowing me to answer, went on, "But I can't see that your fine feathers agree with our coarse ones."

"Quite true; but sometimes birds wear false plumage."

"Ay, so they do. I've seen that myself. But you'll excuse me. I'm somewhat inclined to be short with people, and as we live in the woods here and don't see folks often we are apt to ask impertinent questions," said Phil, while a strange smile crept over his face.

"Well, my friend, if I can answer your questions of course it will afford me pleasure to do so." And I prepared myself for something serious, though I confess I had no conception of its nature.

"I sometimes see people coming into my house here without any other motive than curiosity—but coming as you do at this late hour, I am naturally led to ask you what is your business?"

This was putting a very direct question, and if I had not been prepared to answer it I cannot tell what consequences might have followed. I glanced from the old man to his *confreres* and observed their eyes fixed upon me and burning with devilish light.

"As you are a man of business I am glad you put your question so direct, and I am prepared at once to reply satisfactorily." My voice was purposely low so that none of its old tones should be heard.

"Very well. Now, what is it?"

This was the moment in which I was to make sure of my prize or fail and perhaps sacrifice my life. I caught the old man's eye and saw that my every movement was watched. Still I maintained my firmness, resolved at all hazards to avoid betraying any alarm or hesitation.

"Were you ever in Niles, Michigan?" He nodded. "Do you know anything of a widow S—, living about five miles northwest of it?" He nodded and his face lit up with the same gleam as when at our first meeting I mentioned the name of Silas Dodge. "The house is a little frame on the left hand side of the road. Under the house is—"

"Hold!" and full of excitement he grasped me by the arm while he placed a finger of his left hand on his lips. "You must not say so much. Follow me." I got up and went out with him into the open air. "You were talking too fast. I dare not let those who were listening hear everything. Now go on."

I proceeded, for I saw I had him at an advantage.

"Under the house is a stone walled cellar, and by touching a spring on the plate resting on the wall it opens, and by descending two steps enter a subterranean room, where plate, dyes, tools and presses, good and bad money, &c., are kept. Need I go on?"

"No, no! I comprehend all. You are understood. But what do you desire?"

"I wish to state to you that two of those whom you know as engaged

in that place are in the town adjoining you. They desire a consultation with you. A new system is to be inaugurated, a new cipher formed, and we are now traveling into every locality where our friends are known to be to post them in these new movements."

"And you desire that I should join you to-night?"

"That is the purpose of my visit."

"Come in then, and take your leave, and I will form some excuse for going to town in the course of an hour."

He opened the door and we entered. The men were on their feet and seemed to have been listening to catch any words that might be uttered without.

"Come, boys, I must be going and before I start I would suggest that we all take a social drink," and I produced my bottle. All were willing to comply and in a few minutes a "smile" had been enjoyed by all. Without more ceremony I betook myself to the village and hastened to my room. The landlord was called and hastily advised as to the course he was to pursue.

I had seated myself at the table and was busy writing with a pencil on a piece of paper. The moments flew rapidly and presently I heard a footfall ascending the stairs, and then a tap at my door. I opened it and my old friend Phil Maize entered, a smile on his countenance, and he sat down in a chair opposite to me.

"Why you are very prompt," I remarked.

"Yes; always up to time, especially when I expect to meet with friends."

"That is right. I will see where my comrades are." I summoned the landlord. "Mr. Keen, will you please tell my friend Smithley to come, I wish to see him."

"He just stepped out a moment ago. When he returns I will send him up."

"Do so, please. Good evening." As Keen closed the door, I turned the key in the lock and placed the key in my pocket. I took my seat opposite my prudent "chum," and as I did so, I divested my face of the false whiskers and mustache, and threw them on the table and leaned back in my chair.

Had a thunder bolt burst between us it would not more certainly startled Phil Maize than did my sudden transformation. He started to his feet, his face pale with rage and his eyes luminous with hate, he dashed his right hand furiously on the table and yelled:

"Betrayed! Curse you, curse you." And for a moment his face was covered with his hands. But his rage was impotent.

"Phil Maize, you are indeed betrayed, but you must admit that your crime confessed itself."

"Fool, madman, that I was to permit myself to be thus duped and

betrayed. But you cannot take me, I will die here before I will be made a prisoner."

"Phil, you are my prisoner. There is no use of you making any fuss about it. I am prepared to take you dead or alive, and if you will not submit calmly, I have the means of forcing submission."

"Do your worst—you have your hour of triumph now—but mine will come. My arrest will start a hundred men on your track and your life will not be worth a dog's. Do your worst."

"It is not my intention to harm you personally, Phil, but as a violator of the law you must and shall be punished. I have enough evidence in my possession to convict and you shall be."

"And that is the worst you can do," he said bitterly.

At that moment I heard the buggy driven to the door. I produced a pair of handcuffs and advanced toward Phil, but he drew back.

"Phil, you may as well submit—I am fully prepared to do my duty—and you will save yourself some trouble by allowing me to put these on."

Reluctantly he extended his hands and in a moment he was made a prisoner. Unlocking the door I grasped his arm and led him down through the hall, and helping him into the buggy, produced a pair of jewels for his ankles, which I adjusted, and bidding the host adieu, drove rapidly away.

CHAPTER XIX.

That Woman Appears—A Fearful Threat—A Terrible Disappointment.

But I must return to another character in this exciting history.

In the morning, some two or three hours after my departure, the landlord at Bennettsville sent word to Mrs. Maize that, owing to my being quite unwell, she need not look for me to visit her until the afternoon or evening. She did not say anything in reply, but as soon as the person left she hastily prepared herself apparently to make a visit to some person in the village. It was an hour from that time until she was in possession of the astounding fact that the gentleman with whom she had traveled the preceding day had left town that morning at five o'clock, and gone in an easterly direction. A startling truth alarmed her and for a moment prostrated her faculties. But with woman's energy she regained her usual powers, and hastening to the residence of her relative where she had remained all night, quickly arranged for a journey. She made an effort to procure a horse, but her attempt was futile and she found herself compelled to go forward on foot, and without much ceremony or excuse for her abrupt departure left the town. She had a long journey before her—not less than forty

miles—besides a heavy carpet sack to carry, which would seriously retard her progress.

"I see it all," she said as she hurried forward. "That fine fellow, with his oily tongue and flattering words was an officer, one of those who have so long been on our track. Fool that I was not to suspect him. But he was too thoroughly practiced to be caught so easily. Had he been less acute he would never have deceived me. But it may not be too late to prevent him from arresting Phil. If I could only reach the cabin before him what a reception he would meet."

"The sneaking coward, I fear, will accomplish his purpose before I can prevent it. And yet I think Phil will not be so easily caught as I. Surely an old fox like him will be too shrewd and wary to be trapped. But I must hasten. Every moment is precious. Something may occur to detain the officer and I may get there before him. I will try. No woman ever failed if she determined in a purpose, and on this I have made up my mind to save Phil and punish the miscreant."

Thus she mused aloud as she hurried on. But what were all her efforts? I had three hours' start, and I could, if necessary, make my destination in four hours. All appeared against her, yet determined to do what she could, her steps lost none of their elasticity, and with wonderful speed she went forward.

When she came within sight of Cedarville long after nightfall, she chose a well known path through the woods to the cabin to avoid the town. Had she advanced along the main road she would have met me with my precious "chum" about leaving the place; but as fortune favored me I escaped the dreaded contact. Growing stronger apparently, as she advanced, her rapid walk soon brought her to her lonely cabin. Without any ceremony she rushed in and a glance satisfied her that Phil was absent. The two men whom we noticed before were seated at the fire, and looked around amazed at the new comer.

Without waiting to answer their words of welcome she threw down her carpet sack and advancing to the men in a shrill voice demanded the whereabouts of Phil.

"He's gone out, ma'am. Didn't say where he's goin'," answered the tallest of the two men.

"And don't you know where he is gone?" she demanded in an excited voice.

"All I knows, ma'am," said the man, "is that a very nice gentleman came here an hour or so ago and went away and soon after Phil left. He didn't say where he was goin' or when he'd come back."

"What kind of a looking man was this stranger?" asked Mrs. Maize.

"He was a tallish kind of a feller, with big black whiskers and mustache—he was a sharp un, too, as he knew all about our business."

"Black whiskers and mustache, it could not be the same person,"

said Mrs. Maize, lowering her voice. "You are sure you have described him correctly?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm sure. Aint I right, Pete?" said the tall man appealing to his companion.

"Sartin," answered Pete, "and the chap was very clever. He treated all on us to some real good old rye," and he smacked his lips exultingly.

"Well, boys, I am going down to Cedarville to see if I can find anything of Phil. While I am gone if a gentleman of neat appearance, smooth face and a keen gray eye should come, do you keep him till I return. Do not let him get away at your peril."

"Nary a git, ma'am," responded the tall fellow, as he stretched his giant like arms. "Them as gits in them ere hands aint wery healthy—they ain't much if they resist."

"I will soon return," and the woman hurried away to the village.

"Wonder what'n thunder's brought that old woman back in sich a hurry?" inquired Pete.

"Somethin's up, I bet. That old woman's no fool—sharper than Phil, I think, and twixt you an' I, Pete, there's some trouble ahead." And the tall man's face assumed something of alarm. "What if that chap with them whiskers was a officer, eh? an suppose Phil was caught—wouldn't there be a sharp pull for we chaps, eh?"

"Rather," said Pete dryly. "I tell you, Nash, I thought there was something curis about that chap—that's why I watched 'im so close, but as the old man swallowed the critter whole, I thought it want none of our biz ef he did choke."

"Yes, but Pete, we may all go together. Darned ef I ain't goin' to look out for number one."

"So be I. Hush! I hear something. Maybe that fancy chap's comin'."

And both the men paused and held their breath. Rapid footsteps were heard without, and the crackling of the dry brush told plainly of the approach of some person. The old dog did not growl, but cast his eye toward the door and seemed to recognize the step. In another moment Mrs. Maize entered the cabin. Her face was flushed with excitement and her eyes glittered like a snake's ready to spring on its victim. Nash and Pete instinctively retreated as she came near, for they knew her temper and felt from her wild manners that she had made a startling discovery.

"Curse my folly and Phil's blindness. Curse ye all. Why could none see the trap that was set—and are ye willing to permit the mine to explode and engulf us all without an attempt to extinguish the fuse? I tell you, boys, you are in danger—so am I. Phil is a prisoner and on his way, no doubt, to the penitentiary. I suppose we must all follow

him. Let us escape from this or the blood hounds will track us to our den. For myself I leave you. You must look out for yourselves, but whatever you do, never reveal what you know or may have seen here."

"We never will!" said both men in a breath, while both seemed awed at the anger of the woman, and somewhat alarmed at the imminent danger which threatened them.

"I leave you to take care of yourselves. Before I go every evidence that would convict must be effectually concealed or destroyed. You can remain, if you please, or secrete yourself among the pines. You may soon hear from me."

She set to work with the aid of the men and in a little while everything pertaining to the peculiar calling of herself or husband was either wholly destroyed or so effectually concealed that detection was impossible. Partaking of some food which remained in the rough cupboard, the woman seized her carpet sack, and bidding Nash and Pete good-bye, started forth from the cabin to seek a place of safety. She felt there was none in that wild haunt—for danger was on the trail, and at any moment she might be taken prisoner. Wandering far into forest she selected a dark ravine as her resting place for the night, and placing her carpet sack on the ground for a pillow, laid down to sooth her weary, aching limbs. It was long before sleep came to her relief. But the slumbers of the wanderer were disturbed by painful visions and she would start uneasily, and listen for the footsteps which might be tracking her to her gloomy lair. But morning broke and she was still safe. Yet, as she sat and mused upon her terrible destiny, she could reach no conclusion as to the course she should pursue. Sometimes the spirit of revenge and hatred would move her to seek the life of the man who had taken away her husband. Then again the thought would occur to her that her only security was in silence and secrecy. She might wander away into other regions and avoid the searching eye of the law's dread minions and thus be permitted to pass her days without meeting the just punishment due her crimes.

But we leave her for the present and proceed to bring our story to a close as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

CHAPTER XX.

Arrested—Mag Maize—In Prison—The Bird Flies.

Phil was very restless, and I noticed him several times making an effort to test the quality of the handcuffs. I suppose he thought if he could release his hands unseen he might give me a blow so as to disable me and thus he might effect his escape. But I knew too well the quality of the "jewelry" he wore to fear any result of the kind, and nothing but overpowering numbers could effect a rescue.

"Well, Phill," said I, pleasantly, as we ascended a pretty steep hill,

and in a very gloomy part of the road, "how do you like my style for a novice in this business?"

Phil was silent for some minutes. I noticed that he did not wish to be disturbed in his lucubrations, but I desired to draw his mind from the hope of escape.

"Well, for a novice, you have played and executed better than older heads in your line. I confess that I have been pretty effectually taken in. I am well booked in the manner of detectives when in pursuit of their game, but your mode was so entirely new to me that I was completely thrown off my guard and beaten."

"I am indeed, sorry, Maize, to have such a duty to perform, but the law demands punishment, and your crimes have reached such proportions as to attract the attention of the Government, and whenever you arouse it to action everything must give way before it. If one man fails to attain the object another, and yet another will follow the criminal until he is safe in the meshes of the law.

"Yes, eternal curses on them, they have been on my track for nearly two years; but I avoided them, and though often in their company, have put them on a false guard and escaped when they fancied the next hour would leave me in their power." There was a deep tone of bitterness in his words.

"In a few hours I will reach a point where I will place you in other hands. When your trial comes on I expect to be there and convict you."

"So I suppose. But if you will let me free once more all the detectives under heaven would never catch me."

"You are mistaken, Phil."

"No, I am right." And he looked confidently in my face. "You would never catch Phil Maize again."

"I am almost tempted to give you the chance, but as 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' I suppose I can save myself much trouble by holding on to you."

"You had better," was Phil's sarcastic reply.

"But Phil, you imagine that yourself alone may be to blame for this arrest. That is partly true, but a woman gave me the information which put you into my power."

"A woman—and who was she?"

"She claimed to be your wife."

"My wife—Mag Maize? Did she inform on me? Oh, heavens and has it come to this?" And in the moonlight I could see the tears gush from his eyes and flood his blanched cheeks.

"You charge her wrong, Phil. She is not to blame." I then proceeded to give him a full history of my meeting with his wife and the

plan I adopted to obtain a knowledge of her business and of his whereabouts. I saw a faint smile of relief in his face.

"Not so bad. I thought Mag would not willingly betray me. And nothing but your deceit placed old Phil Maize in your power."

"I grant it; and without deception on our part every scoundrel on earth would go unwhipped of justice."

Phil did not reply. It was now beyond the hour of midnight and we were nearing a country town where I knew I could safely place my prisoner and get some rest for myself and tired horse. Arriving at the prison I got the sheriff up and placed Phil in his charge, at the same time cautioning him as to the desperate character of the man and the effort he would make to escape if possible. The sheriff was sure of his prisoner and told me to borrow no trouble on his account. I went to a hotel and soon after was soundly locked in the arms of Morpheus. And like John Milton, while I slept I dreamed a dream. I fancied myself standing in a dark forest looking down into a dark ravine overhung with dark tall pines. Standing amid the trees was a woman—it was Mag Maize. Advancing toward her was her husband Phil. Joy at the meeting seemed to light up her face, while he approached with cautious steps looking to the right and left, while alarm rested in every feature. I thought I could hear him whisper the words: "We must fly. I have just escaped from jail and the officers are in close pursuit. Let us fly far into the depths of the forest."

I awoke. It was broad daylight—and as I started up in bed, heard a step rapidly ascending the stairs and the next instant a quick, anxious rap at the door. I sprang out of bed, unlocked the door, and there stood the Sheriff pale as death and trembling with excitement. It was not necessary he should explain the nature of his errand. I read it in his pallid face—Phil Maize has escaped! But how I know not.

As soon as the Sheriff could speak he told me the whole story in a few words. A horse thief in the adjoining cell had worked a stone loose in the partition wall and as soon as all had become quiet, by a super human effort he forced the stone through and followed it. He soon made himself acquainted with our "chum." With the aid of an old knife Phil's irons were soon sawed off. Wrenching a post from the bedstead by their united efforts, it was but short work to pry off the window bars, and by dint of hard squeezing they succeeded in crawling through the opening, and once in the open air it was not long until they were beyond the limits of the town traversing the deep unfrequented woods.

So ends our experience as a detective—We never heard of Phil or his wife afterwards.

CHAPTER XXI.

Speech-Making—Exciting Meeting at Redbank—A Long Meeting at Lucinda Furnace—Slattery's Defeat—Clarion's Social Element.

From 1860 to 1861 we made a regular canvass of the county, and in company with such leaders as Judge C. Myers, B. J. Reid, Esq., Hon. Amos Myers, George W. Lathy and others, we made speeches in nearly every school house in the county. These were pleasant times, and we never enjoyed life so thoroughly as when out on a speaking tour. We were largely mixed up in the Congressional fights of those days, and took a lively part in all of them. To give a complete history of events connected with our political career would require many pages, yet it would prove instructive in some instances and laughable in others.

Redbank was the *banner* Democratic township of the county, there not being more than two or three Republicans in it at this time; and to hold a Republican meeting within its borders was considered the height of folly, yet in 1861 a meeting was called in Millville, to be held in a large store room, and Hon. Amos Myers and myself were sent to address the meeting. A large number of Republicans gathered in from Porter and adjoining townships, while there was a big sprinkling of the "unterrified" also on hand. Word was given out before the meeting opened that an attempt would be made by a certain gang to break it up, and we knew if it were done there might be trouble and somebody hurt. Just before the opening Mr. Myers urged us to make the first speech, to which we agreed; before going in we quietly procured a revolver which we put away in a convenient place. At the proper time the meeting was called to order and we took the stand. Before we began our regular address we remarked about the threats that had been made to disturb the proceedings of the evening, and stated our purpose to speak to a finish, and the man who undertook to disturb us while doing so would be responsible for anything that might happen him. We began and finished our remarks without the sign of trouble, and gave way to Mr. Myers. We walked out of the room into the open air with a friend and had not been ten minutes on the road when a terrible row was heard in the building, the lights blown out and the crowd rushing from the room as though Satan was at their heels. The malcontents had accomplished their purpose and Mr. Myers was left to speak to empty benches. This was the first and last Republican meeting held for some time in stalwart old Redbank. It was a cause of rejoicing among the "Dems," but the opposition didn't enjoy the fun to any extent.

Another incident occurred during the second term of Governor Curtin, which has given us many a hearty laugh since, and in order that the reader may see just where the fun comes in, we'll give the event in

full. It will show just how politics and political meetings were managed in those days, and what efforts the Republicans had to put forth in order to maintain a foothold.

A Republican meeting had been held at the hotel of Mr. Henry Staab, near Lucinda Furnace, and addressed by Judge Myers, B. J. Reid, Esq., and myself. The affair was very successful, and both parties who were present unanimously requested that another meeting be held at the same place in the near future. This was agreed to, and in our next paper announced that a Republican meeting would be held there on the eve of the pending election. No sooner did this appear than the *Democrat* came out announcing that a mass Democratic meeting would be held there on the same night. Here was a chance for trouble, and the only possible way to avoid difficulty would be to secure possession of the premises before the strong cohorts of the opposition could get there. They had a mass meeting announced that afternoon at Fryburg, a few miles from Lucinda, and their intention was on adjournment to march in a body to Staab's and take possession. To get ahead of them in this move, we had sent out a large number of circulars to leading Republicans in Helen and adjoining townships to be present not later than 2 P. M. of that day. Having provided ourselves with plenty of tickets, Mr. Reid and ourself took a rig and drove to the place of meeting. It was not long after our arrival until a big crowd of our friends had gathered, and we took possession of the room, the only place fitted for a public meeting. We had stolen a march, were in possession and only waited for the denouement. Evening came apace and with it the sound of music. On looking up the road, behold a crowd, a big crowd, in wagons, in buggies, on horseback, on foot, a very imposing array. In less than a minute we had chosen a President and Secretary, and Mr. Reid was on the floor talking away at twenty-horsepower rate.

The great crowd halted on the road outside and a committee of observation was sent in to view the ground and take possession. Ex-Sheriff Delo, with others, came in and we were called into the hall.

"Well, Colonel," said the wily ex-official in his blandest tone, "I see you folks have your meeting in full blast."

"Yes; we're trying to do a little in that way."

"That's right, that's right, Colonel. We've been having one, too, and adjourned to hold forth here, but I see you have got somewhat ahead, but that won't make any difference. We can arrange it so that everything will be satisfactory. You or Mr. Reid can take half-an-hour, followed by Mr. Boggs or myself and then the interests can be maintained and both sides have a fair hearing."

"True, Sheriff, that would be very nice; but the gain would be altogether on your side. We have full possession of the room and I

know that not one of our people would be willing to give away a minute to anybody else."

"So, then; even common courtesy won't induce you to share it with us?"

"No, not even that. Our purpose is to hold a strictly Republican meeting and not allow any interference."

"With that the Sheriff hurried away to consult with his friends, and the result of the conference was that they would adjourn to a neighboring barn, say half-a-mile distant, where they could hold a meeting, and when they thought we had got through, return and by a bold *coup de etat*, organize and hold a regular old-fashioned Democratic blow-out, thus ruining all our work. Our meeting went on. Mr. Reid and myself talking alternately, and now and then an old farmer making a short speech to fill in. Thus the work went on till about ten o'clock, when back came the crowd. They found us as hard at work as ever, with no intention of letting up. They hung around and chaffed, and talked and threatened, but still hoped that our side would run out of wind and argument, when they would coolly take possession."

But we talked on; and though worried with our prolonged efforts, we did not feel as though we could surrender to the enemy. Midnight had come and still we talked, and it was then the Sheriff and Mr. Boggs concluded that our wind was more prolific than our courtesy, and they proposed to pull up stakes vacate the ranche and start for their several homes. By one o'clock the last man had disappeared, but we were not certain that they had really gone. It was possible they "might camp in the wilderness," and if we followed too soon in their track, they might still steal a march on us and gain the victory they desired. But they were gone *non est inventus*, and our side had won after a long and trying siege. It was a trying one, too, talking for nine hours against time and often repeating ourselves.

A big supper had been prepared for all hands, and with plenty of beer and "tamarack" to wash it down, our weary, sleepy crowd, were rejuvenated and felt as lively as crickets and kept up a regular picnic till daylight. The history of that night getting out caused a good deal of talk and the huge joke was relished by all, even the men who were beaten. We give it to show the difficulties under which the new party labored and the continued struggle to maintain a foothold in this strong fortress of Democracy.

In passing we wish to say that the happiest, the most delightful years of our life were spent among the people of Clarion. We shall never forget the hours of real enjoyment, and we go back in memory to the bright social events of these years, day and night, that were ours to enjoy. There was a social element in Clarion society that we have never met with elsewhere. It seemed the wish and desire of all to do

everything to create real enjoyment, to add pleasure to the sterner duties of life; and how well the effort succeeded was thoroughly tested by the happy gatherings at one house or other. Each one trying to render the hour more delightful than its predecessor. Alas, now, after many years have passed and we are away from the spot where those happy scenes were enacted, we recall the forms and the names of many who have crossed the dark river, and whose cheerful faces are seen no more among men; and we heave a sigh of deep regret that their smile is gone and their forms are no longer visible. Few towns of its size had a more genial or better class of people—men and women—each and all of whom lived for and labored to add to the happiness of their neighbors. There was no back-biting among them; nothing said that would wound the feeling of any, but instead, everyone was eager to make life enjoyable and sought no other end.

Social gatherings were the order of the day or night as the case might be. Judge Campbell would have a social gathering to-night, next following, Gen. W. Lathy, Esq., would invite his friends; then Col. Alexander, Capt. Loomis, D. B. Curll, Judge Myers—in fact, each would follow the other with a party, afternoon or evening, held at about every house. Then there were our country friends—the Frampton's, Craig's, Orr's and an army of others, who gave delightful parties, both summer and winter, and it was a glorious time when ten, fifteen or twenty sled loads started out, the occupants anticipating a rare treat, when beneath the roof tree of some old homestead.

These were golden days indeed; and the impress they have left upon our memories is the brightest and happiest that we enjoy. How we would like to live them over again; but ah! that is impossible. Here and there do we find one of these old time men and women, whose friendship and hospitality we so much enjoyed. They are falling by the wayside and we are left to await our time, when the grim reaper shall gather us in and we shall be at rest, from trial and care and the toils of a long, busy, but pleasant life.

It is said there are tricks in all trades but ours, but we fancy there are many tricks in the printer's art, some of them being full of fun, and others of a more serious character. The following is rather a heavy, practical joke, that we got off when we hadn't anything better to do, and shows that even a red-hot political aspirant may have the wool pulled over his eyes.

The Democratic County Convention had been held and Colonel Alexander was its nominee for Treasurer. There had been a number of aspirants for the position, but the ever-popular Colonel carried away the palm of victory. There was one defeated candidate who took his fate pretty hard—this was an old-fashioned Irish shoemaker, named Patrick Slattery, who claimed that as representing a certain powerful

faction in the county, he should have been chosen, and failing to "make the rifle," became very angry. He came to us for advice, which, of course, we cherrfully gave him. We told him to go at once to the Colonel and demand that he withdraw from the canvass, thus giving a clear field to Slattery.

"An' be me soul, I'll do it," said Pat, and away he went on his mission. He called on the Colonel and stated his object and waited the response. It came. It was to the effect that being the regular nominee of the party and won by fair means, he would stay where he was, and if Pat didn't like it he might go to the region where he could warm himself without extra expense.

If Pat was mad before he was more so now; and he swore by all the saints in the calendar he would have revenge and would either be elected himself or help the opposition. Having reached this sage conclusion, he called on us again for further advice, and he got it. In order to carry the county it would be necessary for him to make a regular canvass, see the people, and if possible address them at all points, thus popularizing himself and proving his ability to discharge the duties of his office.

Well, Pat made a thorough tour of the county, and got through a few days before the election. He was very sanguine over his trip, and certain of an overwhelming majority. As a clincher to the campaign we advised him to call a meeting in the Court House the night before the election and let the people hear him from the rostrum. He did so, and such a meeting had seldom been seen in Clarion. Everybody wanted to hear him, as they knew he was full of wit, which added to his bitterness against the "Clover and Alexander faction," would make an interesting address. And it was. The house was kept in a roar from beginning to end, and Pat retired to his couch to dream of victory.

The election came off in good shape, the excitement was warm and Pat worked like a beaver to get votes. Of course, everybody was voting for him, and when the polls closed he felt confident of his election. It did not take long to count the borough vote, and meeting Pat soon after, asked him how it resulted.

"Well, be japers, I only got wan vote, an' that was me own; but that don't mane anything. Here the white-hatted gutter-workers had things jist their own way; but wait! ah, wait, till ye hear from the townships, an' the byes will sing another song."

Next day all the townships and boroughs had been heard from, and when Pat came to get his share of the votes, there were only three that could be counted in his favor. Here was a mystery that he could not solve. Hundreds had pledged him their support, and as they were all honest men he believed them, and now that they failed to appear in his favor, it was evident that his share had been thrown out and he was

defeated in opposition to the popular will. It would require a page to describe his expressions in giving vent to his feelings, but it did not change the result, and he retired from the field a victim of misguided confidence; and as long as he lived he was sure he had been victimized. We certainly pitied him, as much for his belief in the certainty of his election as the simplicity which allowed him to act such a part.

CHAPTER XXII.

*Too Much Chicken—Corbett and the Judgeship—The Good It Done Him
Boston Buck—Pittsburgh on a Raft—A Wildcat—A Bad Sell.*

This and perhaps the following chapter will be given up to the relation of a number of interesting, pleasing and somewhat funny incidents that we recall as transpiring before our final farewell to Clarion.

During one of the most exciting political campaigns in the county, during 1874, it was our good fortune to travel with Hon. C. Myers and train the people in the way they should go. Nothing was more congenial to the old Judge than to mount the stump and address the crowds that used to gather during war times. We had a big leaning in the same direction, and when we were able to "bring down the house" with one of our pithy Irish stories our enjoyment was complete. The Judge and ourself were selected to go out to Scotch Hill, in Helen township, and enlighten the assembled thousands (?) that might gather at the hotel of Mr. George Alsbach. Reaching our destination shortly before twilight, on a delightful summer evening, we were deeply gratified to note the preparations that had been made for our reception. A broad avenue had been cut in the forest, and seats nicely arranged for a large audience. Branches were stretched across the avenue its full length and at the upper end a broad platform had been erected and amply lighted. By the time the people began to crowd in, and long before the time to open the meeting, the place was a perfect jam. Looking over the scene and seeing such a large and appreciative audience, we concluded that we would like to have the evening's talk wholly to ourself. This was a cruel and selfish view; but it was a most natural one, and the only trouble was in what way we could retire the Judge from active service. We knew he was a good feeder, and we knew, too, that a man with an overcrowded stomach would not have perfect command of himself in speaking. Our only hope rested in giving our companion a complete overdose and then have the field wholly to ourself. Supper was announced, and we took our seats at the table. A glance over the well-filled board was enough to make an epicure laugh, and we felt that our victory was only a question of a very short time. Seated near the Judge we helped his plate frequently, and he took in the "provender" at a rapid rate, not wasting time to count on the pos-

sible result. The meal over, we lighted a good, old-fashioned toby, intending to have the Judge lead off and we would follow. He agreed, and we took a seat just without the door to continue our puff. The Judge entered the enclosure rich in confidence and looking smilingly on either side, casting a pleasant glance among the people until he found himself on the platform.

The President introduced the Judge to the audience, who took his place on the front of the platform. It was now that we looked for trouble. It came. The question was, which would win, the stomach, or the determination to make a speech? The Judge stood still for a minute, there was trouble on hand and he saw it. Great drops of sweat gathered on his massive brow. He wiped it off; he coughed slightly, and, placing his right hand on the desk beside him, he looked appealingly to the people. And while he again mopped his face and shifted his feet, with one despairing look upon the waiting crowd, his silence was broken.

"There, that's just what I told Young. He kept crowding my plate and I kept crowding in the chicken, and now I am like a bound boy at a husking, haven't a word to say. My friends, you will have to excuse me, for I am really too full for utterance."

An immense shout greeted the apology, and the discomfited Judge took his seat. Our point was gained, though it was certainly taking a rather mean advantage, and we came forward to have our say on the question of the hour. We had full swing that evening, and just such an audience as we liked to talk to. The Judge was well pleased; but he never caught onto the joke we had played or he might have hauled us over the coals.

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One of the sharpest, shrewdest and most talented lawyers at the Clarion bar, is Wm. L. Corbett, yet while he is a good attorney and fights a case for all there is in it, yet he is very peculiar in his association among his fellow-citizens, and some pretty heavy jokes have been launched at his expense. He is very quick tempered, and in carrying out some of his sudden impulses, has often made great sacrifices.

The most notable mistake he made was when he aspired to the President Judgeship of the Jefferson and Clarion district. There were only two candidates for the position, Hon. W. P. Jenks and the subject of this anecdote. Corbett evidently had the inside track for nomination and was letting things work to suit themselves. Of course the friends of Jenks were anxious to win, and left nothing undone to carry their point. Knowing the impulsive nature of Mr. C., and feeling that if his anger could only be aroused in a certain matter, it would result in his withdrawal and thus leave a clear field for Jenks. No sooner thought of than done. An article was prepared for the BANNER,

which made certain charges that aroused his ire, and after consulting with a friend or two, and getting more and more angry, handed in his resignation as a candidate for nomination, and Mr. Jenks was chosen by an unanimous vote. Corbett saw the trick too late, and his opponent sat upon the bench and honored it for the ensuing ten years.

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One remarkable cold morning in January, 1856, we left Clarion in the old stage coach for Pittsburgh, our traveling companion being Rev. Father Polowski. By the time we reached Rimersburg, fifteen miles from Clarion, we were nearly frozen. The Rev. was in just as bad a fix, and for a while we hugged the stove pretty closely until we began to thaw out. It was all local option in those days, and a drink of liquor was as hard to find as hen's teeth. Thinking that a drop of the "cratur" would help to warm us up, we gave the landlord, Mr. Joe Weaver, a hint to that effect. He intimated that if we would accidentally walk into the parlor, "said the spider to the fly," we might find something to restore our feelings. We slipped away from our companion and entered the parlor, where we found a bottle, water and a tumbler. Pouring out a moderate drink, we were about raising the glass to our lips, when we heard the door open behind us, and on looking around saw the priest entering the door. It was about time to make an apology, and we made the attempt, but the Reverend with a waive of his hand motioned us to silence. We swallowed our portion and sat down the glass. He instantly took it up and filled it to the brim, with his left hand on his heart, said in a solemn voice, "Mistaire Young, I drink it, not because I like it, but because of the good vat it do me," and down went the drink, enough for three ordinary men. After that we didn't feel that an apology was needed.

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Readers of newspapers, especially country newspapers, have queer ideas of the amenities of journalism. During our stay in Clarion we had many a wordy war with our cotemporary, Col. Alexander, and it was supposed by some that one of two things would certainly happen when we met, that we would fail to recognize each other, or else have a grand "knock down and drag out." One day the Colonel came over to our office to have a social chat and smoke a toby segar. We were seated at the stove, though there was no fire in it, and each had planted a foot against the iron frame, and while we talked, puffed away at a lively rate. At that moment the door of our sanctum opened and one of our old friends and patrons from Porter township, entered. He was about closing the door, when he began to retreat and made a motion for us to go outside. We obeyed. When we looked at him he was was absolutely pale with indignation.

"Why, why, Colonel, how's this?" and his voice trembled.

"How's what?" we asked, really nonplussed.

"Why, you and Alexander talking together. I don't understand it. I thought you were bitter enemies, as you ought to be; and then you sit down cheek by jowl as social as if you were brothers. That won't do."

"Oh, that's all right," we replied. "Last week Alick came out in his paper and used some pretty mean language about us, and we sent for him to come over and apologize, which he has just done and is about leaving."

"Well, if that's the way, it's all right; but if you and he were on friendly terms I'd quit the BANNER right now, so I would. Here's two dollars for next year," and our friend Kirkpatrick left us. Satisfied that our story was true, and that we and Alick would not be friends.

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For the past thirty or forty years the name of "Boston Buck," of Clarion county, has been prominent before the general public as the leader of a gang of daring counterfeiters, who at various times flooded the country with spurious coin. Whether Buck was guilty as charged, is a question that has hardly been decided yet, though he has been arrested time and again for his alleged complicity in manufacturing and shoving the "queer." One thing seemed certain, that on whatever route this redoubtable man, or any of his gang traveled, a streak of counterfeit money was found in the hands of the unsuspecting merchants. In fact "the woods were full of it;" and the national presumption was that the mysterious "Boston" had something to do with its existence. To look at him he was certainly the last man who would be charged with the crime, for in his ordinary garb he was a rather rough and uncouth specimen of humanity, and as far as business tact went, he looked the picture of ignorance. But this was all put on for a purpose. But guilty or not, ignorant or wise, the charge laid heavily at his door, and nothing appeared to remove the stigma from his name.

During 1853 we had discarded the well worn type in the BANNER office and put on a "new dress." This gave us a large surplus of old material, which we were anxious to get rid of. Accordingly, like a wise man, we advertised the fact in the paper, supposing that some of the lumbermen would drop in and buy it to use in their machinery as bearers instead of Babbett metal. About two weeks after the card had appeared, a "farmer looking man," with a two horse wagon, drove up to the office door and called us out. In a reserved tone of voice, he asked if we had any old type metal for sale. We had, and the amount, and he guessed he would buy it—the whole lot. We expressed surprise at the quantity he wanted, and wished to know what use he would put

it to. He said he was engaged in making letters for stamping bags and made considerable money at the business. Looking at the man we fixed it in our mind that there was something queer about him and rather hesitated about letting him have the metal. He insisted strongly on making the purchase, and we gave him the lot, charging an extra price for it. We had it weighed and delivered, and paying us for it, drove away. The transaction worried us for some time, but hearing nothing from the purchaser, concluded that all was right. But it wasn't; and turned out the other way. From all parts of the county came the warning cry of "counterfeit half dollars," and it was found that various sections were literally flooded with the bogus coin. The mystery was a mystery no longer. Our old type had evidently been turned into a silver mine and the owner of that deposit was making a good thing of his investment. We never saw the purchaser afterwards, but settled down to the fact that he had something to do with shoving this queer currency.

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There was one source of enjoyment that was greatly appreciated by the ladies and gentlemen of Clarion. During the rafting season a large party would get ready, when the rafts began to run. They were on hand at some convenient point where the raft would be landed and the crowd get aboard and away they would go to the Smoky City. Possibly they would tie up at Redbank and the party find its way to the hotel of Capt. Billy Connor, where they would remain over night, and getting a nice rest, renew their trip in the morning. As soon as the raft touched the shore at Pittsburgh, the ladies were escorted to the Perry Hotel, below Hand street, where every comfort would be provided for them, and no two men better understood this part of the program than the genial hosts, McClung & Campbell. A week would be devoted to shopping and general enjoyment.

A trip from Clarion to Pittsburgh on a raft in the leafy month of June, was most delightful and was looked forward to with the most joyous anticipations. The whole route was a picture of rare beauty, and the landscapes changing with every rod, wore an aspect that left its impress on the mind of the beholder. Here were the gentle slopes, the narrow valleys, trees forming an arch where the sunlight failed to reach and the gurgling rivulet sent forth its melodious notes to charm the ear. Here were immense bluffs overshadowed by the tall oaks and dark pines; and yonder broad and beautiful acres stretching away to the foothills of the semi-mountainous range that encircled this wondrous scene and kept back every thought but that of admiration for the truthful picture that stood out on every hand.

Shanties were built on every raft that intended to carry passengers. These were means of protection from the weather or were used to pre-

pare the midday meal. The raftsmen were a jolly set, and it was their pride to do everything to render the travelers comfortable. We indite this picture of traveling on a raft in order to give the reader a new idea of the way to reach the city, instead of by the stage, as was the practice in those days. But these pleasant scenes only remain garnered in the store room of memory.

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In the days of Wildcat Banks it used to be said that a man was not safe to go to bed with a five-dollar bill in his pocket, as the bank might be "busted in the morning." It was only too true, for anybody could start a bank, and when he had shoved enough of his bills among the people, would close his doors and retire a richer man. During the week of court, along in the fifties, we were astonished at the fact that nearly everybody that came in to pay their subscription, invariably handed out notes on the "Lumberman's Bank of Warren." At the close of the week we were loaded down with this currency, and it never struck us that there might be a screw loose somewhere. On Monday we mounted the old stage for Franklin, where we were then buying our paper. The stage had the usual number of passengers, and one of them was a lumberman from Warren. On conversing with him we found he was a stockholder in the "Lumberman's Bank," and as we had began to smell a large-sized mice, concluded, if possible, to get rid of our surplus before we reached Franklin. We asked him if he knew anything about the above-named bank.

"Why, yes; I'm a stockholder in it."

"Well, you're the man I want. I have some of it which I would like to exchange for Pittsburgh money, as I want to use it in a certain direction and Warren won't fill the bill."

"I'll exchange with you," said he and pulled out his well-filled wallet, and in ten minutes the exchange had been made.

On reaching Franklin we got out at Cooper's store, where we bought our stock.

"How's Lumberman's Bank, Bill?"

"Not worth a —. Gone up in a blaze of glory."

We drew a sigh of relief when we discovered the great difference between Warren and Pittsburgh. Neither did we run after the innocent stockholder to get back the few hundred we had given him.

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In the days whereof we write, there were neither telegraph or railroad facilities connecting Clarion with the outer world, and hence it required days to send and receive communications that now only require minutes or hours. In noting the incident of the "Lumberman's Bank," recalls another that is what may be called a "good sell," and we will relate it.

Hon. W. L. Corbett, an attorney and afterwards President Judge by appointment, had a small farm adjoining the town of Clarion. This he sold to the iron firm of Lyon, Shorb & Co., and in making payment they gave him exclusively Exchange Bank money, at that time and now one of the safest and best institutions in the State. George W. Arnold, then a merchant and now President of the First National Bank, of Clarion, and David Morrell, storekeeper, came to the conclusion that they would scare Mr. Corbett pretty badly in regard to his money and have a laugh at his expense. That evening Corbett came into Morrell's place, helped himself to a toby segar and taking a seat by the stove, concluded on having a social chat with the two gentlemen.

Before opening the shell of the joke, we will remark that shortly after getting his money, Corbett had called at the carriage shop of J. H. Mackey and dickered about the purchase of a fine \$350 vehicle, but concluded to close the bargain sometime again. While the smoke was curling from Mr. Corbett's lips and contentment smothered every wrinkle in his face, Mr. Arnold turned to Mr. Morrell and remarked:

"Dave I can hardly believe that story."

"Nor I, either." chinned in Morrell.

"What's that?" asked Corbett taking the segar from his lips and blowing away the smoke.

"Why, said Arnold slowly and looking solemnly at Corbett, "it is reported that the Exchange Bank of Pittsburg has busted."

Corbett sprang to his feet, turned pale and for a moment looked as if he would faint. But a single word escaped his lips; he pressed his hat tighter on his head and taking a fresh hold on his segar darted out of the door. He was gone about half-an-hour, when he re-entered nearly out of breath, but looking as if he had done something that helped to relieve him of his terrible plight, into which Arnold's remarks had thrown him.

"Well, by thunder, I've saved that much, anyhow."

"What have you done?" asked Arnold.

"I bought a \$350 carriage from Mackey and paid him in Exchange, and have the rig in my barn.

Neither of the gentlemen laughed but it was all they could do to hold in. Next morning bright and early, Mr. C. was on his way by stage to Pittsburgh to see what more he could save from the wreck, but once there he found that his money was equal to the best. To say that he was mad only partly describes his feelings. He was sour for a month.

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During war times we attended a big meeting in Salem township, got up in the interest of the brave boys at the front, and it was attended by men, women and children of all classes—religious and political—

but all feelings save those of honest patriotism, were buried out of sight, and everybody went in for a day of real enjoyment. Several speeches were made and a big dinner was partaken of by the crowd, and a large fund was taken up in the interest of the soldiers. After we had made our little speech, we "adjourned individually" to the Salem Hotel to take a rest preparatory to driving home to Clarion. The "juglar" was then in full force, and not a drop to stimulate could be got for love or money. While seated on the porch enjoying the delightful summer scene spread out before us, we noticed a buggy with two men in it drive up to the door. One of the men we knew, Mr. Wm. Lamberton, who called on us, and on approaching him, he whisperingly asked:

"Can a fellow get a drop to drink here?"

"I don't know, Billy, but I'll see."

We had noticed a bottle of whisky and camphor on the bureau in the parlor, and it struck us that we might give the boys a drop that would warm the coatings of their stomachs. Going into the room we hunted up two glasses, a pitcher of water, and arranged all neatly for our friends. Going out we "tipped the wink" to Billy, and he and his friend slipped into the room, while we quietly hid ourselves, knowing what was likely to follow.

The two men, perhaps fearful of discovery, hastily poured out a big "nip" of the refreshing liquid, and with a hearty wink as much as to say: "Here's till ye!" swallowed the burning choking fluid. For sometime both were speechless and gasping for breath, and forgot the water in that moment of extreme suffering. Both walked out to the porch unable to utter a word, while the tears rolled down their cheeks in torrents. Presently they got their wind, and Billy with flashing eye, wanted to know where that infernal editor was, as they just wanted to skin him alive. But the editor had wisely gone into his hole and taken his hole in after him, so that he was invisible to the naked eye. After waiting awhile and not being able to catch us, mounted their rig and drove away, leaving behind them a blue streak of profanity hot enough to scorch a feather. We didn't want to see Billy anytime after that, as we knew a terrible punishment was reserved for us.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Harry Shirls—General Cameron's Friendship—Congressional Matters.

Few visitors there are to Pittsburgh who did not or do not know Harry Shirls, so long the popular landlord of the St. Charles Hotel. He was one of the most agreeable of men, and as the manager of a large and well kept house, he had won a high and enviable reputation. We always found him a genial, pleasant gentleman, and he never failed

to make his guests feel that they were at home while beneath his roof.

One hot August night, we, in company with Mr. Frank M. Arnold, of Clarion, was stopping at the St. Charles. Returning from the theatre we went to our room for a night's rest. Everything was comfortable, even to the mosquito bars, and Frank and myself, each in a separate bed, laid our weary bodies down. Soon we heard the buzzing of a mosquito in the room, and though it could not reach us, yet its song did not add a particle to the comfort we sought. Our roommate, angry at the interruption, and knowing that this unwelcome guest wasn't registered for this room, determined to get rid of him. Frank sailed in and after a long hunt found the critter and in the white heat of anger slaughtered him. He then went to bed and we both slept the sleep of the just.

Next morning after breakfast we were standing at the entrance door of the hotel, on Wood street, when Harry came down, and slapping us familiarly on the shoulder, inquired after our health and as to how we had rested. After returning his salutation and putting on a rather offended look, remarked :

"There are some things that we like and some that we don't."

"Why, why, Young, what's the matter? Wasn't your room all right, or have any of the servants failed to give you proper attention?"

"No, sir; something worse than that."

"Well, let me hear it, and I'll mighty soon make matters right."

"Well, Harry, to be candid, I don't like to see what I call partiality shown in a hotel, where all, I think, ought to be on an equality."

Harry was awful fidgety just now.

"To make a long story short, you put Arnold and I in one room with two beds. After we had laid down the song of a mosquito was heard. The music was very weak; Arnold got up and after a long and careful search could only find a single insect. Now, what I want to say is this, that at a time of year when the market is overstocked with this kind of game bird and the price very low, I think it shows a very small desire to accommodate your guests when you can only supply one mosquito for two persons instead of at least one apiece."

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We had in General Simon Cameron a warm, unfaltering friend; and the unsolicited favors that he did were many, and revealed the kindness of his heart. As we have remarked elsewhere, we were a hard worker for our party, but unfortunately we spent more money in its interest than we received. But we looked hopefully forward and thought the day of our reward would surely come. And it did in its most complete sense. Along in 1858-9 we run the name of the General to the mast-head of our paper as its candidate for President in 1860. This was a source of great gratification to the General, and we received a very

kind letter from him, also an invitation to visit him at Lochiel. This we did; and from that time forward he did everything he could in appreciation of our warm support. After the nomination of Lincoln, he was chosen Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and it was during this campaign that he proved that a "friend in need is a friend indeed." In fact, he never forgot a friend—nor an enemy either, for that matter.

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The counties of Clarion, Crawford, Mercer and Venango composed the ——— district, in 18—. The canvasses and conventions in this district every alternate year brought an immense amount of excitement and consequent wire-pulling. Each county came forward with its respective candidate and each was determined to win in the race. From 1851 to 1868 we were an active participant in every Congressional contest, and we found that our education in politics up to that time had been sadly neglected; but having seated ourself at the feet of several modern Gamaliels, soon learned the ins and outs of making representatives. The men who aspired to the distinction of Congressmen were among the best citizens of the four counties, and it did not matter who was elected, the people were always honored in having a worthy man. We recall only the names of the following gentlemen who stood forth to serve their country in the capacity of representatives:

Hon. Amos Myers, of Clarion, a lawyer and son of C. Myers, the well-known furnaceman. Mr. Myers was one of the best stump speakers we ever heard, and would hold an audience at will.

Hon. S. Newton Pettis, an attorney of Meadville, one of the most aggressive politicians and who never gave up the ship in a fair fight. He was an incessant and faithful worker for his party, but his party never rewarded him as his services and sacrifices demanded.

Hon. Darwin A. Finney had the honor to represent his district, and won a high reputation in that position, as he did as an able attorney.

Hon. Henry C. Johnson, though never in Congress, has been honored with important trusts under the Government, the duties of which he faithfully and honorably discharged.

Rev. McAdams, of Mercer, hotly aspiring for Congressional distinction, was never honored with the position. He had many friends, but not enough to win him the race.

Hon. John Patton, of Clearfield, a popular merchant made his way into Congress with scarcely an effort and won for himself a high reputation. He has been elected, we think, three times.

Hon. Hiram Richmond, an able lawyer of Meadville, went to Washington almost without an effort.

Hon. C. W. Gilfillan. It is hardly worth while making mention of

this gentleman here, as we have devoted a large space to his special interest elsewhere.

Hon. C. V. Culver was a compromise candidate. Weeks had been spent in the effort to select a candidate, but the twelve good men and true, representing the four counties, had made up their minds to stick to their candidates, and as a result a nomination could not be made. A committee was appointed by the conference to wait on Mr. Culver and ask him to allow the use of his name. He consented; and soon after the re-assembling of the delegates he was made the nominee of the convention and was elected. Mr. Culver was the owner of half a dozen of "wildcat banks." Soon after his election all the banks "went up," and the charge of fraud, swindling or something else was brought against him and he was cast into prison. He was soon after freed from his bondage. The business world ostracised him, as his wealth had taken unto itself wings and flown away.

In writing "Our Life" we have left much unsaid, especially in Congressional matters. There were always many things done in great political movements that would not bear the reflection of a calcium light; acts that might bear hard on some and be tortured into unpleasant memories and cause the bitterest feelings to manifest themselves. "Silence is golden" under such conditions; and carrying out the idea, "the least said is the soonest mended." On this subject, so far as individual experience goes, "we could a tale unfold" that would interest and at the same time startle the reader; "but this eternal blazon must not be." The secret connected with certain nominations are peculiar and would reveal a state of things strictly in the line of politics that once uncovered, might arouse a feeling of astonishment, while it would degrade some in high places, who had stooped to drag their manhood in the filthy pool. Let our knowledge perish with us.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Leaving Clarion—Our Regret—East Brady Our New Field—Money vs. Brains—The Big Fight On.

And now the time of our departure is at hand!

We had been waging a more persistent and unrelenting war against Mr. Gilfillan. He and his friend stood aloof. It was a knock down argument everytime, and shortly the bruises became so many and so sore, and the prospects of a return to Congress looking darker and darker, it was deemed prudent that something should be done. What that something would prove to be we knew not, but patiently waited for whatever was to happen.

One day about the first of June, 1868, we were waited on by a gentleman from Franklin. He was a friend of Mr. Gilfillan's. We

talked a long time on general matters, when suddenly the question was asked us, what would we take for our entire holding—office, residence, &c.? Our price seemed to strike him favorably, and he told us as soon as we gave him a deed of the property and a transfer of the office, the money would be found on deposit to our credit at the First National Bank. The preparation of these documents was mighty short work, and we were soon in possession of the cash and not of a printing office and house.

For the first time in years we were “without a local habitation and a name,” and it was a long study with us where we would cast our lot in the future. We had offers in various districts, but none of them seemed to come up to our standard. We heard of a paper for sale at Bellefonte and went there to take a view of the situation. The paper was in bad shape financially and besides, all the weeklies were engaged in a terrible personal war. The situation was not inviting and we returned to Clarion.

The town of East Brady, on the Allegheny, opposite Brady's Bend Iron Works, had recently been laid out by Mr. J. M. Cunningham, and seemed to offer the best inducements of any place we knew of, and besides, being in Clarion County, would allow us to continue our war against Gilfillan. There were only about twelve houses in the town at this time, but the prospect was for a rapid increase. The great mill on the opposite side of the river, with a population of 5,000, connected directly and indirectly with the works, was a strong inducement in the way of subscribers, while the great oil field at Parker, just opening up, offered us the best chance for patronage that we could find.

We made a call on Col. W. D. Slack, Superintendent of the iron works, and stated our purpose, but he rather thought the venture would not pay, yet he was willing and promised to do all in his power to help us in the undertaking. We next called on our old friend, Esq. Criswell, stating our object, and he at once agreed to build us a printing office. Thus things worked nicely, and having retained our Clarion list of subscribers, everything looked favorable for success.

We started for Philadelphia and in a few days had nearly all our material bought and shipped; but some things were yet needed, and our friend, the 'Squire, came to the rescue and advanced us all the money needed to make our final purchase. The building was now ready and we got our material in shape to issue the paper. With one man and a boy we started in and it was only a short time until we were ready to issue the paper.

The Clarion Fair was on about this time, and we concluded to run up and see some of our old friends, thinking that we might largely improve our interests. And we did, securing a large list of new names. Here we ran across our friend, Hon. Mr. Gilfillan and Hon. C. W.

Rheems, of Franklin. We were invited to join in a long talk with both gentlemen, and Mr. G. anxiously inquired what we proposed to do, now that we were out of the newspaper business. We told him candidly that we were about starting a paper at East Brady, and its object would be to defeat him for Congress. He laughed heartily, and asserted that his defeat was impossible, as he had too much hard cash to be beaten. We remarked to this as he had plenty of money and we had a small quantity of brains left, we would wager our brains against his cash in the fight and see who would win. He again laughed and told us to crack our whip and go ahead. Here Mr. Rheems spoke up and said that Gilfillan was making the mistake of a lifetime. In his position as a candidate he should try to make all the friends he could instead of enemies; and further, in regard to the paper, said: "It made no difference how large or how small the paper, if no bigger than his hand, if it were properly handled the result might prove disastrous to the candidate." Here Gilfillan propose to make all things even between us, and that not later than Tuesday of the next week, two days before the paper was to appear. We would, by letter, hear from him, and all things be made satisfactory.

On this promise we parted. We hurried forward the work on the paper, leaving nothing undone to have it promptly appear, and meet the popular wish. Well, Tuesday came and not a word from Mr. Gilfillan. It was clear that he had consulted friends and concluded to let us have full swing. We had prepared and in type about three or four columns on the redoubtable candidate. It was red hot and boiling over with invective—no soft words were used—but the bitterest possible at our command—and as a result an intense excitement followed the first issue in all parts of the district. New subscribers came in by the dozen, correspondence rapidly increased, complimentary comments followed and the paper went right up to the top of the ladder. Our first issue was 1,000 copies, with a demand for as many more, and in four weeks our circulation had gone up to 3,500 copies and no prospect of a stop.

It was wonderful, it was glorious, and we worked as no editor and publisher worked before. The voters of Clarion, Crawford, Mercer and Venango patted us on the back, telling us to go ahead and they would stay with us. It was simply immense! We had struck a greenback bonanza and money passed in like a torrent. Advertising increased and at big rates, while our jobbing department required two men to run it successfully. Such a triumph had no parallel in newspaper work outside of the cities, and our prosperity increased.

It looked to us as if Mr. Gilfillan hadn't a single friend in the district, while we were gaining by the hundreds. His course added largely to the influence of the paper. He notified every Republican

paper in the four counties to steer clear of us; that is, not to recognize the existence of the INDEPENDENT, but let its charges go by default, as it were, and by this means he thought they would lose their weight. But in this he was awfully mistaken. For a year we had been pouring the hot shot into his camp, making charges at every chance, none of them very good, and as there came nothing to contradict them, they were accepted as true and counted severely against him. This was a point he failed to see, and it proved his utter political ruin, as will be seen in the conclusion of the whole affair.

CHAPTER XXV.

Parker's Landing—Its History—Dunc Karns—His Great Luck—Exciting Incident.

The Parker's Landing oil field was opened up in the summer of 1868, and the rush to that point was of an immense character. The "Landing," prior to the first strike, had only half a dozen houses, while Lawrenceburg, on the hill, had probably as many more. But it was not long after development began that a city reared itself below the bluff as well as on the hill, and became a very important town. Elegant buildings were erected, fine stores were opened, and Parker City became a place of note. It was the source of great wealth to many; and few, if any, oil towns could boast of greater prosperity. To us it was a source of revenue and we worked it to the best possible advantage. The business men of the town were liberal in advertising, while nearly everybody was a reader of the INDEPENDENT. We received thousands of dollars from this single town, and our columns were a reflex of the place. It was known as "a live town." The merchants were all go-ahead men; the operators stopped at nothing in the way of development. Splendid houses were reared upon the great bluff that overlooked the city, while public improvements were seen on all sides. The new bridge spanning the river proved a great convenience as well as a source of big revenue to the stockholders. This was followed by the narrow gauge railroad, while the great, broad river added largely to the value of the locality. It was in all respects a great town; and prosperity marked it for her own. But it had to meet misfortunes. Three different times it was swept by fire, and the thriving, pushing town was reduced to ashes. Pluck and cash came to the rescue, and after each fire it was not long until every vestige of the loss had disappeared and business went on at the old gait. Since oil has disappeared the old town puts on an air of real business that demonstrates what it was in the past.

Hotels and drinking places were numerous, and houses of ill-repute were everywhere visible. A great deal of drinking was done; drunk-

eness was everywhere, while the mysterious dens that prospered like a green bay tree were making nightly histories that would bring the blush of shame to the sensitive cheek. Ben Hogan, the king of the *demi monde* establishments, had his houses in full blast, and one of his most notorious places was a boat anchored in the middle of the Allegheny river. Some strange scenes were enacted in this latter place, and could its history be written, we fear some dark and terrible tragedy would be revealed. But Ben is now a reformed man, and trying to make amends for the ill-spent years of his life. May he be earnest and be forgiven for the terrible outrages on common decency of which he was guilty. While most of his actions were bad, yet he did many things in charity greatly to his credit.

There was one man connected with the Parker oil development, and we think the first to strike oil, whose history shows better than that of any other man in the hunt of the greasy fluid, how rapidly changes come and either make or break. No man in that or any other field was better known than DUNC KARNs. He had procured a lease with the intention of putting down a well. For this lease he paid \$1,000 bonus and one-quarter of the oil. The lease belonged to Fullerton Parker, Esq., one of the wealthy men of that place, and after whom the Landing was named. In getting his first well down Dunc encountered many difficulties, but his tact and perseverance overcame them all, and though the well was a small producer, yet at the price of oil at that time, \$2.40 per barrel, he was able to clear the handsome sum of \$30,000. Well after well was put down, and success met him at every turn. He took hold of various enterprises, and as a partner of Fullerton Parker, was soon recognized as among the wealthiest men in the oil region. His wealth at this time was estimated at \$2,500,000. But like many another man of enterprise, he got finally beyond his depths and went through the ordeal of bankruptcy. He is now a citizen of the far West.

A very exciting incident happened us about the year 1873, which goes to show the condition of things at the "Landing" and the peculiar feeling that guided some men, and what, under certain provocation, they might unthinkingly do.

There was great rivalry among certain of the business men, and in their advertisements published in the INDEPENDENT, they made some pretty sharp attacks upon one another. Mr. G. D. Prest was a well-known and popular merchant and who advertised largely in our paper. Mr. Wm. Krosscop was a druggist, and very high strung, and, when anything tripped him a little, was in the habit of showing a very bad temper. The two gentlemen had got into a wordy war and the druggist was considerably ahead in the fight. Mr. Prest requested us to write an answer for him, which we did, and it proved to be a very

caustic one. The paper came out and the druggist read it and was moved beyond expression, and swore eternal hatred and bitter revenge against us.

That evening we had to make a business trip to Karns City, and on our return to Parker on our way home, learned that the train was gone, and we would have to wait for the midnight express. It was a long wait—six hours—and we must do something. Meeting several friends we adjourned to a billiard room, where we took seats to watch the games. Along about eleven o'clock a young clerk for Mr. Krosskup entered the room and approaching us said that his employer was in the store and wished to see us for a moment. It struck me at once that there was a speck of trouble awaiting us, and we had only one way to avoid it, which was to refuse going to the drug-store. However, we whispered our fears to our friends, telling them where we were going, the danger that threatened us, and that if we did not return within a few minutes, some of them might drop around and see what might have happened us. When we got to the drug-store we noticed that the lamps were turned down low, and as we went in the young man locked the door and put the key in his pocket. We took a position at one of the show cases, when Mr. Krosskup came forward. He looked greatly excited and we concluded he meant fight or something else.

"I want you to tell me who wrote that article in reference to myself that appears in your paper to-day," was his first greeting.

"That is something, Mr. Krosskup, that I cannot do. We never give away a correspondent."

"Well, you've got to tell me or take the consequences," and he looked like fight.

"And what may the consequences be, Mr. K?"

"You'll d—d soon find out. Now, I want the name of the author, and I can tell you that you shan't leave this store till you give it to me."

"That is rather a serious threat; and as there is two of you against one, I can easily guess your purpose. As I have no means to defend myself with, all the odds against me, the chances are not very much in my favor."

"Not very much," said Krosskup sententiously, "and I mean what I say. The article is a most rascally one and makes me appear contemptible among my friends. The writer's name I must have or you will pay the penalty of refusal."

We smiled at our opponent and told him that as matters stood, we supposed that self-defense would be our only reliance; but under the present state of affairs the chances were all against us. We suggested, in order to equalize things, he should send his assistant out of the room, lock him out, and we would try the fortunes of war with him

single handed. He refused this offer and we noted that something was going to be done and that right soon. We knew that alone we could not prevent ourself from being badly abused, and both of our opponents were good in a knock-down argument. Just at this moment our friends came to the door and looking into the gloom, called us. We answered, when they demanded that the door be opened and we permitted to depart. Both Krosscup and his assistant refused to comply, when the outside parties began to kick vigorously at the door and swearing that if it were not opened and the editor allowed to depart, they would break it down. After a little further hesitation, Krosscup told his young man to open the door and let us out. This he did very reluctantly, and as we moved to the door and stepped on the threshold, the young man drew back and struck us a fearful blow behind the right ear with a set of knucklers, which sent us staggering on the pavement and we fell prone in the gutter. The door was closed and locked and our friends picked us up and carried us into a hotel, for we were senseless and bleeding very freely. We soon recovered and our friends were anxious for us to give them the word and they would storm the drug-store and whip both its occupants, besides doing other damage; but we objected and they turned their attention to getting us straightened up.

Mr. Krosscup was not aware of the fact, but his action and that of his clerk, was a penitentiary offense. He had thus by "false imprisonment" and by the terrible assault upon our person committed an outrage which brought a severe penalty. Next day we went to Kittanning, and calling upon the District Attorney, made our charge and it was not long after until both the parties were arrested and placed under bonds. They were in a very tight place; and now that they had got into it, they were as anxious to get out. Krosscup had many warm friends and influential friends and on these he called to get him free from his dilemma. A committee of these gentlemen waited on us to know if something could not be done and the charge withdrawn. We mentioned the probable penalty, and stated that in view of the outrage it would cost the party just so many dollars to have the charge withdrawn. To him the payment of so much money was almost as bad as would be a sentence to prison.

Our proposition was duly given and reported to the distinguished gentleman at Parker, who, after due consideration, came down with the cash, and was free once more. Our readers can rest assured that he never tried the lock up game again.

It was a plain case to us that had we not been rescued by our friends that night we would have been most terribly abused, perhaps injured for life. The anger of Mr. K. shows the bitterness of his nature, and it also shows a lack of judgment. He could easily have answered the

charges, and as he wielded an ugly pen when his temper was aroused, could have given even worse than he received. The treachery of his assistant was a marked feature in the trouble, and if he had been given free swing, would not have hesitated to trim us, as shown by the ready use of the knucklers.

* * * * *

Having been for some time located in East Brady and having made an army of friends, wife and myself concluded to celebrate our silver wedding on the evening of December 3, 1869. At this time we had a couple of rooms in Pat Welsh's Hotel, and there was also a very wide hall on the second floor, where our rooms were located. This amount of space for a large gathering did not seem very inviting, but we concluded that our guests would kindly adapt themselves to circumstances, and all would enjoy the evening as well as if their reception had been in a palace. Invitations were sent out to friends in the valley and elsewhere, and when eight o'clock had arrived every inch of available space was occupied. All who came did so with the intention of making the evening as delightful as possible, and certainly none failed in this particular.

About ten o'clock the supper was served and had been got up regardless of expense, and the result was that all were delighted with the entertainment, and at a late hour wended their ways home, believing that "it was well to be there." We took a hasty glance at the elegant presents which our friends had brought, and to say that we were pleased with the display, would hardly express our admiration. Everything was of the choicest and happily there were no two pieces alike. Among our guests were Col. W. D. Slack and wife, Jos. Winslow and wife, Drs. Wallace and their wives and a host of others whose names we have forgotten. It was a delightful recognition, and its memory is as fresh and green as on that well remembered evening.

* * * * *

We will close this chapter with an incident of a somewhat romantic character, that goes to show how far kindness and sympathy may save a life from utter wreck:

One night we were the guest of some friends at supper at the Central Hotel, Allegheny. It was a very cold night, the snow falling slowly and the wind blowing somewhat stiffly.

About nine o'clock we took leave of our friends and started for Pittsburgh by way of the Hand Street bridge. Just as we reached the last pier of the bridge on the Pittsburgh side, our attention was attracted by the loud howling of a dog. For a moment we were at a loss to locate the place from whence the sound proceeded. Looking down to the flowing ice on the river we noticed a large black dog on a cake of ice in the eddy of the pier. The ice cake was whirling round at a

rapid rate, and held in the eddy by the surrounding ice and swift flowing water on either side.

We naturally felt a sympathy for the poor brute and thought we might get some one to go out in a skiff and take him off. Going to the toll house we made inquiry in regard to the owner of a number of skiffs laying along the shore, but found that the parties who owned them could not be found.

We returned to the pier to watch the dog on his platform of ice. Presently a huge cake came rushing along, a portion of which forced itself among the ice in the eddy and a moment after the cake and dog were going down stream at a rapid rate, and in the gloom we soon lost sight of the animal. Of course we never learned the fate of the poor dog.

The cold wind having chilled us, we concluded to strike for warmer quarters. We had been standing just opposite a window through which the gas light streamed very freely, and as we turned to go, were greatly astonished to see a very young and pretty girl standing within a couple of feet of us. As she looked us full in the face, she spoke:

"Good evening."

"Good evening," was our response. Then there was silence for a moment, when we asked her if there was anything she wanted.

Then she told her story.

She said her home was at Latrobe, and she was an only daughter. She had a good home and kind parents, who loved her with the deepest affection. Like many another girl she loved a young man in opposition to her parent's wishes and they had forbidden him the home. This aggravated the young woman and in her desperation resolved to leave home and find one elsewhere. She came to Pittsburgh and tried to find a place where she could earn a living, she having but little money when she reached the city.

Her efforts in this direction utterly failed and on this evening she had been told at her boarding house that as she was unable to pay, she must find another place. This, to her, was a terrible blow, as she feared to return home, and even if she desired to do so, she had no means to pay her fare.

Under these circumstances she concluded to hide her misery in the waters of the Allegheny and had come upon the bridge to take a leap into eternity. We were horrified at the poor girl's story, and reasoned for a long time upon the enormity of the terrible crime she contemplated committing. She agreed with us, but the fear of going home and meeting her parents after her escapade, was something she could not assent to.

After a long talk we finally got her consent to go home and be reconciled to her parents, who would be only too glad to have her return.

We went with her to the depot, bought her a ticket and waited to see her safely off. In the course of a week we received a letter from her father thanking us for what we had done and remitting the amount of fare we had paid for her.

Her parents and herself were inexpressibly happy, and we have no doubt a reconciliation between the parents and the young man was effected and a joyful union of two hearts was the result.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Big Business—New Home—As a Fireman—A Pleasant Presentation—The 'Squire Surprised.

Our business at East Brady had assumed very large proportions along about 1871-2. Our old friends at Clarion did not forget us. We received a large amount of legal advertising and other business from that town, which helped us greatly, so that with us there was "no such word as fail." We were running about six hands steadily, and they had all that they could do. Our building, which was only one story high, was now too small for us, and a second story was added. Then we bought and paid for a large and splendid power press, which, with additional type and other improvements, ran into a big pile of cash.

During the month of May, 1871, we concluded to build ourself a new home. We did not make much calculation on the probable cost, our only object being to erect a large and handsome house, such as we could enjoy and pay for without cramping our business. Now, this building was in some respects an extraordinary one. It was built with all modern improvements, and was ready for occupancy in the following month of October. To give our readers an idea of how fast and how much money we were earning and receiving, will state that when we began work on the house in May, we had just \$75 in cash ahead, which was in the hands of our wife. We got the builder and lumber dealer together at our residence, showed them the plans and explained what we wanted done. The lumber was ordered and the \$75 paid to Mr. White, the lumberman. Next morning teams began to haul the material on the ground, and the carpenter and his force went to work. About the middle of October we moved into the building, and though its cost was about \$5,000, we did not owe one cent on it—all paid to the last penny. This money, with enough to run the office, was earned and received within a period of about five months, and we are certainly safe in saying that no other country newspaper in the State ever met with such prosperity. Certainly none to our knowledge.

The reader will readily see whence came all this means. Our paper had been enlarged to a 40-column sheet, and it was crowded with the very best paying advertisements. We had a clear field at Parker,

Brady's Bend, Kittanning and many other places, and our business at all these points was exceedingly large and profitable. and every day was a harvest. Money came in from all sides, and sometimes we hardly knew what to do with the surplus.

One night the roof of the foundry connected with the mill took fire, and it looked for a time as if the destruction would be general. Nobody seemed to know how to act in the emergency and every moment the danger became more imminent. At this moment we mounted a ladder, called for a blanket, and ordered water to be brought and handed to us on the roof, where we had gone. It was a hot berth, but the water came fast and we poured it on the flames as rapidly, now and then having a bucketfull poured over us. In a short time we had control of the flames, and it was not long until the last spark was out. Then we came down, cold and wet and hurried home for a change of clothes. No bad result followed the drenching. Next morning we were requested to go over to the mill, which we did. Here we met two or three members of the firm from New York, who thanked us for our efforts in saving their property; and while we were busy deprecating the compliments, Colonel Slack, the Manager, handed us a check for \$100 as a further recognition of our services. This was more than we expected or really deserved, for what we had done, but we accepted the gift with thanks.

In looking back over the departed years at the Bend, we felt that there was something we had forgotten. 'Squire Criswell had favored us highly in the start, and though we had paid him dollar for dollar of our borrowings and the rent for the property, yet we thought we ought to do something more that would leave a pleasant memory and show that we had not forgotten the kindness extended to us when we so much needed help. So we settled on a plan that we knew would delight our old friend and give him to understand that we were not unworthy of his kindness.

We consulted with our wife and arranged a plan of action that would embrace something of a dramatic feature, with a mixture of pure unalloyed friendship. We arranged for a social gathering at the house, inviting the 'Squire and wife, Rev. Holliday and wife and several other friends. Our wife had prepared a splendid supper, which to a looker-on was apparently the only object of the social gathering. It was arranged that about thirty minutes before supper would be served, she was to "tip us the wink," so to speak, and then a short parlor entertainment would begin. At the proper time the signal was given, and rising to our feet, took a position at the end of the piano near the fire. The top of the instrument had been thrown back, though there was no one present to play. Silence fell upon the company, each one expecting something was going to happen out of the

ordinary, yet not one, save myself and wife, knew what it was. Looking at the 'Squire, we began an address, the import of which he quickly understood, as we referred to the transactions between us at the outset of our career in East Brady. After speaking for several minutes, giving briefly a history of certain events, we closed by saying:

"And, now, 'Squire, as the years begin to bear heavily, and while you do not need financial support to carry you along, yet your physical failings demand something stronger than this to bear you up as you walk along. Looking at you from this standpoint, I have concluded to offer you this beautiful and substantial gold headed ebony cane, and trust that its support may add to your years and strength, and that you may live long to enjoy its supporting power."

By this time the tears were coursing down the old gentleman's cheeks and he was too full for utterance; and all he could say, as he turned to Rev. Holliday, was:

"Mr. Holliday, please receive that cane for me."

The reverend gentleman did so in a neat and touching address and the pleasant ceremony was ended. Supper was now announced, and as we seated ourselves around the table, we think the happiest man we ever saw was our friend, the good old 'Squire, though his power of speech had hardly returned. As long as the 'Squire lived he kept the event of that evening green, and many times referred to it as the pleasantest period of his long and varied life. He was a good man, a warm friend and never wearied in doing a kind act or helping a needy friend.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The War on Gilfillan—Defeat Probable—All Sides at Work.

The war on Gilfillan continued. Every number of the INDEPENDENT was crowded with our editorials reflecting upon him in the severest terms, while columns came from interested correspondents all over the district. Public feeling ran high and it looked as if Mr. Gilfillan was a doomed man. His opponent, Samuel Griffith, Esq., a member of the Mercer bar, was working with all his power, and as he was recognized as a first-class man and worthy of popular support, he made rapid headway in this important contest. Of course, the INDEPENDENT was at his back, and doing yeoman's service in his interest. It was evident that he grew stronger every day in public estimation, while his opponent was as rapidly losing whatever strength he may have had in the outstart of the fight. Mr. Griffith had long been recognized as one of the leaders at the bar of his county and had a high reputation in his practice. As a citizen he stood high and against his character no word of condemnation had ever been uttered. In a word, he

possessed all the requisites for the duties of a representative and the people of the district felt that in him they would have a man worthy of their confidence, and far above all chicanery and trickery, which is often a marked feature in men seeking for positions of honor and trust.

We had fought a hard battle. Had Mr. Gilfillan possessed the right spirit, had he been above the groveling designs which often characterize such men in the pursuit of office, and backed by his wealth, our hopes of securing his defeat at the polls would not have been very bright; but he had made a poor record at Washington and his ability as a speaker being of a rather mediocre cast, and to this add the fact that he had forgotten or rather ignored the services of his real friends, left him but a poor foundation on which to build his hopes of re-election.

He was not idle by any means. All the Republican papers in the district were "piling on the agony" in his favor. Meetings were held in every county, and speakers everywhere pleading his cause with the people. His money was spent freely, and it is asserted that to secure a victory he actually spent the enormous sum of \$35,000. This looks like a large sum, in securing an office worth only \$5,000 or \$6,000 a year. But in the great emergency before him money was no object, except so far as it advanced his interests and helped to secure him a victory.

Had he been true to his friends and fulfilled the promises made in advance of his first canvass, one-fourth or even less, would have sufficed to carry him through and give him a decisive victory. But unfortunately for his ambition he was not built that way, and under existing circumstances a million of dollars would not have given him the seat to which he again aspired. He had begun to realize the difference between brains and money. Our acceptance of his proposition to win with the power of money whilst we would try the persuasive power of brains, was being fairly tested, and it began to look as if his freely scattered wealth was taken as dross, whilst our array of facts and arguments, uncontradicted by his supporters, either on the stump or through the pages of the journals that supported him, was the golden shower that was destined to cover him with ignominious defeat.

It seemed a sorry fate for one who aspired so high, and who had already tasted of the blandishments of a Congressional life. It was falling from a very high precipice and being dashed to pieces. It was a position filled with honor for one who aimed so high, but the fates had him in their grasp and unless some good genii would come to the rescue, and lift him gently down from his dizzy height, nothing remained but utter and overwhelming immolation. The picture was a gloomy one, and though we sought its consummation with all our heart, yet there was a stream of regret that we could not resist and

felt real sorrow thus to aid in blasting forever his life-long aspirations and drive him out among the lost and forgotten aspirants for political honors.

And now we must begin to wind up this veritable history so far as the Republican candidate for Congress has anything to do with it. But a short time was lacking until the result of the contest would be known. We had labored diligently to defeat this one man, and all our efforts were centered on that result. If we failed, the defeat to us would be overwhelming, while the person against whom we had fought so long and vigorously, would glory in his triumph as few men rejoice. He was marshalling his forces everywhere; but while he counted his strength by the hundreds he was very sadly deceived by the very men in whom he placed the utmost confidence. Hundreds of warm Republicans, who had never before voted anything but the straight ticket, had made up their minds for once to change their party vote and give Mercer county a lift for Congress.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

James S. McCray—His Big Jump—Beats the Speculators.

We had a warm friend in Mr. James S. McCray, the well-known oil pioneer of Petroleum Center, whose income for one year averaged \$5 a minute. It brought him up from a farmer's life to that of a millionaire. And with all his wealth he never rose in feeling above the position in which he had been raised. His money was spent or given with a lavish hand, and had not his wife secured several hundred thousands of money to lay away against a "rainy day" there is no doubt he would have died poor. We frequently visited him at his home, and when he came down to his big coal works, above Catfish, he would invariably call on us and enjoy dinner or supper, as the case might be. One evening after supper we went with him to the train to see him off. On our way we noticed a number of young men jumping from the end of a board walk, and no sooner did "Jim" catch on than he pulled off his coat, and giving it to us, said in a loud voice:

"Clear the way, boys, and I'll show you how to jump."

Starting back about twenty feet he ran forward rapidly and as he reached the end of the walk and about to make a spring his toe caught in a projecting nail, causing him to turn and make one of the solidest somersaults ever witnessed, landing him square on his back. He slowly got up, with fire in his eye, and looking savagely at the crowd, swore he "could lick daylight out of the man who had tripped him." It was quite a task to convince him of the real cause of his fall, but being satisfied we got him started homeward in good shape.

There is an incident of a rather laughable character in which McCray played the hero, and showed that no matter whether drunk or sober, he was too smart to be beaten in a set up game. A number of men had secured quite an amount of imaginary oil territory which they were anxious to sell and fixed their price at \$100,000, and arranged to meet McCray at Parker City and consummate the deal. "Jim" got an expert to look the land over and report to him what its possible value might be. This done it satisfied him that the land had no real value so far as oil went. He came down to East Brady and asked us to accompany him to Parker and watch the result of the meeting. When we reached the hotel the speculators were on hand and the first thing they did was to order up drinks for the crowd. This operation was repeated until each man had "set 'em up," and "Jim" was in a very genial mood. Nothing up to this time had been said in regard to the proposed purchase, but when it was seen that "Jim" was pretty full the moment had arrived to strike home.

The spokesman of the party, putting on his blandest air, and drawing from his pockets all the documents necessary in the deal, remarked in very persuasive tones :

"Now, Mac, we are anxious to close this matter up. The papers are all ready for signature and only a few moments are required to settle the transaction."

Jim, feeling pretty good and fully comprehending the situation, and as he laughed in his peculiarly quaint way and dislodged a quid of tobacco from his jaw, leaned back in his chair and coolly remarked :

"Well, gentlemen, there is one rule that I always observe, and that is, I never make any contracts when I am drinking."

"Had a bolt from Heaven descended it could not have caused a greater sensation among them. But after the shock had passed the spokesman said :

"Well, but Mac, this is a square deal, and you gave us your promise in the matter."

"That's all right, men ; but you may consider the deal off, and we are just where we started. That settles it."

The disgusted, disappointed crowd left and Jim took one of his heartiest laughs over their discomfiture. This act on his part showed that though uneducated he was blessed with good, solid sense, which in cases like this kept him out of bad bargains and defeated the trickery that sought to rob him of his money.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Our Great Success—What We Had Added to a Small Capital in a Few Years.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood,

leads on to fortune." Shakespeare wrote a great truth when he penned these words. But how many there are who have failed to mount the tide and having made a good thing of their chances, foolishly take risks that robs them of the accumulation of years.

The INDEPENDENT proved a complete success at every step. There was no failure in it at any point, and had we been careful to keep strictly within its lines, we would have been much better off than we found ourself to be after listening to the syren song of some people who wanted to make gain at somebody else's expense.

Oil developments at Fairview, Petrolia and other points were growing larger every day, and these localities were looking forward to a brilliant future. Certain operators at Fairview conceived the idea of having a newspaper published at that point, and approaching us made overtures to that end. After some consideration we finally agreed to comply with their request, and began at once the publication of a very neat sheet. But from the very start it was a losing investment, and after running it a year found we were largely out of pocket.

The experiment having proved a losing one, we turned our attention wholly to the publication of the INDEPENDENT, which had secured a solid footing and was always a paying investment. Our business had attained very large proportions, and with the addition of the big power press and the enlargement of the building, we were able to branch out still farther in securing patronage from all points. The well-known writer, Mr. R. W. Criswell, had been assistant editor for some time, and his spicy writings had added greatly to the reputation of the paper in all respects—literary, local and general—for it was not a political sheet, except so far as the fight on Gilfillan was concerned.

The success of the paper from the moment its first number appeared was something phenomenal, and old newspaper men were astounded, hardly realizing the fact that a paper could be started in a town containing less than one hundred inhabitants and build up to such a height of prosperity. But there were good and substantial reasons for this success. First, we had long years of experience that enabled us to plan our business to the best possible advantage; second, we had a list of 1,000 names to begin with, which proved a great help in the emergency; and last, the great mill across the river, with its army of employees, came to the rescue with an immense list, while the increase throughout the district in consequence of the Gilfillan fight, was very large. To this we may add the Parker City field, which was a heavy paying one. Hence, all these, with many other causes, gave us the solid foothold that guaranteed our prosperous condition.

In the short period that we had been conducting the paper our accumulation of property was quite large. When we made our first purchase of material for the paper our total cash capital only amounted to

\$700—far from being enough to purchase everything needed in a first-class newspaper office—but with the aid of our good old friend, 'Squire Criswell, we were able to bridge over the trouble and procure everything we needed. We were in possession of an elegant home that had cost about \$5,000, to which must be added the furnishing, which was no small item. Then we had a splendid press, that when ready for use, cost us \$2,500, and with printing material costing as much more, it will be seen that our earnings were very large and that prosperity had marked us for her own—for the time being.

CHAPTER XXX.

How the Pickpockets Got Away With Us and the Failure to Improve on the Lesson.

As this volume is intended to give a *resume* of the events of our life, we shall here and there interpolate an adventure or an incident in which we were an active participant, thus in addition to the performance of the duties attached to our business, give a view of the many events, strange, startling or amazing that befel us in our journey, on the pathway of life.

The pickpocket is no slouch, in fact he is never idle; and if he is not actually engaged at work relieving the pockets of the unwary victim, he is laying his plans to do so. It requires a smart man to follow the "trade," and not only to secure his coveted prize but to escape detection, he must constantly exercise the greatest caution, while his actions are rapid and rare. During the years gone by, while we were engaged at times in traveling from city to city, we obtained a large amount of experience which we are certain never to forget. Our first experience, for we had several of them, was of a rather romantic character and gave us a pretty thorough view of how those scoundrels ply their vocation and how the victim often contributes to his own loss.

Once on a time, as the story tellers say, we had some business in Washington City, and the guest of our then member of Congress, Hon. Amos Myers. Having got through with the object of our visit, we started about 6 P. M. for the depot to take the train for Philadelphia. Mr. Myers accompanied us and after waiting beyond the time that the train was due, we heard that an accident had made it late, at least one hour, and as our friend was on an important committee, which was to meet that night, he was compelled to excuse himself and leave us alone to wait.

At this time the station was completely deserted and we had a rather lonely time promenading back and forth to keep from thinking long. We noticed a very nice young man enter the station. He was dressed in the height of fashion and as he twisted his dainty cane

and his diamonds flashed beautifully in the lamplight, one would have thought him a full-fledged millionaire. At this moment our eye caught a glaring notice pasted on the wall. "Beware of pick-pockets." Another glance at the young man satisfied us that he was one of that dangerous tribe, and it would behoove us to keep on the safe side—that is as far from him as possible.

We had considerable money in our pocket with which we intended to buy a new printing press before going home, and the thought of this and a valuable watch at once made us feel rather nervous. The young man promenaded rapidly back and fourth and we noticed that his eyes were fixed on our heavy watch chain, presuming that there was something still more valuable at the end of it; we noticed also that he was gradually getting nearer to us, and the thought of grabbing our watch chain next took possession of us. By this time we were about as much excited at the prospective danger as we supposed the imaginary thief was at the chance of accomplishing his purpose.

We could contain ourself no longer, and as the person got within a couple of feet of us, we warned him that we knew him and his purpose, and that if he did not instantly leave we would call an officer. Our remark did not flurry him a bit, but giving us a scornful look, quickly left. We had gained a victory and breathed freer, feeling correspondingly happy. Soon after the train ran into the depot for Philadelphia and the next minute we were comfortably seated. Just as the train was starting we noticed four nice looking young men enter the car, and going midway threw a seat back and the quartette sat down, two and two facing each other. We did not pay any particular attention to them, but as we afterwards discovered they seemed to take a deep interest in us. Those facing us kept looking in our direction, while the two with their backs to us, often turned to take a critical view of our person.

This condition of things continued until we had reached the depot at Philadelphia. It was then about three o'clock in the morning, and we hurried from the car, got onto the depot platform and looked for a street car. We caught sight of one and got in. A moment after it started for Chestnut street and we expected in a short time to be comfortably fixed at our hotel. The car had not gone a square when it met some kind of an obstruction which threw it from the track. Of course the passengers got off to lighten it and the horses were hitched to the other end to pull it on. Once on the track the car run nearly back to its starting point before it could be stopped. Then the passengers rushed to get their seats, but as bad luck would have it, we were the last to reach it.

Just as we placed a foot on the first step and caught the railing on

either side, we discovered a man on the second step, and bent nearly double, preventing us from getting any further. Angry at the detention, we sharply asked him to get out of the way, but for a moment longer he held us and it was just at that moment we felt a hand at our left pant's pocket, a pull at our watch chain and breast pin, and some one behind us called out:

"Come on, boys!"

Then we were free to enter and going in sat down, somewhat excited, but giving no thought of anything that might have occurred. A gentleman sitting opposite remarked that our breast pin was loose and hanging by a small chain connecting it with a smaller pin, and not only that, but our watch chain had also disappeared, and on reaching down into our pant's pocket, were disagreeably astounded to find that our pocket book containing \$525 had also disappeared. In a word, we had been cleaned out, not enough left to buy a cigar.

And why was all this? Simply because at the Washington depot we had shown that we had some valuables about our person, by warning the pickpocket to leave, which he did and going out had got his pals together and arranged to follow and rob us, which was done in the most scientific manner possible to the craft. They had acted on our hint and were rewarded by taking it. We might right here append this moral: When traveling, if you have money, don't give away the secret, otherwise put your valuables where the light fingered gentry can't reach them.

The above is one of many incidents that happened us, and though our loss was considerable, it did not teach us the moral which we have just given, for at the time of Grant's second nomination in Philadelphia, we were again robbed and on a street car, too; but that story we shall pass.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Last Wag of the Hammer — A Special Meeting — Our Argument Tells the Story — The Gilfillan Finale.

As election day drew near, public meetings became more numerous. Speakers were brought in all the way from Philadelphia, and strong arguments were used to win back the wavering and uncertain voters to the Gilfillan fold and to renew their allegiance. But these strongly-appealed-to voters, while they attended the meetings, swallowed the arguments, and submitted to the "button-holing process," but nevertheless it was fixed in their minds the way they would cast their vote when the time came around.

But it looked to all who took an interest in the contest as if the handwriting of doom was already upon the wall and no seer or prophet could possibly efface it. As the time drew near when the important

decision would be reached we became greatly excited. While we felt sure of winning the great game which we had played for so long, yet there was a possible doubt that found a place and rendered us somewhat uncertain as to results.

The final winding up of the historic contest had nearly come. It was the night before the election. A mass meeting had been called at Redbank Furnace, at the mouth of Redbank Creek, and of course a big crowd would be there. Mr. Gilfillan was on hand; he had a speaker with him from Philadelphia, and Mr. Jim Hahn, well known throughout the county as a pretty hard case. We concluded to go down and see the show. It would be the only chance to get a glimpse at our good friend, Brother Gilfillan, and perhaps enjoy hearing him in one of his eloquent flights from the stump.

As soon as we got off the train at Redbank the crowd gathered quickly around and insisted that we make a speech then and there. We refused accepting the kind invitation, on the ground that this was Mr. Gilfillan's funeral and we had nothing to do with it. The meeting was duly organized and the speech-making went on in good style; but we noticed that there was a great lack of enthusiasm on the part of the audience, which did not bode much good for Mr. Gilfillan.

Not having a very large interest in the meeting, we took a seat in the parlor of Billy Connor's hotel, where we chatted the evening away with some of our old friends. About 9 o'clock we were approached by Mr. Jim Hahn, one of the leading lights of the evening's entertainment."

"Colonel," he began, in his soft, melodious voice, "you and I are old friends, we have been on many a speech-making tour together and spent many a jolly hour. Now, in view of our past friendship, I have only one favor to ask of you and hope you will not refuse it. To-morrow will be the election, and we all feel a deep interest in the success of Mr. Gilfillan. You have fought him vigorously, and of course in doing so you have had what we might call complete revenge. Now, nothing more can be said to help or hurt him. In that view of the case, I have come at the request of Mr. Gilfillan to ask you if you will not vote for him to-morrow?"

"I am sorry to give an negative answer, Jim, to your request. I have fought to defeat him and think my object is accomplished. To-morrow will see him a badly whipped man; and I will not give the lie to all my assertions against him by voting in his favor."

"It will certainly be to your credit if you vote for him, as he will certainly be elected and by his old majority. In that event he promises to make good all differences between you and him, and prove your real friend," said Hahn.

"Jim, let me tell you something. Let me open your eyes wider than

you ever opened them, and let me impress on your heart and memory a great fact which will be realized to-morrow, and which, while you live, you will not forget."

"Colonel, ain't you mistaken," asked Jim.

"If I thought it were possible I would agree to vote for Mr. Gilfillan, but I am going to show you that his defeat is a foregone conclusion and nothing on earth can prevent it."

By this time quite a crowd had come in and became deeply interested in the conversation.

"Now, Jim, let me prove to you by the most incontestable evidence that defeat awaits Mr. Gilfillan, and you will agree with me that I have not rung the changes on this matter for nothing.

Having stated this we took from our overcoat pocket a roll of paper, which when opened and stretched on the floor, would probably have measured 12 or 15 feet. It contained the names of nearly all the Republican voters in the county who, on the face of the paper pledged themselves to work against and vote against Mr. Gilfillan for Congress. The list started off with such names as Col. Thos. McCullough, Col. J. Patton Lyon, Jacob Black and a host of others.

"There, Jim, my friend, what think you of that? Take away a majority of the Republican vote from Mr. Gilfillan and tell me, then, what is his chance of being elected? Not a man named on that list will vote for him. And while this represents the Republican vote in Clarion county, the same feeling of opposition prevails all over the district. He will find the tables completely turned, with no hope whatever left him. He is already whipped."

Hahn was overwhelmed, dumbfounded and utterly wiped out. He said never another word, but started off to find his chief and "report progress." What passed between these two men we never knew, but one thing happened—the meeting soon "closed down for repairs" and the crowd disappeared in the gloom of the night. Mr. Gilfillan had something over which to ponder, and we feel sure his reflections were not of the most pleasing kind.

We went home on the midnight train. Next day the *INDEPENDENT* was ready to issue, save that we must wait for the election returns. So sure were we of having the victory on our side, that we prepared a long editorial on Gilfillan's defeat. At the bottom of the article we had the picture of a hog running at full speed, with a monkey on its back, over which in italic, were the ominous words. "*Exit Gilfillan!*"

We had arranged with a leading politician of Clarion to telegraph us returns on election night, so that we might in the morning bright and early go to press and send forth the cry of VICTORY!

Somewhere about midnight the news began to come in and the figures completely upset us. When Mr. Gilfillan made his first run

for Congress, he was elected by nearly 1,800 votes of a majority, now, sad to say, after a long and costly campaign he found himself defeated by about 766. What a terrible change? What an awful, crushing blow? What an awful overwhelming condemnation! Yes; he was beaten, fearfully beaten, and the great fact was made still plainer, that brains any day, if used properly, are more valuable, more convincing and counted heavier than gold or silver.

We had won! We had punished the man for the wrong he had committed against us; and he, who for the matter of a few dollars refused to do us justice when a few dollars were involved, was now lying whipped at our feet, the victim of misplaced confidence, with a shortage of a large amount of cash and all his political fences completely broken down.

This was one of the proudest days of our life. Our boast had not proved an idle one, but instead, a clear judgment as to the comparative value of money and brains.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Changes—Threatenings—Brady's Bend to Go—Parker City Weakens—A Great Misfortune—Sick—A Bad Ending to a Good Beginning.

Changes come and changes go; and when you get in the swim, you are compelled to float with the tide. We do not suppose a town was ever started under more favorable auspices than East Brady. It was beautifully located and offered many inducements to men of all classes, and in a short time after the first sale of lots, about 1866, everything went forward at a lively rate. Our office had been built on an entirely vacant square, but in a few months a solid block of good buildings, stores, hotels, residences, two drug stores, &c., covered the ground. The sure evidence of improvement was visible wherever you went, and the town well and compactly built, with a large and rapidly increasing population, presented itself to the eye, and its existence in so short a time seemed like a dream. People came in from all directions. Workers in the mill across the river found it a better location than the Bend for a home; many men engaged in the oil business settled there; merchants and manufacturers came in and opened up and the town was soon the very centre of industry.

Its growth, however, proved too rapid for its stability. For years everybody was at the very height of prosperity. Money was as free as the air and every man had plenty to do. Improvement continued with no sign of abatement, and the people never dreamed of a change. Surrounding it was every element of trade, to add to and increase its prosperity; the great mill was scattering wealth by the thousands; the rich oil fields swelled the aggregate, while the productive farming

country on both sides of the river lent its aid to increase the rush of business.

But a dark and heavy cloud was overhanging the prosperous town. In the hurry of trade it was not noticed. It seemed only the cloud that precedes the summer storm, and soon clearing away leaves the sky bright and beautiful.

Brady's Bend might almost be called a city. Go up through the long valley as far as Queenstown and nothing but blocks of buildings met the eye, and thousands of a population were constantly coming and going. These were all wage earners and as fast as they were paid, the money left their hands and helped swell the volume of trade on all sides.

About this time it was rumored that trouble was brewing among the stockholders of the mill. Some were in favor of increasing the works and adding to its various branches, while others were determined to close it down and cease operations forever. This threat sent terror to the hearts of thousands. On the one side were the hundreds of workmen whose daily bread come from their labor and on them were hundreds of families depending. The country around the mill was largely dependent on it for the sale of its products. East Brady, with a large population, a thriving prosperous town, was vastly dependent on the works, and should operations cease, all the interests of the town would suffer and its heretofore prosperity receive a death blow.

But the fearful blow came, and a silence like death shadowed the valley and sent a thrill of deepest sorrow to every heart. The silence of the mill meant the withdrawal of thousands of dollars every month from circulation and bore upon its face bankruptcy, for many who had long prospered and had never dreamed of the mighty change that was to wreck all their hopes of the future.

Then, there was Parker City, that for years had poured its wealth into the lap of East Brady and helped to swell the tide of prosperity. That town had been devastated by fire several times and the prosperity of its people seriously affected. To this might be added the fact that the oil interest was growing weaker and it looked as if the wealth, the prosperity, the great rush and push of the past of this model oil town, and its surroundings were to be swallowed up in the great maelstrom of ruin. All classes felt the shock. The rich men fell before the storm, and the man "who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow," felt the blow too.

The great crash had come! The financial storm was at its height.

We were among the first to feel the blow. To us it was a terrible one, from which there was no escape. We had thousands of dollars due us, but from the outbreak there was no hope that we would ever realize a dollar. We had involved ourself to help a friend, and

this obligation rested wholly on us and it threatened our annihilation. Business fell away rapidly, and it was not long until we saw that with the loss of trade, the failure to collect and the responsibility under which we were placed would effectually crush us.

We were taken sick about this time, and for months we lingered on the confines of the "great unknown," not knowing from day to day whether we would ever get on our feet. But we got well, able to attend to business; but, alas! there was no business for us to do. The long months of sickness and our inability to attend to the requirements of our office plainly showed that our day of prosperity had gone by, and like many others, "left us out in the cold." With the shutting down of the mill business received a terrible shock from which it never recovered. To this we may add the fact that there were hundreds of men thrown out of employment who did not have one cent for the support of their families. This caused quite a drain on those who had something left from the general wreck. The people had to be supported, or given means to reach some other point, where work could be obtained. Some went, many lingered. and to look upon the people and their changed conditions was not a very desirable picture. It was not long until the demolition of the mill property began and to-day the ground is as clear of buildings as when the first improvement began. It was a great loss to the people and left the once-prosperous Bend in a very sad condition. It was a loss that could not be remedied, and the changes everywhere were marked. The glory of the Bend had departed and its prosperity in the past was a thing only to be remembered.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Mysterious Call from Franklin—Its Queer Solution.

It is a long time since we heard anything from our old-time friend, Hon. C. W. Gilfillan. Indeed, we do not know but what he would have escaped wholly from our memory had it not been for a mysterious call that aroused us from our Rip Van Winkle sleep on the subject, and started a good many strange guesses in our mind. It was not a supposable case with us, that after what had passed he would ever want to see us or hear from us. The sympathetic chord had been broken, and we had no hope that it would ever be reunited. We had no wish that it should be; for after the unjust treatment we had received from him and the return compliments on our part, it was not among the things possible that a reconcilliation would be sought, or if it were, that it could be effected. So far as we were concerned it was not our purpose to seek for and establish a mutual admiration society.

Among the letters that we received one day about two years after

Mr. Gilfillan had taken an unexpected dip in the soup, was one from a well-known gentleman in Franklin, who, in few words, and without any explanation of his desire, requested that we would meet him next evening in Franklin, as he had a word for our ear alone. Coming from the source it did, and without anything explanatory of its purpose, clothed it in the garb of mystery and caused us to adjust our thinking-cap. However, concluding that no bodily harm would result, concluded to go and learn what fate had in store for us.

It did not take us long to reach the "nursery of great men," nor very long to find the office of the gentleman who had written us. We found him busy among his law books, but on our arrival he dropped all else and sat down to a social chat. He said he was not yet prepared to explain the reason of our presence, and that we had better go to the hotel, get our supper and return. This we did. After chatting with him for a while, we saw he was growing uneasy, and finally, in a rather testy way, said:

"I wonder why Gil don't come?"

"Gil, who?" we asked.

"Why, Gilfillan."

"And what have we to do with Gilfillan?"

"Well, he wants to see you."

"Ah!" that tumbled us all in a heap.

After some further time had elapsed our friend, Mr. Gilfillan, put in an appearance. He was in a very pleasant mood and on the invitation of our mutual friend went into the parlor of his residence, where all took seats and were soon in an animated conversation. After remarks all around, Mr. G. said in his most affable manner:

"Now, Colonel, I wish to come to an important point and in doing so don't wish to seem like begging the question. You and I have had our differences. A wrong step on my part placed you in direct antagonism to me. You took up the pen to prove how wrong I had treated you, and in doing battle against me you signally defeated me for office. You have the full credit for that defeat, and having accomplished it I suppose you are thoroughly satisfied with your revenge."

"Well, yes; we gained the point aimed at, which was all the glory we desired."

"Then, having attained your object in the matter, is it your wish to continue the fight?" he asked.

"That rather depends on circumstances. You did me a gross injustice—you violated a positive contract—that violation has never been atoned for, except so far as your defeat goes, leaving room for the same antagonism, the same bitterness to be carried on should events warrant it."

"Well, that's honest and to the point. Now, so far as I am

concerned, I feel that I did you a great, though not an altogether irreparable wrong; and after a long lapse of time I am willing to do you justice and remove all chances for a continuance of the unpleasant feeling that has been shown. I am now prepared, so far as I can, under existing circumstances, to do you justice; and were I in shape would not hesitate a moment to fulfill all the contracts made with you."

"Had that been done long ago, Mr. Gilfillan, you would have been richer many dollars; your political reputation saved, and you would have again the honor of representing the people in Congress."

"I admit it all; and now just a word and this matter will cease. If to-morrow I do you justice so far as it lies in my power, will you hereafter hold your peace so far as I am concerned?"

"Most undoubtedly. That is all I ever asked of you; but being denied my claim, I made war on you as a candidate, and am satisfied that my oppositions resulted in your defeat."

"Admitted. And, now, as it is late, we will part, and to-morrow the difference between us will be wiped out and we will stand as we did when first we met."

The next morning our mutual friend waited on us at the United States Hotel, and in less time than it takes to tell it, all points at issue were settled and we parted, and in years since then neither of us have met.

A very singular thing occurred a few days after the above meeting. On opening the next issue of the *Franklin Citizen* we were much surprised to find the announcement of Hon. C. W. Gilfillan as a candidate for Congress. Now the mystery was solved. This was why it was desirable that we should be placated—that our pen should be silenced. Peace, under existing circumstances, was cheap at any price. It would have been madness to come out again with the gatling guns of the INDEPENDENT ready to pour its stream of shot in the camp of the enemy, and thus the batteries were silenced once and forever. Amen!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Stopped—A Small Sheet—Zelienople—Its Rich Promises.

The INDEPENDENT was discontinued. In its place we published an advertising sheet and besides did considerable job work, which helped us along until something more profitable would show up.

In the early part of the summer of 1878 we learned that some of the business men of Zelienople were very anxious to have a paper established at that place. We had never seen the town, and did not know anything about its possible advantages to support a news sheet. However, we concluded to visit the town and see the "lay o' the land." One bright day in July we started from Butler behind a spanking team

to visit the promised land. The trip was a delightful one. The farms, farm houses and fine big barns along the route indicated the highest degree of prosperity, and when we had reached the banks of the beautiful Connoquenessing at the now celebrated farm of Mr. John Amberson, we were more than ever pleased with the prospect. The farm houses were mostly brick, the barns were immense, while everything looked neat, attractive and highly prosperous, and we began to think that we had finally reached the "land flowing with milk and honey."

Harmony was there in the very zenith of its prosperity. Business was going on with a rush, the two banks had plenty of patronage, while the hum of the big woolen mill and the thundering sound of the old grist mill gave us an idea of the condition of things that marked the town as one of enterprise. Going forward another mile we were in the old town of Zelenople, and soon had our rig located with Mr. Jacob Shelly of the Bastian House. The first calls we made were on Messrs. George B. Bastian and John Dindinger, who talked encouragingly of our proposed venture and promised to do all in their power to help us in making it a success. We called on several others, but the first were the only ones who gave us the right words of encouragement in our undertaking. Some thought we might pull through for a month, or two or three months, but there the experiment would end.

Our long experience in the business caused us to think that we might make the paper live, at least one year—and to that end were willing to make the trial. Returning to East Brady we packed up our material and shipped it by wagon to Zelenople. Our son, Mr. John R. Young, took charge of the office, and Mr. Henry Dindinger kindly let us have a front room in his residence, and here, after some delay, we issued the first number of the CONNOQUENESSING VALLEY NEWS.

After the first issue we sent our paper as a specimen sheet to hundreds in the valley, and soon the subscribers began to come in. We found, however, a lack of confidence on the part of many, who feared that the paper would not survive, and from this class we received a quarter or a half a dollar, not wishing to risk a whole dollar on such a doubtful enterprise. At the time of the first issue the Harmony Fair was in full blast, and here we got in our work to good advantage. We received many new names, new advertising and booked considerable job work.

This was our start at Zelenople. After two or three numbers had appeared many friends came forward with their aid in various ways, strengthening our hands for the work and giving us needed encouragement in the prosecution of it. Our duties became very pleasant; and while we could not see great wealth in the enterprise, yet we found

enough to do, and cash, therefor, to give us a good living and enable us to pay our way.

At that time we labored under great disadvantages from the fact that our town was not blessed with a railroad, and to reach Allegheny mounted the stage coach of our old friend, Ulrich Zimmerman, and riding to Rochester, took the train for the cities. A trip with old man Zimmerman was very pleasant, as he beguiled the way with some very rich stories, and the peculiar way in which he told them added much to their interest, and rendering the road very short. To make the trip then, and attend to any business, just required three days and at an expense of \$5, where now only a few hours are required at an expense of about \$2.50. Quite a difference.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Inconvenient—The Railroad—Nearly Organized—How a Thief Got Around Us.

The want of a railroad was a great draw back to the prosperity and convenience of the town and country generally. At that time all produce was shipped to the cities by wagon, and all merchantable goods received by the same mode of transportation. It was a big expense to all parties interested, and a great anxiety was shown to secure railroad communication with the outer world. About this time a company was formed to build a narrow gauge line from Allegheny to Zellenople, and parties were busy in securing right of way and subscriptions to pay for the construction of the proposed line. Our people were all in good shape financially and lent a willing hand in every way to further the important scheme. Of course much trouble and many drawbacks met the projectors of the enterprise at the outset, but they managed to overcome them all and the little narrow gauge became a fixed fact and everybody was delighted. It was not, of course, a first-class railroad, but it answered the purpose and its traffic rapidly increased, showing clearly its necessity and the wisdom of its projectors.

After the road had been running for sometime, it was learned by its country stockholders that a great change was about to be made, and many of those who had liberally aided with their means in constructing it, were likely to be frozen out by a new organization of capitalists. This fact being known, made quite a stir and the people were up in arms against those whom they thought were about to rob them of the money they had so confidently invested. It was apparent to the man of business that the road could not be longer run without more means to make needed improvements and to meet the debts which were being piled up against it. In order to save the road and make it what it

should be, as a great public thoroughfare, a meeting of the stockholders was called with notice to all others who had subscribed stock.

To make the history brief, the meeting was held and a re-organization effected. The name of the road was changed to the Pittsburgh and Western Railway. Those who had not taken part in the meeting, were urged to come forward and take more stock, in order to make good what they already held. But this offer was most indignantly spurned by those who thought they had been badly treated in the matter, and thus their investments were entirely lost.

The new organization, with abundant capital; started in to widen the gauge and make other needed improvements and as a result, that company has to-day, one of the finest, best equipped and best paying roads in the country. Its completion gave to our town a vastly improved outlet, and the traveler can take the cars at Zelienople and travel to any part of the United States.

* * * * *

As some of our adventures and mishaps make very interesting reading, we here relate an incident that will repay perusal, while it shows the sharpness of the light fingered gentry and how it is possible they may sometimes be made to yield up their ill gotten gains.

In the fall of 1881 we reached our native city about 7 o'clock in the evening and wended our way to the Fifth Avenue Hotel kept by Frank McCoy and brother. After a wash and brush up, we found our way to the supper table and in a few moments a very appetizing meal was at our command. We leisurely got away with the viands and adjourned to the office room. Here we found three old friends chatting, and lighting a segar we joined them. They were standing about the middle of the room and had some lively subject in discussion, in which we took part.

While thus engaged we noticed a well dressed young man enter the room, who approached the quartette and judging from his familiar "How dy's gents?" led us to believe that he was a friend of the three gentlemen with whom we were talking. After throwing in a remark or two, he came to where we were standing and in the most familiar manner possible, placed his right arm on our left shoulder and made himself perfectly at home. None of the party thought anything of this action, as each imagined he was the acquaintance of the others. Suddenly his arm was withdrawn and with a smile and bow gracefully walked away and left the hotel. Our conversation continued for a few moments, when one of the party, pointing to our shirt front, asked:

"Say, Colonel, where's your breast pin?"

We quickly reached up and were badly beaten when we discovered that our valuable and highly prized pin had mysteriously disappeared.

Surprise was shown by all, while we felt that we were the victims of a thief.

"Who was that man who has just gone, and who acted so mysteriously with us all?"

None of the gentlemen knew, and after comparing notes, it was decided as a clear case of "cheek," and that he was an arrant scoundrel—that is he was a thief—for it was now clear to all that he had stolen our pin. It was a case of the most unmasked effrontery that we had ever met with, and when we looked the whole transaction square in the face, it was a trick that none of us could account for.

Our impression had been that the stranger was a friend of the three gentlemen, while they held the same opinion in regard to us. It was a big mistake all around and the intruder had profited by it. He was gone and with him our favorite pin, a pin that we had bought in Philadelphia on the evening before the great crash of Jay Cooke & Co., which brought such disaster upon the country.

We were worried to think that we had been robbed right under a glowing gaslight and before the eyes of our friends. How was it done without detection, and who was the scamp who had so neatly got in his work? These problems were more than the quartette could answer, and after trying for awhile gave it up.

The momentuous question was: how will we get the pin or ever find a clue to it? A mighty hard question and one that we could not solve. Next morning we left a description of the pin at several pawn shops with the promise that if it should be offered as a pledge the thief should be arrested and we informed of the fact.

We waited until the evening of the fourth day after our loss, when we concluded to return home and give up the hunt. We had taken our seat in the car, the bell had rung to start, when it occurred to us that we would stay that night and perhaps something might turn up that would solve the mystery.

Getting out of the car we started over the Hand Street bridge. Reaching the other side we went on toward Liberty street, and as we turned the corner of Liberty and Hand, we encountered a gentleman to whom we had confided our loss two days before, and who promised to keep a sharp look out for the pin, and after a hasty interchange of courtesies, he asked:

"Did you find your pin yet?"

"No, sir; and hardly expect to."

"Well, I have discovered the thief and his loafing place," and he went on to describe him and continued: "Now, if you will go down to No. — Diamond alley, near Smithfield street, you will find the chap there now. Make a bold but quiet demand and some threats of prison, arrest, etc., will perhaps have the effect of causing the youth to unload.

He has the pin in the right hand pocket of his vest. I know that, for he tried to sell it to me not half an hour ago, and that is where he put it when I refused to purchase."

The description of the man satisfied us that he was the very chap who had intruded himself on the party, and away we went, for fear the bird might fly. A rapid walk soon brought us to No. — Diamond Alley. It was now night and the room we entered was brilliantly illuminated. There were only two persons in the place, one the white aproned barkeeper and the other seated at the stove, with his back turned toward us, was the man of all others that we wanted so badly to see. Drawing up a chair alongside of the fellow, we placed our hand on his shoulder and said:

"Hello, old fellow, you look as if you were sleeping."

"Well, yes; a little drowsy."

"Old boy I've been looking all over town for you and did not like to go without getting one more glimpse of your smiling face."

"Did you want anything particular?" he gruffly asked.

"Rather. I would like to have you hand over that breast pin of mine. You have carried it long enough now without leave, and as I am about going home, would like to take it along."

"That's all right I s'pose; but I ain't got yer pin," with a slight emphasis, yet with enough doubt in his tone to "give himself away."

"Yes, my boy, you have the pin and without any more parley I want it."

"If you do, you must go to the chap as got it. I haint never seen it."

"Yes, you have both seen it and have got it."

"Nary."

"Well, I am in somewhat of a hurry and I will just say to you, that I wish to avoid any trouble, and in order to get through I stopped at the Mayor's office on my way down and got a warrant for your arrest for stealing. The officer is waiting outside and if you refuse to give up the pin which you stole and have now in your pocket, I will tip him the wink and you will have to answer somebody else than me."

A sickly smile overspread the fellow's face and after a moment's hesitation, he drew forth the pin, and as he gave it to us, remarked:

"There it is. I only took it for fun, intending to give it to you sometime, but may's well let you have it now."

And once more I grasped the desired treasure. Not wishing to cultivate his acquaintance any further, I left the bar room and the man to his own gloomy thoughts. Had he gone to the door he would have found no officer there, that part being a pretty story for the moment, but as he had no love for a policeman, he did not condescend

walking even to the door to satisfy himself of the danger of a blue coat being there.

That pin has a history, and to write it up in full would require many pages. We lost it twice by accident, and once afterwards it was stolen, but in this last case it slipped from the fingers of the thief and fell to the floor where we found it a few moments after having been drawn from our shirt front, and the would-be thief got away before we could call a halt on him.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Zelienople—What it Is—The Death of Mrs. Young—Our Second Marriage a Happy One.

Our changes from place to place have not been many, when we consider the natural desire to seek new fields. But it has always been our fixed purpose only to change locations when the chances were to better our condition. Our first move was from Pittsburgh to Franklin in 1847. In 1852 we located in the town of Clarion, where we remained until the summer of 1868. Thence we fixed our habitation in East Brady, where nine years more passed away, and from circumstances already recorded, we found our way to Zelienople, where for nearly twelve years we have found a pleasant home among a most pleasant and sociable people.

In our view of places, we think Zelienople one of the prettiest towns in Pennsylvania, and has been admired and praised by all who have visited it. The town is situated on the southern bank of the Connoquenessing, whose beautiful waters lend a charm to its borders. In summer the town is very attractive, and its long, broad main street, lined with large shade trees, gives it a charming appearance. There are many fine buildings in the town, with the prospect of many costly additions promised in the future. The site of the town is almost a level, and its well laid out thoroughfares give to every portion a most inviting appearance.

The town is dependent for its prosperity on the great agricultural interests surrounding it, and the ready market offered for its products by means of the railroad, increases the wealth of and places its people on an independent footing. The great drawback to the further prosperity of the place is the almost total lack of manufacturing establishments. Why, with the great facilities offered, that we do not have numbers of them, is a question that we cannot solve. There is no finer water power anywhere to move machinery; the hills are rich in coal and iron, and future developments will demonstrate the fact that it has that great element of wealth in abundance—oil. The drill will

bring this forth, and from that source we may count on the increased prosperity of the town.

We spoke of the doubts seen in regard to the success or failure of the *News*. The cautious feeling that is always shown by the people, was never more fully displayed than in our case; and for the first year or two our way was all uphill. But after we had made a couple of removals of our residence and office, and finally built and moved into our own home and office, the fullest confidence was at once expressed, and from that time to the present we have had no reason to complain. Our house was made as cozy and attractive as it was possible to do, and we felt, as we became fairly settled in it, that here we would pass the remnant of our days.

At this time, June 20th 1881, the great misfortune of our life came upon us. Since 1843 we had lived most happily with the woman of our early choice. She was in all respects a wife of whom any man could be proud, and her devotion to our interests was a marked feature in her character. Industry and taste were peculiar characteristics, and it was that industry that always added to our prosperity, while her love of home and its adornment, made it the most attractive place on earth. Her devotion to her children was shown at all times, and no sacrifice on her part was too great when it added to their happiness. We were blessed with four children, one of whom passed away in infancy, the other three still survive. Bell A. is the wife of Mr. Henry W. Taylor, of Bellefonte, Centre county, Mary C. is the wife of S. F. Bowser, Esq., one of the leading attorneys at the Butler bar, and John R. is our right hand man and help at all times. His love of the profession to which his time is devoted, has made him one of the most expert and scientific printers in the country, and there is no branch of the business that he has not completely mastered.

After long months of terrible suffering, which she endured with truly Christian fortitude, after a life in which she displayed all the attributes of love and true devotion, her spirit took its flight to that home of eternal rest which she had won in the close discharge of every duty to her Creator, her husband, children and friends; and though her loss was a terrible blow to all who were near and dear to her, yet all rejoiced that her fearful sufferings were over and she was resting on the bosom of the Great Deliverer.

This sad event, to a certain degree, changed the course of our life. We were left alone in the world. Our children were married and gone from us, and the comforts of home must be sought for at the hands of strangers. We tried to forget the weight of our own loss in the cares of business, but amid it all there were times when loneliness seemed paramount and happiness had taken its departure.

Mrs. Young was buried in Allegheny Cemetery, Pittsburgh, that

lone city of the dead, where among the trees and flowers that she had loved so well in life, she reposes until the Great Day of final accounts.

For a time we tried housekeepers to manage our establishment, but while they kept our home neat and everything in good shape, yet something was lacking. There was not that cordiality, that confidence so much needed in completing the happiness of home; and after waiting a proper time and having made choice of the woman who was to be our future helpmate, on June 27th, 1882, at the residence of Mr. J. M. White, of Zelenople, by Rev. J. M. Dight, we were married to Miss Emeline G. Boggs and began life anew. Our choice was most happy, for we had secured a woman who in all respects was true and devoted, and proved a kind and loving wife, in whom was centred every attribute essential to the comfort and happiness of the husband. It was indeed to us a renewal of life. We had been joined to one who, fully understanding the duties of a wife, to her husband, imparted to our existence all that we had lost in the death of her predecessor. It did not matter, whether in sickness or health, the same kind attention was given, and it seems the study of her life to increase our comfort.

Our home has been blessed with a boy, now, June 5th, 1890, is six years old, and his manly, cheerful ways add greatly to the delight and enjoyment of our home. May he long live to be a comfort and a joy to both of us; and as the years crown him with wisdom, may he learn and faithfully perform the duties he owes to his God and those who seek to rear him aright.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Evans City—Its People—Its Importance as a Business Town—Harmony.

Evans City is certainly the most progressive of all the towns in the county, except Butler. It has a population, which for enterprise cannot be excelled, and in every effort that goes to make a thriving, populous and thorough going town, it certainly bears off the palm. Our first recollection of the town is as far back as 1840, when we used to travel by wagon, horseback, stage coach or buggy to reach our destination near French Creek. The town then contained but few houses and they were of the most antiquated style, some of them looking as if a great wind would topple them over. But the passing years have made a great change. A few of the old landmarks yet remain, but only a few, and in place of an old town the place assumes a most presentable appearance, with its elegant homes, its beautiful churches and every other improvement that adds to and builds up a town. When we contrast the condition of the town in its early day with its present business like appearance, we are surprised.

In 1800 Robert Boggs took up 475 acres of the Breakneck bottom lands, and built a mill of logs. In 1832 the village of Evansburg was laid out by William Purviance for Thomas B. Evans, the founder of the town. The residence of Mr. Evans was the first house erected on the town plot. Peter Pfeiffer built the first brick house and it was regarded for sometime as the best building in the place. Stores and a tavern followed; and then for years the town seemed to have been completed. The advent of the railroad, however infused new energy into the people, and all kinds of buildings went up in rapid succession, until now Evans City takes rank as the second town in the county, and possesses the very elements to make it still greater and more important as a business point.

It is true, the lack of manufacturing establishments retard' its advancement to a certain extent, but as time rolls on this will be overcome. Already the big planing mill and lumber yard of Dambach & Son, and the large broom factory of George Ifft & Sons employ quite a number of men; and these will be followed by others industries that must add to the business as well as the prosperity of the place.

The merchants are all sharp, shrewd and active, and the amount of trade carried on is very large and profitable, and the small beginning has grown to wonderful proportions. George Ifft & Sons are the oldest merchants, and have built up an immense trade; then follows H. F. Eicholtz, Boggs & Kline, Wahl, Bishop & Co., Thomas Donaldson and others, while Henry Young largely represents the furniture interest, and to this add the tanners, drug stores, millinery establishments, tailoring houses, hotels, blacksmith shops, three harness shops, grist mill, butchers, and nearly every calling requisite in such a town, is represented with an army of the best carpenters in the country, who are never idle, as the new buildings going up in the town and vicinity, and the work demanded in the various oil fields, shows, and gives them constant and profitable employment.

In the years since we located in Zellenople, we have had much to do in the way of business with all classes of people in the town, and we are pleased to say that our patronage has been large and remunerative and promptly met. The large subscription list and constant flow of advertising, with plenty of paying job work, has given us a strong sympathy for the town and its citizens, and it is always a pleasure to note its advancement in all the important points that go to make up and advance its growing interests.

Our neighboring town of Harmony has not advanced in any degree like Evans City, but has rather receded from its former advanced position. The cause for this retrograde condition of things is hardly understood. Ten or twelve years ago Harmony was a bright, active town. It had two banks, a big woolen factory, doing a splendid

business, a number of stores, two hotels, machine shop, foundry and other business places. The banks and factory are gone, while other interests have passed away, leaving the town somewhat in the shadow. Notwithstanding all this, there is still a good deal of trade done. The big grist mill has all it can do, while the stores, mechanics, &c., have a good share of what is going on. The heaviest business done in the mercantile line in the town, or in the vicinity, is that of Mr. G. D. Swain, one of the most enterprising and successful men in the trade that we know of, and we can safely pay him the compliment by saying that he richly deserves the good fortune that he enjoys.

The history of Harmony is a long and interesting one, but in a work of this kind we cannot go into detail. During the existence of the Rapp Society, the history was very interesting, and has given the place a world-wide reputation. We hope the old town will take a step forward and resume its former business push and life.

Since the foregoing was written the great oil strikes within a few miles of Harmony, have given it a new start for the better, and the town is putting on some high-toned airs in its newly acquired advancement. Now houses are going up in all directions, old ones are being refitted, while several machine shops have been erected and doing a good business. We congratulate the town's people on its improved appearance, and hope that its prosperity has come to stay.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Chapter of Incidents—A Bad Freeze—A Leaning Affair—A Terrible Hanging.

We have, in the foregoing chapters, related many of our experiences, some proved exciting, some laughable and many of them lessons that may be carefully pondered and important conclusions gleaned therefrom. Among these varied scenes there were some that threatened us with imminent danger, while others brought out our better nature and established the fact that great good may be accomplished by an effort when an opportunity presents itself.

* * * * *

One midnight we came down from Parker, where we had passed the day in making collections and doing other business. Our pocket book was well filled, but we gave no thought to the possible danger. We noticed two young men who had kept very close to us during our stay at Parker, and when we got on the train for home, they were with us. When we got off at East Brady they followed us toward the office, and it was only then that we realized the fact of our being in danger.

Fortunately we had a good revolver in our pocket and as we reached the pavement opposite our office door, we drew our gun

quickly and pointing it at the pair demanded their reason for following us. They involuntarily fell back as they saw the weapon, and after a moment's hesitation started forward, and as they turned the corner we lost sight of them. Had they been armed it is probable one of the three would have got hurt, and we felt rejoiced at the simple ending of what might have been a very serious affair.

* * * * *

The most terrible of all our experiences in traveling, was once in the winter of 1839. We were then the owner of a nice 100 acre farm within a couple of miles of Raymilton, and we made frequent visits to it to see our parents who resided on it. A young friend of ours, Samuel Shannon, Jr., who lived with his people on the adjoining farm, had come to the city with a two horse wagon loaded with produce, and when ready to return home, urged us to accompany him. The weather was intensely cold and we hesitated to go. After much persuasion we finally consented and left Pittsburgh with nothing but our ordinary clothing—not even an overcoat—and instead of good shoes or boots, had only a pair of slippers to protect our feet. It was certainly an act of madness on our part. When about four miles from the city, at the old "Green Tree Hotel," we encountered one of the most terrible snow drifts we had ever seen. The old stone hotel of Mr. Ivory was almost hidden from view, and in looking at the scene we felt like turning back rather than attempt passing this monstrous impediment. Soon there was not less than fifty teams on either side of the drift, and all the drivers started in with shovel, boards, and whatever implements they could get, to cut a way through. A long time was required to accomplish the undertaking, but it was done and soon every team went on its way.

Neither Mr. Shannon or myself stopped to warm up, but Shannon would get out and walk, thus keeping his blood in circulation, while we, with nothing but our slippers on, could not do that. We did not feel the cold, yet had we known it the blood in our veins was almost chilled. At nightfall we reached the Keister Hotel on Slipperyrock, and Mr. Keister took charge of our team and put the animals away, while we went into the house to warm up. A great fire of logs was burning brightly in the hearth and we stood with our back to it receiving its genial warmth. It soon proved our weakness. We trembled from head to foot and our teeth began chattering at a fearful rate. In an instant our limbs gave way and we fell with terrific force upon the oaken floor. Poor nature was utterly crushed and we were as powerless as a child and almost inanimate. We were quickly taken up, partially undressed and placed in bed; a hot drink was forced down our throat, while we lay wholly unconscious of our surroundings. When recovered so as to recognize persons and thing about us, we were

in great pain, and it was several days before we recovered sufficiently to resume our journey. The only wonder is that we did not die as a result of our terrible experience, but in the course of a week we were all right again. We never have and never wish to pass through such an ordeal again.

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In the early part of July 1888, we were taken down with terrible pains in our liver and kidneys, to which was added a severe attack of neuralgia in both lower limbs and body, and our sufferings became so great that we thought it impossible to survive, and indeed few of our friends entertained any hopes of our recovery. During the long period of our illness, (now two years), we have been an almost constant sufferer, half of the time being confined to bed, and of course unable to give any attention to the details of our business. During this time we have been under the hands of six different physicians, and while none of them effected a cure, yet all did something to help us, and now, while we are far from being well, we are better than we have been; still hoping that once again we may be restored to health and strength, and be able to take care of our paper as in the years gone by. During the last few months of our illness we have had a most kind and attentive physician in the person of Dr. A. V. Cunningham. He has proved a friend indeed.

* * * * *

It is now nearly twelve years since we found a home and business in the beautiful town of Zelenople. There have not been many changes either in its business or its people in that time. True, a number of beautiful homes have been erected, a splendid school building in place of the old one, and several new stores have raised their fronts, the railroad company located its shops here, but removed them to Allegheny. A bank was established by Dambach & Son, who disposed of it to Amos Lusk & Son, who continue the business prosperously. George Stahl erected and is now running a large distillery very profitably. John Ifft built and is now conducting a large machine shop. The office of the News has proven a successful venture and soon after its establishment called forth a quaint remark from Mr. Henry Muntz. He called one day to make our acquaintance and in the course of some remarks, we spoke of the surprise the railroad was to the people.

"Well," said Mr. Muntz, in his quiet way, "I think the biggest surprise to all is to see a newspaper established, and which pleases me more than the railroad." It was evident he fully appreciated the importance of a newspaper.

Among our people there have been many changes. Numbers of the aged have passed to that "bourne whence no traveler returns," while

the young, with all the hopes of youth flushed before them, have also been taken. There have been a number of sudden deaths, which casts a gloom over the community.

On the 9th of July, 1887, the startling announcement was made that Mr. William Bastian, in his 73d year, had died suddenly while in the act of rising from his bed. The people were deeply shocked and his family was overwhelmed with grief at the terrible and sudden visitation. Mr. Bastian was among our best known citizens, and for years had conducted the popular hotel which bears his name. It was hard to realize that he was no more among the living, and his genial smile was no more to greet us. But he had departed, and the deep feeling of sadness which was seen on every face, attested the sincere sorrow felt at his death.

E. V. Randolph, who was then in his 80th year, on learning of the sudden death of his townsman and friend, Mr. Bastian, remarked that he hoped when the grim reaper was ready for him, that the call would be as sudden. Strange to say, his wish was fully realized. On the night of August 8th, 1887, he retired in his usual health, and when the morning dawned he was called by a member of his family, but no response was given, and on entering his room, it was seen that the death angel had been there and the spirit of the kindly old man, at four score, had taken its flight. The blow to his family and friends was as great and unexpected as in the case of Mr. Bastian; and soon all that was mortal of this well-known and esteemed citizen, was laid to rest. The 'Squire was a prominent figure in the business life of Zelienople. For long years he had filled with great satisfaction, the office of Justice of the Peace, and his probity in the discharge of its duties was a distinguishing feature in the man. He passed away mourned and respected by all who knew him.

Mr. Henry Muntz, ranking among the oldest of our citizens, waited and suffered long before the final call came. His end was peaceful and happy, and he was well prepared for the final change. His was an eventful and industrious life; and in all his transactions candor and honesty were his distinguishing characteristics.

Rev. E. F. Winter was another of our worthy citizens, who passed into the "dark valley of the shadows." He was a man beloved by all who knew him, and had endeared himself to the people by the kindness of his disposition and lovable ways. For long years he was the respected pastor of Burry's and Zelienople German churches, and had large and devoted congregations. He left a large and most devoted family.

Mr. Francis Wallace took rank among our most respected and enterprising citizens. Possessing large means he used it freely in enlarging and beautifying the town. The best monument to his memory is the

large number of substantial buildings which he had erected; and besides these he left much valuable property. He was a true christian, and won the respect and confidence of all with whom he came in contact.

There are many others-whom it was our pleasure to know, and whom we learned to respect because of the kindly manner in which we were treated by them while they lingered in our midst.

To enumerate even a partial list of our citizens would occupy more space than we can yield, and we can only say of them as a whole, that no community, large or small, can show a better class of people, combining all stations of life, than the borough of Zelenople. Our business men are strictly devoted to their calling; the mechanic and the laborer are alike attentive to their duties, and the man of means, who can live at his ease, is not of that class, who rises above his neighbors, because he has been more fortunate in the accumulation of wealth. Ours is strictly speaking, a church-going people. Rowdism is unknown, and a drunken man among our people in indeed a rarity.

A few more words in regard to our town and we will close this desultory chapter. We quote from the history of Butler county:

"Pleasantly located on the south bank of the Connuquessening, occupying an elevated plateau of wide extent, stands the borough of Zelenople. The town is regularly laid out; its streets are neatly kept, its sidewalks good, and its houses, though not stylish or imposing in appearance, yet have about them an air of homelike comfort. Dr. Basse had a town laid out upon his land, and gave it the name of Zelenople, in honor of his daughter Zelig, afterwards the wife of P. L. Passevant. During his residence here he built a large three story house, which he christened the "Bassenheim." It was destroyed by fire in 1842. Philip Louis Passevant, for years the leading and most influential citizen of Zelenople, was born in Frankfort, Germany, in 1771, and died in Zelenople in 1853. His wife, P. W. Zelig (Basse), was born in 1786, and died in 1871. Mr. Passevant acted as agent for the disposal of the lands of the Basse tract, on which the town stands. He was the first merchant in the place. Bringing some goods with him in 1807 he commenced business immediately after his arrival, and continued the same until 1848, when he sold out to his son, C. L. Passevant, who is now the oldest merchant in the place.

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During the many Congressional contests in the Clarion district, there was no man more anxious for the honor than Rev. Wm. McAdam, of the "Mercer diocese," as Whitaker of the *Venango Spectator* used to call it. His friends were just as earnest. Every honorable effort was made to secure him the coveted place, but the contestants were too many and too strongly backed, and he was doomed to repeated disap-

pointment. Meetings of the delegates adjourned from day to day, and from place to place, but the oftener they met the farther away they got from making a nomination. A conference was held at Stoneboro, in Mercer county, which was long and exciting. We reached the ground during the afternoon session and in a moment were pounced upon by Wm. G. Rose, Esq., of the Mercer bar, and a warm friend of McAdam's, to give a helping hand in making his nomination. He took us aside to have a chat. We had in our hand a heavy loaded cane, which, while we talked, we kept swinging to and fro. The cane was being twirled rapidly, as Mr. Rose was talking and gesticulating, when the cane came in contact with his left temple and caused him to stagger, nearly bringing him to the floor. Suddenly recovering and angry at the accident, he snatched the cane from our grasp, broke it in several pieces and threw it on the floor. We were mad, too, and made a pass at him, which he dodged, when some friends stepped in and stopped further trouble. Rose came immediately after with an apology, and soon after his return home, he sent us a handsome silver headed cane of iron wood, which we keep as a memento of that exciting and interesting episode. Mr. Rose afterwards located in Cleveland, O., and became so popular that he was twice elected Mayor of that city.

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As an editor we have witnessed quite a number of executions—perhaps a dozen—and now, as we look back at the horrid pictures, we feel that no inducement could attract us to witness another. There is something so horrible and revolting in these scenes, that a man's higher sense is shocked and the deep impression that it leaves upon the mind naturally creates a distaste to witness the ordeal a second time. In the large number whom we have seen leap into eternity, there was but one who manifested a sign of cowardice. The others were brave to the last moment. Among the number were two who claimed to be innocent; and it is probable they were, though that is only known to themselves and their God. One of these was a young man named Charley Chase, who was hanged at Brookville, for the murder of an old woman named McDonald. He was so unfortunate as to not only have claimed to be innocent, but was hanged twice in consequence of the rope slipping through the end of the noose. He delivered a long, rambling speech, declaring to the last his entire innocence of the crime. At the close of his address he made the following very peculiar and thrilling statement:

"Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, I hope that God Almighty will eternally damn my soul to all eternity if I had anything whatever to do with the murder of this old woman."

He stood up; the rope was adjusted; the cap drawn over his face; the trap sprung and he dropped—but to the ground—as the rope had

slipped through the knot and let him fall. He was taken up insensible, the blood flowing from the laceration on his neck produced by the rope. He was carried upon the scaffold, seated upon a chair, and water thrown in his face to revive him. Presently he recovered, looked up, and said :

"Sheriff, that's pretty rough, isn't it?"

In a few moments the rope was properly adjusted, he took his place on the trap and in a few moments he was among the dead. It was a terrible scene, and one we would not like to see repeated.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Kittanning—Our Support—The Part We Took in Politics—The Men of Kittanning.

"Kittanning, the county seat of Armstrong county, is situated on the left bank of the Allegheny river, 45 miles north-east of Pittsburgh. It was laid out in 1804 and incorporated in 1821," so says A. D. Glenn in writing the history of this county. We refer to Kittanning especially, as it was a source of great revenue to us while we conducted the INDEPENDENT at East Brady. Our able correspondent at that place, Thomas B. Faulk, Esq., was one of our most indefatigable workers, and while he wrote many columns of interesting local matter for our paper, he was very busy in making additions to our list. We wrote him lately, requesting that he would kindly write up his recollections of that period, that our many readers might have a clear idea of the wonderful success of the INDEPENDENT in that town during the time of its publication; but he modestly declines in the following very flattering note :

"As to me writing five or six pages for your history of my recollections and connection with the INDEPENDENT, or anything that is appropriate thereto, would be, in my humble opinion, superlatively ludicrous, in a work by such an able and graceful writer as yourself. You could dish it up in a style and manner that would throw any effort of mine I might endeavor to make entirely in the shade."

And this refusal on the part of our old friend and esteemed correspondent, is wholly owing to his native modesty, and being kept without the data we desire, will be compelled to abridge which might otherwise be an interesting chapter. Just as we had written the above a note from our correspondent says he will get ready and send us the matter we wish, which will complete this chapter in good style.

Kittanning gives us a warm support. Our list at that point was something wonderful and the people seemed much interested in the matter supplied them through our column. Though the paper had nothing in common with the interests of the town, yet in one sense it

was as much a part thereof as any of the papers published there. The very large circulation which we had attained throughout the county, made it a most desirable medium for advertising, but it was also an important factor in the political movements of the people; and we can be safe in saying that the part it took from time to time in the interest of various candidates, made it as much sought for and looked after as the county seat papers themselves. In Congressional, Senatorial and Sheriffial contests we took a deep interest, and worked for the candidates representing these positions with as much vim as though they were within the limits of our own district or county. It became a question whether we were most at home in Clarion or Armstrong county. Thus it will be seen that we were brought into daily contact with the leading men of both parties, and our field of labor became very wide, while its duties were of the most arduous character. We labored hard and unceasingly; and once having taken hold in the fight, of whatever nature, or on whatever side, we never let go until the contest ended.

Kittanning, while it is one of the oldest towns in the State, it is also one the wealthiest. To this we may add, it embraces a class of men—business and professional—that have no peers anywhere. We may say we know them all, and all were our friends. Many of them have crossed the dark river, many remain, with years crowding upon them, but with all the vitality of younger men. Who does not remember the genial, pleasant Judge Buffinton, truly a man among men; James E. Brown, the wealthy banker; Col. Meredith, for years a Senator, and a pleasant, intelligent gentleman; Alex. Montgomery, certainly among the most popular men of the day, who, in a strong Republican county, has twice filled the office of Sheriff; Edward Golden, the brightest member of the Kittanning bar; Jas. G. Henry, who need not seek an office, as the office always sought him; Hon. James Mosgrove, a man of large means, a big heart, and who went to Congress in a Republican district, over Harry White; Col. J. B. Finley, son-in-law of James E. Brown, the banker, who is one of our warmest friends. The first time we ever met the Colonel, was at the Parker House, Parker station, where we sat down to dinner with him and another gentleman. The Colonel was then heavily in the oil business, and having just struck a good well, was highly elated over it. This fact we had heard a short time previously, and after dinner and an introduction by his friend, Mr. Thomas McConnell, he asked:

“Do you wish some notes?” meaning, did we want some oil news.

“Why, yes, Colonel, if they come in the shape of greenbacks,” was our reply.

For a moment he was stunned, and we parted; but shortly after we met him, and reaching out his hand we grasped it, and on releasing

our grip, found that we had a crisp five dollar note in our fingers. From that moment we were warm friends, and many an interesting article he wrote for the paper, while we took every chance to aid him in his many important undertakings.

But it would take a volume to name them all; and while we cannot mention the great array that comes up before us, we can safely assert that all are alike representative men, honorable, dignified and well worthy the high esteem in which they are held. It was from such as these that we had our patronage.

Mentioning the name of Hon. Joseph Buffington, recalls a very pleasing incident, and one that impressed itself unchangeably upon our memory. One day we were seated in the Scott House, Pittsburgh, (now the Hotel Boyer), waiting for our dinner. We were in conversation with the Judge, who, on looking at the clock, saw that it was on the verge of twelve. Rising up he remarked:

"Well, Colonel, it is about the hour of dinner, and feeling thirsty, will go and take a light drink as an appetizer. Will you join me?"

"No; Judge, thanks."

"Ah, well, that reminds me of an important injunction—'lead us not into temptation'—and I accept your refusal, and am sorry I threw temptation in your way."

We smiled, and the Judge retired to tempt himself.

One incident more.

The magnificent residence of Mr. Dunc Karns, below Freeport, had been completed, and the opening night had been announced. We were one of the many invited guests. A very large crowd was present, and all enjoyed themselves as such a crowd could well do. The gentlemen represented many of the important towns within a radius of fifty or one hundred miles. The supper was a magnificent affair, while the wines and liquors, plenty as water, were freely indulged in, resulting in making a very jolly and somewhat noisy crowd. All remained during the night, and when daylight came, it found a drowsy, dull looking party. Some of them were dry, too, and a "morning nip" was taken to wash down the accumulated cobwebs produced by the night's indulgence. One of the crowd from Freeport, who had taken a goodly share, was not very clear in the upper story, so he concluded he must take a "snifter" to arouse his dormant energies. He was standing by a large bay window with a glass of water in his hand preparatory to rinsing out his mouth. Taking a big mouthful of water, he tried the washing out process and when through, turned toward the window to eject it, thinking that the window was up, but it wasn't, and throwing his head forward quickly, it came in contact with the heavy plate glass, smashing it to atoms and cutting his head in a frightful manner. In a moment he presented a terrible appearance, and it looked as if

the unfortunate man would bleed to death, but the proper means were used and his "bloody mug" was soon covered with bandages which put him at his ease. The accident caused great laughter, and made one of the side-splitting entertainments of the interesting occasion.

As there is some interesting matter to follow from the pen of our correspondent, we wish to say right here that there was no town that gave us a larger support. There were not a people anywhere that accorded us more credit for the way in which our paper was conducted; and there was no man among our army of contributors who labored with more zeal for us and bore the brunt of harder cutting for his devotion to the *INDEPENDENT*, than our warm-hearted, intelligent and untiring friend, Thomas B. Faulk, Esq.

No river in the State has a history of greater importance than the Allegheny. Along its banks for 150 miles from its mouth, are found the greatest oil fields in the world; coal and ore in incalculable quantities; natural gas for heating and lighting every town. Its clear waters reflect the most picturesquely wooded hills that overlook any such stream in the State. Western Pennsylvanians are proud of the Allegheny and not without reason.

Armstrong county is historic from its very name. By an act of the Legislature of March 12, 1800, it was formed out of parts of Allegheny, Westmoreland and Lycoming counties. Early in the settlement of western Pennsylvania, what is now the county seat of Armstrong—Kittanning—became a place of historic interest. In 1756 Col. Armstrong, after whom the county was named, with a force of 307 men, marched against the Indian town, known as Kittanning, Capt. Jacobs being the leader of a strong force of Indians inhabiting the place. On the ninth of September of that year, was fought the famous battle of Kittanning, familiar to every reader of that county. In this conflict the Indians received a blow from which they never recovered. It is not necessary to give the details of this battle, its history is recorded. Suffice it to say, that Captain Jacobs was killed and the tribe of Indians effectually routed and Kittanning became a possession of the white man. But it was not until a new century had dawned upon the world that a white settlement was made at the old Indian town. A few years previous to the settlement of the town, several pioneers had broken up land in that place. However, we find that in 1800 the population of Armstrong numbered 2,339, showing that several years before that time, settlements had been made. Not all of them were occupied or resided within the present boundaries.

By an Act of Assembly of 1803, the county seat was erected. The town was laid out in lots, and in 1804 commissioners were appointed to locate the public buildings. We learn from history that the first court was held in 1805. From the organization of the county as compared

with other counties of Western Pennsylvania, the growth in population and in general business has been most wonderful. Early in the present century two or three hundred people comprised the population of Kittanning. Six thousand people were all the county could claim in the first fifteen years of its history. At the present time, 1890, the population of the county is not less than 60,000, the town having at least 4,500. The manufacturing interests are even on the increase. In Kittanning is located a large iron mill, coke ovens, furnace, table ware pottery, foundries, planing mills, brick works, flouring mills, with other establishments of similar kind. In stores, banks, public buildings, schools, churches and private residences are as fine as any to be seen in towns of the same size in any part of the State. Within the past year, 1889, there has been a marked increase in business of all kinds, and the outlook is very flattering. In other towns of the county, such as Leechburg, Apollo, Freeport, Parker, a similar progress has been made, so that Armstrong promises to become a leading county in the State. The coal and gas interests of the county are almost incalculable.

Within the past two or three years at Ford City, three miles south of Kittanning, was built the largest plate glass works in the world. Already a town of considerable size, with fine buildings, has been erected on the property, and the present population is about 1,800, with the prospect that it will be doubled (as we are advised the works are to be duplicated) inside of the next two years.

The county is progressive, its people are descendants almost to a man, from the best Irish, Scotch, English and German families. The farms as a rule, are in fine condition, the churches flourishing. The fine county jail never contains a baker's dozen of prisoners. There is no county in the State outside of Philadelphia and Allegheny, better supplied with newspapers. There are at present thirteen good, successful papers published in the county each week. Kittanning has six, Parker one, Apollo one, Leechburg two, Freeport two, Dayton one—all live. As early as 1810 a newspaper was established in Kittanning, Captain Alexander was the editor, but it did not survive long, and was called the *Western Gazette*. In size it was 18x11 inches. The *Gazette*, a different paper, was established in 1825, it being the second venture in newspaperdom. From it, by various changes in name and ownership, the present *Union Free Press* has come. It is the largest paper in the county, in size and circulation, and is proud of its sixty-five years. The present owners and publishers are Oswald, Knox & Buffington. R. T. Knox is the editor and M. B. Oswald the business manager. The *Republican* is another old and well established paper, and is edited and owned by A. G. Henry & Son, (W. M.) It was once the *Armstrong Democrat*, owned, edited and published by John Croll &

A. J. Foulk. John W. Rohser and Freeland his son, publish the *Democrat and Sentinel*. It is also an old paper. The latest ventures are the *Times*, published by John T. Simpson. The *Standard* by Wm. H. Reichart, and the *Globe* by the Gorman Bros. The *Union Free Press*, *Republican* and *Standard* are Republican in politics; the *Democrat* and *Globe*, Democratic, the *Times* Independent. All have good offices and the editors live on amiable terms with each other.

Armstrong county has produced many able and prominent men, both in the fields of politics and war. Two Governors have gone out from Kittanning—W. F. Johnston, Governor of our own State, and A. J. Faulk, Governor of Dakota. General Robert Orr served in the war of 1812 and was also a representative in Congress. Governor Foulk, who is now a resident of Dakota, is a well-known and prominent man, and his intelligence and thorough knowledge of men and business has given him valuable prominence, and secured him as well the respect of all classes, and the honor of a high position in matters of State.

There is a bright future for Armstrong county. The upward march retarded by the war, and later depressing influences has commenced to show marked changes. Rich in resources, with a young business community asserting itself, and demonstrating a wonderful power, that is healthful, and with a backing that is wide and powerful, the town and county is sure of rapid development in all that goes to make up a centre of enterprise and wealth.

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CHAPTER XL.

The Great Controversy—The Resulting Boycott.

"Life is full of changes. Yet
As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail.
A just and by word are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
Our victory cannot fail."

Another of the great and trying incidents naturally following an active life, was now about to break upon us with the force of a western cyclone. It was one of those unexpected happenings in life that comes so quickly that it astounds and overwhelms, and hardly leaves the victim a chance of escape. It was an episode that required nerve to meet it, and if possible to conquer it before it had accomplished its purpose of destroying the object at which its force was aimed. It came upon us like a thief in the night, and its iron grasp was on the editorial throat before we had time to repel its advance. The story which we

are about to repeat is a part of the history of Zelienople, and really proved to be a very exciting portion of that history. While the blow was given the victim with terrific force, the result on the people was astounding and created a furore that has not been and perhaps never will be equalled in the annals of the town.

Before we proceed to give the history of the exciting event mentioned above, we wish to say that it is given to the reader as part of the history of our life, and not with any view of stirring up anew the feeling that brought it into existence. The bitterness engendered by the controversy to far as we are concerned, has no existence whatever; and we know that few, if any, who at that time were antagonistic to us, have any but the best of feelings towards us now. Life is too short to allow any such thoughts to remain, and it was our wish to rid our mind at once and forever of any unpleasant thoughts toward our opponents, and to live with and among them as friends, and to act in all things as if nothing of an unpleasant nature had ever happened. With this brief purpose we present the history of this interesting matter to our readers, carefully concealing all names connected with it, save the two principals in the literary duel.

About the year 1884-5 Prof. Samuel S. Roth had removed from the State of Indiana and located in our town. His native village is Prospect, this county, and his location here was brought about from the fact that he was chosen Superintendent of our schools. For years he had published a newspaper at Bluffton, Ind., and had been Superintendent of schools, but his health giving way in that climate decided him to return permanently to his native county. He was a thorough scholar, a sturdy writer, an eloquent speaker, and altogether just such a man as would make a good impression wherever he was known. He very kindly began a series of interesting articles for the *News*, based on various subjects and which attracted considerable attention among intelligent readers. Presently war was declared. J. F. Strieby, Esq., a prominent attorney of Williamsport, Pa., and a man capable of writing a trenchant article and maintaining his position, fancied that Prof. Roth's articles were not up to the high standard to be expected from a man of his condition, and to prove it, prepared a very severe criticism thereon.

As soon as the Professor saw the first article his anger was fully aroused and he retorted on the critic in terms of the utmost violence; this of course, brought matters at once to a white heat, and it looked like anything but peaceful. Seeing that still greater trouble was likely to result from the controversy, and as the correspondents had indulged in their vituperation to the extent of two long articles each, we concluded to check any probable trouble by refusing further publication from either side. Prof. Roth at once acquiesced in this decision, but Mr.

Strieby, who had got his war paint on, determined that he would be heard, no matter whether we were willing or not. But our decision was final, and no argument or threat could possibly change our position. There was no doubt about the controversy being very exciting and pleased a certain class who desired a continuance of the fight.

A friend of Mr. Strieby's called on us with a lengthy article and demanded its publication. This we refused on the ground that it would re-open the controversy which we did not desire, and would not permit. Indignant at our refusal, the gentleman ordered his paper and advertising discontinued, and left the office in anything but an amiable frame of mind. A few days after he returned, acknowledged that he had been too hasty and ordered his advertising in and paper continued. For the time being that was the end of the matter. At the end of another week he called again; this time with a slip of paper cut from the *Williamsport Breakfast Table*, in reference to the late controversy and requested us to publish the same. This, also, we refused to do, on the same grounds as previously given, and besides that, it reflected on both the editor of the *News* and our correspondent Professor Roth.

The gentleman retired and we supposed that would end the matter; but, alas! It was only the beginning. About one week later the gentleman called at our office and handed us the following "declaration of rights," which, it will be seen, left us only to accept or reject and take the serious consequences if we uttered nay:

TO COLONEL SAMUEL YOUNG:

We the undersigned, patrons of your valuable paper, will discontinue our patronage unless the article "Declined With Thanks," which appeared in the *Williamsport Breakfast Table*, of December 20th, 1885, and of which you have a copy, appears in your "Local Column" at the next issue of the *News* verbatim.

SIGNED BY TWENTY-SEVEN PERSONS.

"Well, sir;" after reading the article, "do you mean to carry out the threat contained in this note?"

"Yes; that is the intention," was the answer.

"Then, if I refuse to publish this squib you and the twenty-six others will positively withdraw all patronage from the *News*."

"That is our fixed purpose."

"Very well!" To the foreman: "John you will take out of the forms all the advertising belonging to the parties who have signed this boycott, and do it at once."

Then taking up our pen we marked out the names of all from our subscription book who had signed the paper, and after taking a hasty copy of the article, we gave it back, and felt as if a big burden had been lifted from our mind. Of course the gentleman on retiring from our office, had concluded on two things, first, that the loss of patronage was greater than we would be able to stand, and it would be only a

question of time until the News would be in deep water and most necessarily perish, second, that the office scene would be the last of the matter, and the twenty-seven signers would be able to laugh themselves hoarse at our failure and their victory.

We had been through too many fights of this kind to give up the ship so easily. We had made up our mind on our course of action, and were satisfied that the next issue of the News would cause the hearts of many to palpitate with imaginings they could not decide and fears they could not conquer. No one outside the office for a moment dreamed of the storm that was brewing and soon to break over their devoted heads.

That we were angry only feebly expresses our feelings. What wrong had we done to merit this treatment? No man had we injured; not a word in condemnation of anyone had we uttered. Simply because we closed the door against the repetition of a war of words that did no good, but rather served to stir up strife. The thoughtful readers of our papers saw the wrong and condemned it, and their advice was "peace," and acting upon our own judgment with theirs, we sought and determined on that very peace. It was for this that a threat to injure us in our business was uttered. We could temporarily save ourselves by striking our flag and trailing it in the dust—but the flag was floating proudly at the mast head and there it should stay.

CHAPTER XLI.

Something Drops—Our Defense—The Excitement of the Hour—Commended for Our Course.

There is nothing higher among men than strict independence of character. The man who grovels in the dust at the bidding or threatening of his fellow is a slave. It was from these two standpoints that we viewed our position. We had chosen an independent course of action, and whether it would build us up or crush us, it mattered not. We were standing by a great principle; and we proposed to prove its power to sustain on the one hand, while on the other it brought shame and defeat.

The business men who we believe had signed the boycott without giving its result a thought, had made a mistake. This appeal to us was not couched in the right language. It was a threat—it meant in plain words annihilation if we refused to follow its demand. We refused, but annihilation did not follow as was expected.

We had calmly considered the position we were forced to assume, and it seemed to us that now was a splendid opportunity to give a few men a lesson that might prove useful to them in the coming years. With that purpose in view, we prepared an editorial for the paper,

reviewing the action of these men and showing the world how little they considered the amenities due from one man to another.

Our purpose was "equal and exact justice to all men." We did not propose going beyond the limits of truth in giving the statement—nor did we desire to arouse false sympathy. On Thursday morning, January 7, 1886, *THE VALLEY NEWS* appeared, and on its editorial page was printed the following views of the Editor, which he offered with "Thanks" to the waiting minds of his readers:

We "declined with thanks," and in regard to the above most outrageous and uncalled for "Boycott," a few words will be necessary in explanation, so that all may clearly understand our position, and the cause of action on the part of the principal Boycott and the Boycotters, who have subscribed their names to the unparalleled threat quoted.

It appears that in No. 14 of this volume of *THE NEWS*, a communication appeared which criticised our regular correspondent, Rusticuss. Rusticuss, not feeling bound to remain under the lash without an effort to vindicate himself, came forth with a bitterly denunciatory article, in which the severest language was used and some very curious personal names applied to his opponent. Rusticuss had been writing considerable for our paper at our special request, on general topics, and became quite popular. He was not personal nor vindictive, and attracted much attention and received many words of commendation. The criticism of "*" was a voluntary matter on his part, and when its author gave wings to his thoughts, he placed himself in direct antagonism with Rusticuss, and therefore was himself a subject of criticism. This result should have been taken in good part by both himself and friends, and not go whining around like a dog with a sore head over a matter which they themselves had brought about.

To be brief on this point: Each contestant had two articles, in which both were handled without gloves, when we thought it time to stop the controversy. After we had reached this conclusion, two articles reached us from "*" and two from his opponent, all of which we refused to publish. Soon after an item appeared in a Williamsport paper, referring to Rusticuss and ourself in no very gentlemanly manner. This we were asked to publish and held the article under advisement, and after careful thought, we concluded not to let it appear, as it would only reopen the old sore and continue a most undesirable quarrel.

A business man, brother-in-law of J. F. Strieby, the "*" correspondent, in order to compel us to publish a slur upon ourself and paper, contained in the paragraph, gets up the Boycott petition at the head of this article, and secures the names thereto appended. The purpose of this was to club us into submission, and cow us to his purpose. We felt that a horse could be led to the water but he could not be made to drink unless he wanted to. Had that petition came to us

in the form of a request the item would have appeared in deference to the respectful desire of a few of our readers; but when it came to us coupled with the impudent threat to injure our business, and take from us a part of our living, we felt like the patriots of '76, when king George attempted to enforce an obnoxious tax upon them, to resist the outrage, and hurl back the shameless wrong.

Now, why has this man sent forth this miserable, and to the world, unparalleled, impudent and outrageous Boycott? Why did the persons sign it? Have we ever done one of them a personal injury? Have we ever robbed them of their property, or attempted to strike down their business? Nothing of the kind. There is not a name appended that has not, at one time or other, been kindly referred to. To many of them we have been constant patrons, dropping our money into their tills and patronizing them to the fullest extent of our wants in their several lines.

Was it an honorable act to attempt our injury? Is it the province of business men to strike at another, who has never, by word or deed, done them an injury? Is it the evidence of a pure Christian spirit to hound a man to financial ruin, simply because, in the exercise of his judgment, he refuses to commit a great wrong upon the morals of a decent community by refusing to allow the continuance of a controversy that accomplished no good, but rather wrought a wrong in the promulgation of language that should not appear?

We have been for nearly half a century in the newspaper business, and in all that time it has never been our experience to hear of such treatment or receive it ourself. There is nothing equal to it in the annals of our country. It is an assumption of power beyond all law, either civil or moral, and directly opposite to every Christian teaching. "Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you." Besides, it is not the part of wisdom in a business man to assume such a position. He who plays with fire will likely get burned, and that business man who attempted to strike down his fellow in such a way, is apt to find his own chickens coming home to roost sooner or later.

Let the men who have signed this Boycott, reflect for one moment on the great wrong they have attempted, and shame will mantle their cheeks, unless they are made of cast iron.

Agreeably to the import of the Boycott, we have stricken from our list every name thereto attached; we have eliminated from our columns all advertising belonging to any of them, save two on the outside, which will be removed next week. We prefer independence to cringing servility, and though we had not a dollar nor a crust, nor whereon to lay our humble head, we should prefer that poverty to the disgrace either of submitting to a threat, or signing an infernal insult to an American citizen such as is offered to us this week.

" Its proper power to hurt each creature feels,
Bulls aim their horns, and asses kick their heels."

We have only a few words more to say: If the two or three business men who signed the above Boycott can stand it to do without advertising, all right. We can fill every inch of space vacated. I these readers of our paper can do without it, we can do without them. Others will soon take their places and the world will move on as it did before. Some men have an idea that unless they have a say, everything must fail. But long before these signers lived, business was successfully transacted, and long after they have been food for worms, the world will revolve on its axis, and not one of them will be known ever to have lived, moved or had a being or signed a Boycott to injure their fellow man. May the good Lord forgive them this great wrong; and may it not be the means of dragging them any nearer the underground furnace. Amen!

"If I'm designed you lordling's slave,—
By Nature's law designed,—
Why was an independents wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn,
Or why has man the will and power
To make his fellow mourn?"

The withdrawal of about \$275 worth of patronage from the News was considered its death warrant. It would make us bite the dust, in other words, it would compel a surrender on our part, but it did not. As soon as our paper was in the hands of the postmaster, we started for Pittsburgh and Allegheny, and called upon many business men and stated the facts in our case. Result: Many who had never given us an advertisement, came promptly forward and did so; others doubled the size of former favors, and to all we added a host of new names, and when we returned home, were at least \$500 better off than when we started.

That was a victory itself. Hundreds of letters reached us from all points, strongly commending our course; while many newspapers took up the fight in our behalf. We were proud of the victory we had achieved. It was one against many; but that one was triumphant, simply because he was right.

But all is peaceful now. These men are our friends and we are theirs. They made a mistake. We condemned it. Seeing their error, full amends have been made, and the unpleasant and unneighborly feeling has passed away, and the cloud of distrust is brightened by the sunshine of brotherly feeling.

CHAPTER XLII.

*The Lamp Flickers—A Review of What Precedes—Wandering Thoughts.
Garnered Up—Memory a Wonder.*

"Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run
Swiftly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin low does bend;
Or as swiftly soar as soon
To the comers of the moon."

Yes, gentle reader, old friend and new, the lamp is flickering in its socket. The task so bravely undertaken is nearing completion. It has been a very severe duty. During the days engaged in writing these pages, our body was tortured with pains and we found the labor almost too great for our physical condition to withstand. But it has been a purpose with us for many years, and we found we could no longer defer its execution.

We have given the reader a fairly complete history of our life so far. We have related many incidents in detail that it could be seen what "accidents by flood and field" befel us in our long life's journey. It is not our purpose to boast of any great deed that we have done, in order to have the trumpet of fame sounded in our praise. We cannot boast of the attainment of wealth, but now, as we look back over our career, and mark the many and rapid and sometimes advantageous changes, we feel a sort of satisfaction in knowing that there has never been a time when any of the comforts or real enjoyments of life were denied us.

The foundation on which we built the superstructure that has so long sustained us, was comparatively small—and we might say, weak. Our education was very limited, in fact its reception was interchangeable with our daily labors. The newspaper of our boyhood was one of our most pronounced educators, and from the columns of the weekly hebdomidal many a good and valuable impression was received. Books come next; and they were of all classes. The History of Jack the Giant Killer, supplemented by Robinson Crusoe and works of that class were the earliest production that found an eager and willing reader. Then, as years came apace, we found something higher and more elevating in history, to which we paid much attention; and from their perusal our mind received new and lasting impressions, broadening the scope of our ideas and supplied us with a vast fund of information that in after years proved of the highest importance.

We hope a brief recapitulation will not weary or vex our kind readers, who may have followed us thus far in these autobiographical sketches. To us, the humble writer of these pages, it is a source of

indescribable satisfaction to "fight our battle o'er again" and repeat the story of our victories. We might safely say that in all our years we never had what might be called an idle day. If the hands rested the mind had its duties to perform, and mostly mind and body went together. It gratifies us to recall the fact that though we had small capital either in brains or cash, or education, yet there were events resulting in our life that gave us higher satisfaction than the possession of united wealth would or could have done. From the dray, from the bookbindery or from the puddling furnace, we stepped into as high a position as the heart of man could desire. There is not in our opinion a higher, more dignified or honorable position than that of editor. We care not whether he controls a great daily, with its hundred thousand subscribers, or the country editor with his thousand. He is the maker, the moulder of great opinions and his influence is felt among the masses, which the aspirant for political honors must covet, and have; and even the action of our great lawmakers in State and National assemblies bow to the power of the press, and dare not override its *dictum*. It is the "great power behind the throne that is greater than the throne itself." In one instance in our own history we have shown what the press is capable of doing. Its power is beyond that of money. It is true that "money makes the mare go" in most instances, but the incessant appeals of the "great Archimedean lever that moves the world," never fails in its purpose of correcting great public wrongs, of forcing equal and exact justice, and compelling the wrong-doer in high or low places to remove the wrong or submit to the correction demanded and the anathemas pressed upon his devoted head.

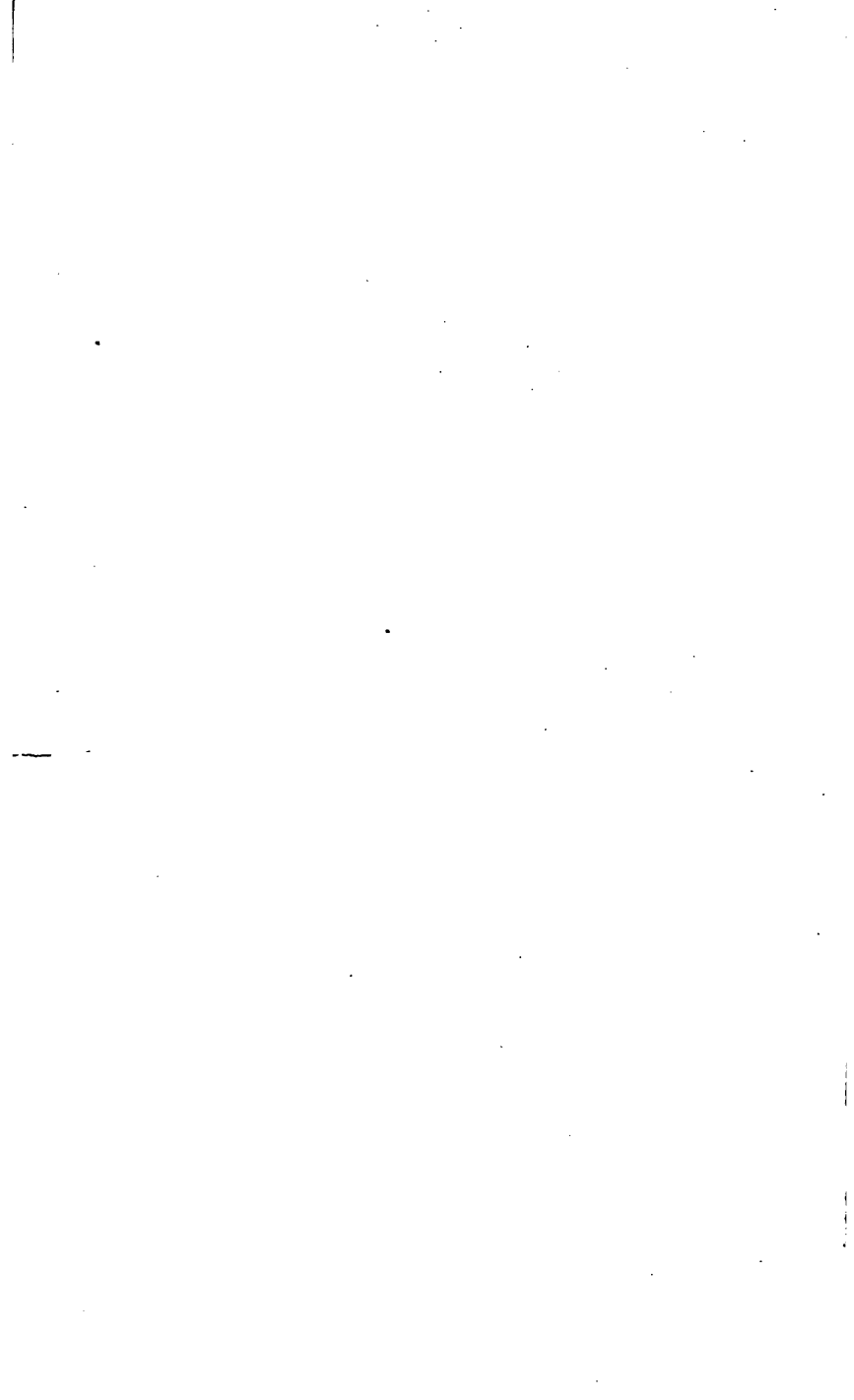
For forty-five years, with but slight intermission, we have conducted a newspaper. It was to us a great and glorious school. Besides that, it brought us into contact with some of the brightest men of the age, and enabled us to occupy positions of honor and trust. There was nothing marked or especially brilliant in our long career of journalism, but there were duties performed to the best of our ability as we understood them, that yielded us the most intense satisfaction, and form fitting memorials of a life devoted to its one great purpose.

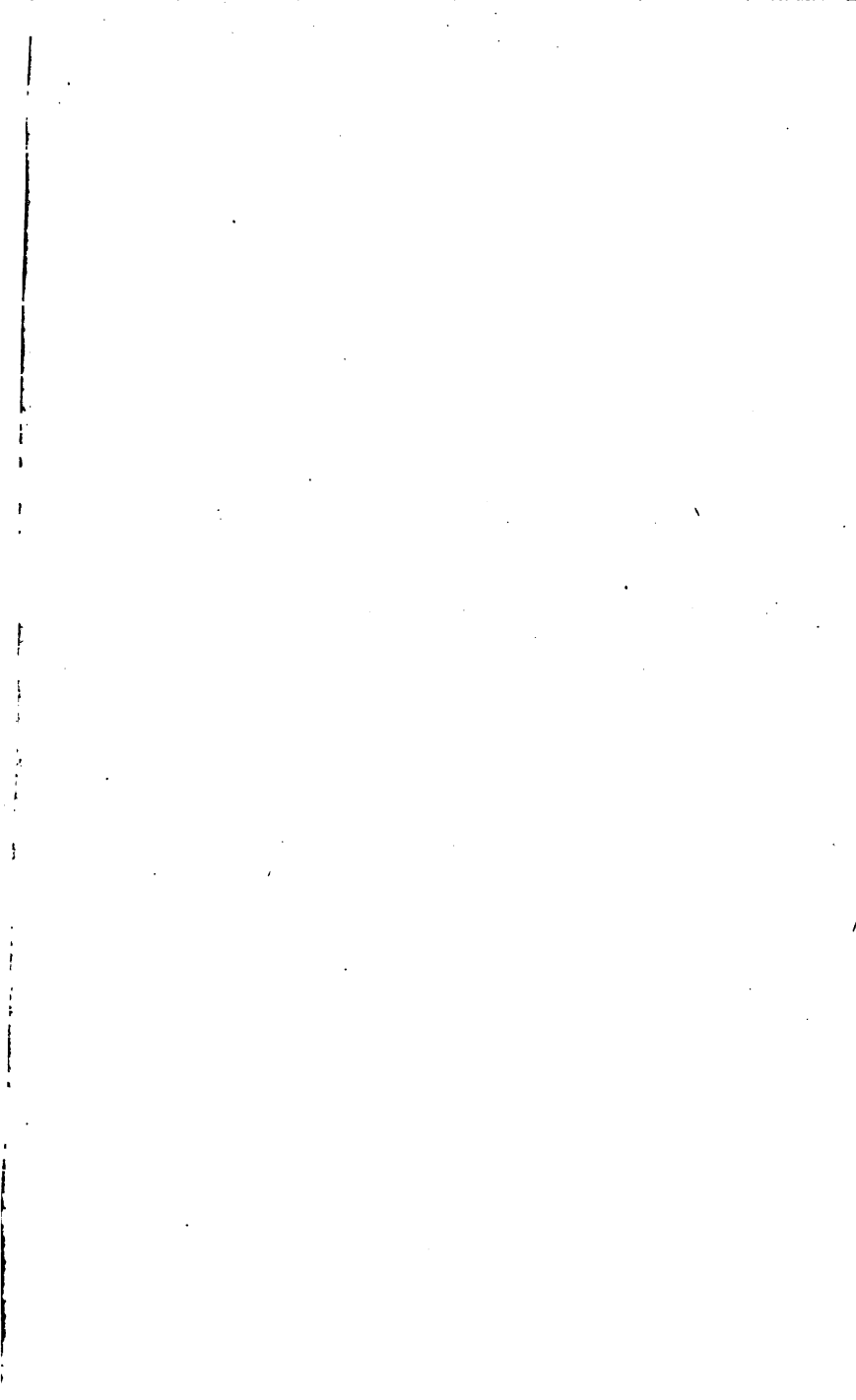
We give this volume to its readers with some misgivings as to its fitness and worth. Its perusal may secure some good end. It may attract some youth to whatever lessons it conveys and help them improve the opportunities they have, and lead them into higher positions and the faithful performance of duties that meet them in the pathway of life.

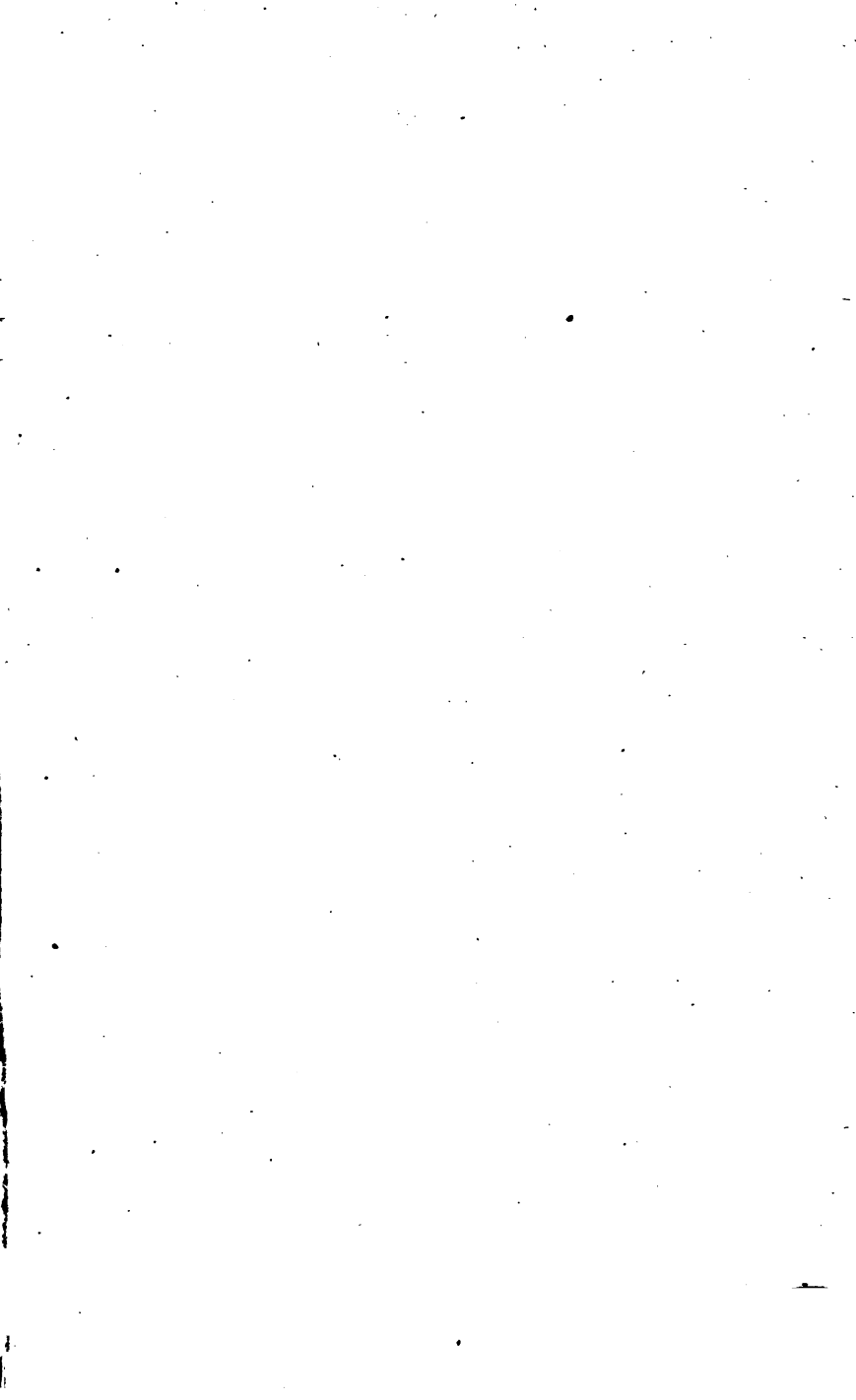
What a wonderful faculty is memory? When we began the task we are now completing, we did not have a thought touching any of the events connected with our life; yet as soon as we put our pen to paper,

incident after incident flashed rapidly upon the mind; the most trifling circumstances of our boyhood days and the more important scenes of manhood, came back to us in all their freshness, and as we recorded them, the pictures become so strong and natural, that we seemed to be again the actor in these events. The time, the place, the names, the dates were all there; one thought begat another, and as we wrote on, or paused to consider, the whole panorama of our life lay spread out before us. It was the old life lived over again, and the boys of our boyhood, the men of our manhood, the actions that had made up our history, were all before us, and made our task one of rare delight and indescribable satisfaction.

But the task, reader, whether satisfactory to you or not, is completed; and while we have given clearly the important features in our history, we have painted many a picture of the long ago, which will prove of great satisfaction to those who yet remain of that time, and to the younger ones it will give an idea of things and circumstances of which they had not dreamed, and show them how the business of that day was conducted as compared with the rush and excitement of the present.







**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

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